

The Theosophical Path



Ed. 586799

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

*And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

Polonius to Laertes — *Hamlet*, i. 3.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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SEA, SURF, AND CLIFFS: POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. III

JULY, 1912

NO. 1

ARCHAEOLOGICAL research is advancing at a rapid rate, and within the last two years many wonderful discoveries have been made which are but the beginnings of many more of even profounder interest. While Crete and Asia Minor are considered the centers of interest in the Classic field at the present moment, America, especially Mexico and the Central American States, will ere long unbosom treasures of ancient knowledge. — *Katherine Tingley*

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



A WRITER in a magazine, taking the *Titanic* disaster as his text, propounds the ancient question, "Why?" meaning, Why does God allow such disasters? or, more generally, why does eternal goodness permit evil and suffering? And he quotes the old dilemma, by which it is considered a logical necessity that God must be either impotent or bad-willed — that he either cannot or will not prevent these ills. It may be pointed out that the argument, as far as it concerns the *Titanic*, is based on an assumption that may be unwarrantable; in others words, should this event be classed as an evil at all? We can scarcely imagine any one event that has done so much to stimulate serious and helpful reflection on human nature, the soul, the meaning of life and death, and other essential problems. A great wave has been sent throughout the world of thought; and before its widespread influence has died out, so much will have been accomplished that the world will not be the same before as after. This surely must be classed as a good; could a wise and beneficent God have designed a better way of bringing home to his people some valuable lessons? We do not assert; we merely query. And as to the pain and suffering — we know that pain and suffering as great, even greater, are going on all the time in our midst, and that these great disasters are distinguished merely by their dramatic circumstances.

Again, if God made the iceberg, man made the *Titanic*, and it was man who drove her full tilt in the dark against one of God's

mountains of ice. Are we, then, to imagine a God occupied in the perpetual task of saving man from the consequences of his own foolishness (thereby making him tenfold more foolish)? Would such a God be either good or wise?

But the writer mentioned devotes most of his space to a consideration of an article in a Christian paper, advocating an amplification of the Christian doctrine of the Divine Incarnation as a means of explaining the above problems about the relation between God and man. This writer seeks refuge in — what he admits to be no modern invention, but merely a return to Gnostic ideas — the conception of the Divine Power as being subdivided into a hierarchy of lesser powers, of which the lower ones only have any direct concern with man and nature. And he endeavors to render this idea compatible with Christian formulas by representing it as a kind of *incarnation* of the Supreme Power. This incarnation he supposes to be of the nature of a *self-sacrifice*, whereby Deity voluntarily *empties itself* (ἐκένωσε, see *Philippians* II, 7); that is, divests itself of some of its power and knowledge in order to take on an inferior condition. By thus limiting itself, the Divine is enabled to help that lower creation which it seeks to raise, and this constitutes the voluntary sacrifice of Christ. And this is the only condition by which man and the lower creation can be raised — namely, by loving and voluntary self-sacrifice of a Divine Power which has purposely limited itself. This is a taking-on of the sins of the world; and the Divine Power, thus self-limited and diminished, is supposed to be capable of erring, as we do.

It will be seen from the above that this writer in a Christian paper has made a great step in preparing the middle ground between religious thought and thought of a more speculative character. But we notice some peculiar limitations due to his point of view and profession. This tendency to enlarge the meaning of the doctrine of the Divine Incarnation he attributes to the influence of modern science and philosophy. We prefer to attribute it to the influence of something else, and to regard science and philosophy as sharing in the fermenting process produced by this leaven. This leaven is the influence of Theosophical thought, set in motion by H. P. Blavatsky. By boldly and emphatically declaring the truth, that great pioneer of twentieth century progress literally forced science, philosophy, and religion — *all* departments of thought — to expand themselves or be left behind. It is this influence that has been working ever since the closing years

, of last century, and is now producing such visible effects everywhere.

But our preacher on the Divine Incarnation stops short of the full import of the ancient doctrine. He seems to regard this incarnated Divine Power, or Christ, as being with us and working and suffering with us. He brings us right up to the very verge of the final thought and there leaves us. That this incarnated Divinity is actually *our very Self* — our real Self, not our mere personality — he does not aver. He gets as far as a Divine Being, stopping to share our imperfection. To have gone a step further would have been disastrous to the cherished feelings of many Christians, still too much habituated to the idea of man as a suppliant looking for aid to a power outside himself. But we will take that step further.

Suppose that the Divine Incarnation and Sacrifice takes place in every man, and that the Crucifixion is the voluntary self-limitation of the Soul, which binds itself on the Cross of material life, in order to bring about the salvation or evolution of the lower human nature. And suppose that such self-limitation of the Divine occurs not merely in man but in all nature, being in fact the very essence of all evolution. We may further conceive that certain personages are and have been in a greater sense incarnations of Divinity, for the reason that they stood in advance of their contemporaries, undertook a greater sacrifice, and thus became more abundantly endowed with the powers of Helpers and Teachers. We can well imagine that some such Helper, or perhaps a group of them, may have appeared somewhere near the epoch assigned as the origin of Christianity; that his influence started a great wave of reform, but was subsequently diverted and perverted in various ways, thus forming the basis of many dogmas and doctrines. Among other peoples, too, Divine incarnations have been recognized; and with these peoples, as with ourselves, we find the crowd believing a more or less hard-and-fast and materialistic form of the teaching, while the more enlightened teach a broader and more intelligent doctrine.

The essential point about this enlarged conception of Christianity is that it should involve the restoring of *man's lost Self-reliance*. If indeed we are endowed with something of Divine Will and Intelligence, then we must use them; for a creature which instead of acting for itself, waits on the power and intervention of another power, is acting not like a God but like an animal. If we are merely to change the form of an old error, and to go on imagining Christ or God as a

wholly external power, and ourselves as weak and incapable, wherein is our gain?

Has the Divine Power really limited itself, that it may thus inform and help on its creatures? Then who and what are its agents? Are we to look around for them and expect them to appear and adjust our affairs for us? Or is it possible that we ourselves may be those agents, or rather some of them, and that we are expected to *act* — are being waited for to act? We have conscience to know what is right, and will to execute what is right. Where man uses his will according to conscience, there the Divine has acted through one of its agents.

Such is the old teaching; and for its present revival we are surely indebted to that brave pioneer H. P. Blavatsky, who most certainly took on a great many heart-trying tribulations in willing obedience to the compelling power of Love. Let us requite the bounty of our teachers by fulfilling their behests, and by being, like them, real men and women, helping others instead of waiting to be helped. If Jesus were here today, he would not be patting our sinful heads; he would have us be up and doing.

Is there not too much *fear* in churchianity today — fear of offending God, fear of imperilling our own safety? Let man but act fearlessly and conscientiously, trusting loyally in the goodness of his own real nature, and eternal goodness can look after itself. We need not be so desperately afraid of offending the Deity.

The message of Theosophists to Christians would be an expression of the earnest hope that this nobler, wiser view of Christ may gain ground. For how that sacred name has been slighted! It has been made to stand for a mere personal helper and friend, a supporter of our weakness, a remitter of our sins. This idea of Christ is very holy and dear to many, and many good souls base upon such a faith their blameless and self-sacrificing lives. But yet this ideal falls far short of the truth; and indeed it has proved itself inadequate to meet the present needs of humanity. By thus thinking of Christ as one sole personality, and as separate from ourselves, we make too great a gulf between ourselves and the Divine. It is the Divine idea that we ourselves should aspire to the nature of Christ — that we should also be pure and wise and strong, that we should perform voluntary self-sacrifice for the purpose of helping. For truly, every man who by recognizing his Immortal Self rises above the plane of his weakness and delusion, and who finds the great Law of Compassion to be the

real Law of human life, becomes to that extent a Christ, a Helper of humanity, and has set his foot on a path that knows no limits.

But this idea of the Divine Incarnation in nature is not exclusively Christian but universal. It gives the key to Evolution. Biology shows us (with more or less truth and error) *how* the scale of life unfolds itself; this shows us *why*. The Divine is everywhere, in the tiniest atom, striving to express itself and to create forms of perfection; from the superb crystal in the mine up to that most advanced product, Man. And in Man the Divine has incarnated a portion of its Will and self-creative Intelligence, which we so guiltily abrogate, calling ourselves miserable sinners. But the way to escape from sin is to leave off sinning, and this is a duty which cannot be done for us by another. We must do it ourselves, thereby showing that we do indeed possess the gift of the Spirit. Let us not wait in foolish expectancy for the coming of some Christ, whether from the East or from the West; let us not be among those who cry, "Lo here and lo there!" But let the Christ come in our own Heart, through the awakening of our own lost Self-respect and of the determination to Act.

And many Christians are better than their own gospel. For, while the latter urges upon each man the necessity of caring for his own salvation, we are all the while performing acts of self-sacrifice in accordance with the promptings of our own Divinity. All we need to do is to *recognize* our Divine nature and give it a chance.

IN A GARDEN: by Kenneth Morris



IT is all very well for materialism to rule out intelligent life and put a *tabu* on the soul of things; your true gardener knows better. For him the *Beautiful Family* is so real, whether he knows it or not, that he does all but see them. He passes into fairyland when he dons his gardening clothes; hoe, rake, or spade will be the golden key. The beauty he helps into manifestation, he will not be so deaf as to hear nothing from; there will be a seepage, day by day, into his being, of secret and mysterious tidings from the Regents of the Flowers.

They are so companionable, once you stop throwing raw science at them. You must understand what they *like*, yes; but you must remember that they *do like it*; they have their inclinations and aversions,

just as we have; but in a more sensible manner. For what they like and desire they thrive on; but we humans hanker after our poisons more often than not. There you have a great part of the secret of their power; they have their consciousness; they *think* (I will maintain) — or perhaps it would be better to say, they dream; but they do not fuss, argue, form opinions, theorize, envy their neighbors or pity themselves. Never tell me they do not love the one that loves them. They simply confide in him.

When you go into human company, every one begins to declare to you, willy-nilly, what one might call his meaning. Just what significance he has in the scheme of things is written on his face, in his bearing, in the tones of his voice. You make no conscious interpretation, very likely; you would need a deeper learning than is common, to read the oldest writings on the human palimpsest; for they are mostly blurred out and written over and over with trumpery memories and perhaps with vices. But the general effect, the sum total, you get whether you want it or not; some company will depress, debase, or irritate; another will amuse, delight, encourage, or inspire. The inward self of man has its atmosphere, which you cannot but breathe mentally to some extent in his presence. This, perhaps, is the most certain proof I have that my neighbor is a conscious being like myself. That he moves and speaks is evidence for my senses; but that I sense the aroma of his consciousness, is actual proof for my conscious self. It is seeing with a surer eye than the physical, hearing with a deeper and nearer ear.

It is much the same with the flowers; only that the first writing has not been blurred. There is the rose: she speaks her pinks and whites, her yellows and crimsons; she thinks her scent; her action is the full richness of her form. It is all directly from her soul — which shines forth, blooms, breaks out from her triumphantly, with abundant largesse of generosity. You go into the presence of a rose and, if you have an ounce of the wizard spirit of gardeners in you, are affected by her consciousness as keenly as if she were Queen of Sheba or the daughter of an old-time enchanter. There is no noise; you have to listen; you have to quiet the restless mind within you, and be content to receive instruction. She is a passionless Sappho for making poems; let but her flowering time come, and she will not rest from her soundless singing. And it is magic that she sings; it is vision upon vision drifted out of the heart of Eternal Beauty.



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KENNETH MORRIS, THE WELSH POET AND WRITER, IN THE GARDEN
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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IN THE GARDEN AT LOMALAND: A PELARGONIUM IN BLOOM



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IN THE GARDEN AT LOMALAND: MASSES OF LINARIA MAROCCANA AMONG THE YUCCAS



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THE REFECTORY GARDEN AT LOMALAND; GERANIUMS AND LINARIA IN BLOOM



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AMONG THE FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN, LOMALAND: A MASS OF PURPLE, PINK, YELLOW, AND WHITE



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IN THE GARDEN AT LOMALAND: PALMS AND PELARGONIUMS



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THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA AND THE RĀJA YOGA ACADEMY, SEEN FROM THE GARDEN



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ON GUARD IN THE GARDEN

O Gods, that there should be materialism in a world wherein roses bloom! I exalt her, but not invidiously; although she has been crowned queen and has become for us the symbol of the bewildering copious Beauty of the Innermost, yet she has a thousand fellows; and they are all allied together in their protest against things small and mean and unlovely. Do but string their names together — so that they have names, and not mere uncouth labels — and you shall have lines of poetry galore. *Roses and daffodils, pansies and lilies!* Of course one is thinking of that one perfect lyrical line of George Macdonald's, his supreme lyrical line: "*Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey.*"

They must have revealed their names, dreaming them out into the dreams of some village child somewhere, or to some gardener among the mountain valleys, accustomed to long silences. *Tulip and bluebell, iris and peony.* Names once spoken would be sifted in the popular mind, which broods, and does not argue, in the country places; and the true flower names would be kept, and the mere inventions, lacking the force of truth, would be discarded. There you have the method and value of all folklore; folk-tunes, folk-tales, flower-names, in order to live must be living; they must be energetic with a life and truth of their own. Bring such matters to the court of the brain-mind, and with argumentation, classification, and logic you soon scour their bones of all vitality and spiritual significance. For some of us, no doubt, the reality of a man is his bare skeleton; soul and personality may both go hang. Who was it first affronted that keen, merry fellow the snap-dragon, with the opprobrious appellation of *antirrhinum*?

The first writing has not been blurred, we said; but then, you may argue, most of our garden flowers, and many of the best of them all, have been developed by man from growths far poorer and less beautiful. Very true; but then, there is a soul in man also. Many will have caught the dream and ideal of the Flower-Regents themselves, I think, and lent their aid to developing that dream in the outer world. Others again, will set themselves to produce fat monstrosities and abortions. Your chrysanthemum may be a fitting embodiment for the sweet, mysterious being of the autumn; or it may be the merest educated mop. Or think what coarse horrors have latterly been developed out of the pansy.

Pansies have a double fitness in their name. They are *pensées*, no doubt; *thoughts* of one of the most (excellently) human of all the

flower spirits; thoughts or dreams solemn, brave, or gay. There is more wealth in a bed of them, than in stores of uphoarded gold and diamonds; they tell you every manner of story, so long as it be beautiful; they whisper their own peculiar ideas and imaginings, out of regions where the True and the Beautiful are known for one. In that world duty and beauty conflict not; neither gives place to the other; they are more than twins, having the same body and soul. But here is this other derivation for the name of pansy; made long after the naming, but not one whit the less true on that account: if your daisy is the Eye of Day, so is this Pan's Eye. Indeed, indeed, it is that dear and age-old Wizard that looks out at you through every bloom of it. Here you read his mischief and merriment; there his long and purple musings. Pan Universal, they lied when they said that you were dead — yesterday you winked at me in the garden!

Poets have aimed many shafts of song at the Daffodil; but for ages yet she will remain a transcendent beam of mystery, a yellow secret of delight, an unfathomable comfort to her lovers, untold, untellable. One does not know whether she is more friendly or aloof; whether she is more merry or secretive . . . and oh that one knew the pure secret that keeps her laughing and brooding! *A jocund company?* Yes; but she is at least jocund for no less reason than because joy and beauty are at the heart of things, are the soul and nourishment of things; and because she has some private information about the yellow constellations — how that they, too, are pure daffodils of joy upon their stalks. And then too, in spite of her delicacy, think of her daring! — she *that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty*. Shakespeare must have been of the Secret Fellowship of Gardeners, or he would never have been initiated into such occult wisdom as that. It is what one might reasonably call *Magic*.

I knew a gardener once, who classified his charges according to religion, and had flowers dedicated to all the Gods and philosophers. There is this much in it, perhaps: the world-consciousness manifesting through the prism of human thought, has split itself up into those great divisions; as light, through its prisms, falls naturally into the rays of the seven colors; and again, the world-consciousness manifests through the flowers, and must split and classify itself there too. According to my friend, you must see in cherry blossom, plum blossom, chrysanthemum, brave and artistic Shintoists; in peony and



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IN THE GARDEN, LOMALAND, IN MID-WINTER: AGAVES AND PINES



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IN THE GARDEN, LOMALAND; IN THE FOREGROUND, YOUNG VARIEGATED BAMBOOS



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IN A LOMALAND CAÑON



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IN THE GARDEN, LOMALAND; THE FIRE-ALARM BELL.

dahlia, prim, bright aster and suave, gorgeous pelargonium, Confucians devoted to ritual, rectitude, an abundant, but eminently tasteful, opulence of beauty and well-being. From ancient Vedic and Buddhistic India we have the lotus, meditating in her white purity on the waters; it was she that *heard the legions thunder past and plunged in timeless thought again*. For Islâm there is the tulip and perhaps the lilac; the first proper to Bagdad, Damascus, or Córdoba in the days of their glorious caliphs; a splendid figure out of the Arabian Nights; a just, liberal, and magnanimous Saladin; a warrior-poet Sa'di taking the field against materialism, falsehood, and barbarian rapacity. He will have it, will the tulip, that the Golden Age is a reality and still attainable; *He knows about it all, he knows, he knows*. He is like a song of Hâfiz, most gorgeous dreamer and singer of the gorgeous Persians. As for the lilac, in her you have the quiet fragrance of Iranian Sufism; here sings Jelaluddin the mystic, or the wonderful Tentmaker of Naishapur.

Roses and pansies, iris and violets; these surely are true Hellenic pagans all of them. These are blossoms sacred to ox-eyed Hera and Idalian Aphrodite; who, while the flowers bloom, still have homage paid them, if not by men. Are they not most forthright, these flowers, in their joy of life and delight in the beautiful? Scandinavian mythology seems to claim rather trees than flowers; its beauty is too sternly grand to be associated with any bloom that one can think of. Then, too, it seems to me that if one could get a confession of faith from the scarlet geranium, it would be in Roman Mars and Jupiter of the Capitol.

As for you, Daffodil, you are certainly the Druidess of the garden; pure, beautiful, mysterious, heart of all natural magic, at once joyous and austere; you are of that ancient mystery-cult which has drenched poetry with the dews of Wonderment, and itself remains mainly unknown; which haunts every hillside and moorland in some six little countries, is a tantalizing question-mark on the dim horizon of history, and may be studied better on the winds and waters among the mountains, than in books on comparative religion. Here are the Druidic trees and flowers: the oak, the rowan, and the hawthorn; gorse, broom and heather; vervain and mistletoe, meadow-sweet and wood-anemone; the Shamrock of Ireland, the Bluebells of Scotland, and the Daffodil of Wales (for the daffodil, if the truth should be told, is the leek that must be worn "upon St. Tavy's Day"). There is a kind of

magic or mystery mingled in with the beauty of all thirteen of them.

There are certain flowers that seem to belong especially to our Lomaland; the gardens may be seen rioting luxuriantly in them during a long season. The universal rose, of course is one of them; she is the only one of the four I have in mind, that has a real name of her own; the rest have but makeshift exotic appellations, or popular names by no means adequate. There is the *Linaria Maroccana*, a Cloud of Purple over the garden beds from January to May; mingled with it the golden California Poppy or *Eschscholtzia* riots exultant. For this latter, *poppy* is altogether unsuitable, even derogatory; he is a bright, golden magician, packed and vibrant with life; as wakeful as a plant may be, and nothing druggish or lethal about him, as there is about the poppy, symbol of unnatural dreams. Besides, he is not a poppy, or in any way akin to the poppy. As for *Eschscholtzia*, it is the merest jaw-cracking barbarism, and ought never to be spoken, much less written down. These two flaunt the colors of Lomaland, the Purple and Gold; and it is to be hoped that someone will find out their right names before very long. For the (so-called) poppy we have, indeed, the Spanish name Copadoro, quite the best that has been given it, and one that Browning might have had in mind when he forgot his usual moods and wrote:

Speech half asleep and song half awake —
I must learn Spanish one of these days
For that soft, meandering flower-name's sake —

— it has in it something of the sense of intense, wizard sunlight, not scorching, but life-giving, voluminous, gentle, which is characteristic of the flower and of its native California. Unless we find out some English equivalent (in sound and feeling rather than in meaning), it is to be desired that this Spanish name should come into use.

Then, too, the pelargonium or Lady Washington is a most prominent glory of Lomaland; but neither name seems quite fitting; the one because it is a mere latinism, dry with the dust of scientific nomenclature; the other, because any personal Anglo-Saxon name would be too homely, of too different a virtue, for this gorgeous, silky Mandarin of the flower-beds. You seem to need a name with something of porcelain and dragons in it; something to express its lavishness of color, its courteous profuseness of bloom, its wholly immeasurable opulence. For a Chinaman your pelargonium surely is; though I believe it has actually been evolved by Occidental gardeners from the geranium.

INDEPENDENCE: by the late Joseph Fussell, Senior

WHAT'S independence, who e'er possessed it?
The rich man with his gold, or he that's poor,
With horny hands alone to earn his bread?

The poor, for daily work looks to the rich,
The rich looks to the poor for help; and thus
Each on other depends, and real gain
Accrues to both alike; none less, none more.
Independence! The child and parent see;
Is it there? Happiness to both is lost
When love is severed; each a duty owes
Which Nature's law requires to be fulfilled;
The parent on the child for honor, trust,
Obedience depends; the child in turn
Looks, as his shield from harm, to guiding love,
Thus to the other each becomes a joy,
The place of which nought can be found to fill.
In youth, or in manhood can it be found?
Each on others for love or help depends—
The youth, for friendly sympathy depends
On youth; and looks to find a loving heart
To share his hopes, his joys, and e'en his woes.
The husband on his wife still more depends;
And she on him; for that which makes life dear.
One home they have, and so, their hope, their trust,
Their joy should be the same. On God's blessing
They depend, and in faith look for their bread
At His Hands, to feed the body; but more
That the living soul may be sustained
By Him, in health and strength, while on their way
In this life towards perfection; that goal
Which is the aim of all who hope for rest.
So brotherhood acts, each for others,
And all for each. Thus dependence one of
God's great Blessings is!
Then what is independence?

PLIOCENE MAN: by T. Henry



IN the "Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia," the president, Dr. W. Allen Sturge, gives his conclusions as follows:

Neolithic man goes back to some period between 200,000 and 300,000 years ago, and it would seem that we have not even reached the beginning of the period. Drift man was flourishing from a million years to about 700,000 years ago. Neither figure is a limit; the later figure is probably nearer a limit than the earlier.

Between the end of the Drift and the beginning of the Neolithic we have the great "Cave" periods, which would thus seem to have occupied anything from 200,000 to 400,000 years. Behind Drift man are vast stages of which we are only beginning to get the first glimpses.

But it now seems evident that man was already on the earth in early Pliocene times, and we must not be surprised if proofs are ultimately brought forward that genus homo goes back even farther than that. It has become almost a shibboleth that man first appeared in Pleistocene times, but I affirm that it is no more than a shibboleth. There is absolutely nothing *a priori* for or against the statement; it is entirely a question of evidence.

Some other archaeologists will disagree with the above, yet this opinion marks the crest of an ever-advancing tide. The whole body of archaeologists is continually putting the age of man farther back; and where the advance-guard of opinion stands today, the center will be marching tomorrow. All of which, of course, is confirmatory of the belief held by Theosophists as a consequence of their studies in the Secret Doctrine and the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky — teachings which she did not invent but handed on, or, perhaps one should say, called attention to.

One cannot fail to be struck by the great disproportion between the vast periods of time concerned with the above calculations and the periods we have been accustomed to deal with in history. One million years is easily said, but needs a good deal of quiet reflection for its due estimation. Let us compare it with the chronology of Archbishop Usher. Add 4004 years to 1912 and subtract one year; the sum is 5916 years. Now divide 1,000,000 years by this sum, and the quotient will be found to be 169. Thus, since Drift Man began to flourish, Jehovah has had time to create the world 169 times and let it run for nearly six millenniums every time.

But it was Usher who was responsible for this absurd chronology, not the Bible itself, which, as H. P. Blavatsky declares is an *esoteric book*, though many are the misinterpretations which veil its real mean-

ing. We have outgrown Usher now, and have found out ways of doing so without harm to our religious beliefs. But even so, we are still far too timorous.

And what do these vast stretches of time really represent? "Anything from 200,000 to 400,000 years for the Cave periods," we are told; and feel inclined to reply: "Make it half-a-million and it's done!" For these anthropologists are as easy with their figures as the auctioneer with his "nimble ninepence." What do a couple of paltry hundreds of millenniums more or less matter? And what was happening all this time? Generation after generation of cave-men, always the same, never progressing; race after race; humanity after humanity; all cave-men. What a prodigious waste of time! Our historic period seems like a bubble on the ocean by comparison; perhaps it is going to burst and leave the world to a few more hundred thousand years of cave-men. But this suggests another idea; supposing there have been other historic periods — many of them, for the time is a-plenty — occurring sporadically during the tedious millenniums of Cave-Men. What would we know of them? Only their stone implements would remain; for their iron, paper, soap, and other materials of civilization would have dissolved long ago.

There is every likelihood that history is on a much larger scale than we have imagined. The story of Egypt shows that there must have been a long past stretching beyond the earliest times we know of in its history. We find, from a study of the great stone monuments, set up by some prehistoric race or races for astronomical and chronological purposes, that cycles of precession, each of about 25,900 years, were checked off. Yet our own historical knowledge only extends through a small fraction of one such cycle. We admit the vastness of the scale of nature in other respects, such as geology, astronomy, and the life-history of the lower orders of living beings. We should admit the same for man, were it not for prejudice and rooted ideas, so hard to overcome. But the continued action of water washes away the solidest obstructions.

Upon our knowledge of humanity's past depends largely our anticipations for its future, and consequently our attitude and actions in that mysterious ever-moving present in which we live. So many of us are spending these moments in desecrating the tabernacle, in accumulating great piles of tendencies, growing greater with each added act or thought, running up long bills which will one day have to be

settled. All this because we have no effective sense of our real nature and its past and future. A story of adventure depicts buccaneers, cast shipless on an island, cooking many times as much breakfast as they need, and throwing the surplus into the fire with a gay song. Their sense of anything beyond the present moment was even dimmer than ours; yet that is a picture of how we live. A knowledge of what man has been reveals to him what he is and what he may be; and perhaps if man gave up trying to prove that he has been an ape, he might be less likely to act like one.

AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY: by an Archaeologist

PRE-INCA ARCHITECTURE



IN an article on "Cuzco, the Sacred City of the Incas," by S. S. Howland, in a contemporary, we read the following:

An hour's climb brought us to a fairly level plain at the top of the hill. Between us and the valley lay the fortress, its first line of defense rising on our left. Very large and strong walls we had already seen, but they were pigmies compared to the one which now confronted us. To form it boulders of granite and of limestone, some of them as large as a house, had been brought together. No matter how large they were, however, their edges were as carefully trimmed and fitted as bricks in a house. How these masses of rock were ever brought to where they are, raised in position, no one can say.

In the Bible, date unknown, we read: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." But many people of today must be more incredulous yet; for when they do see signs and wonders, still they will not believe. In other parts of the same book we find people reproached for demanding a sign from heaven and yet being unable to discern the signs of the times; or being assured that not even the sending of Moses and the prophets would make people change their mind. What better sign of the greatness of the people of antiquity could we have than these stupendous monuments of masonry, which, not only in Peru but in most parts of the earth, have defied the ravages of time and the spoliating hand of man? Yet many people who claim to speak in the name of Authority continue to teach a history of the human race which quite ignores the testimony of these facts. Engineers sometimes say they could do the same; but they do not do it, nor has anybody ever done it since the original builders passed from the earth. Those who quarried, transported, hewed, and erected these

colossal stones had means at their disposal which nobody seems to have had since. And the natural inference is that people so endowed in this respect were also well endowed in other respects; unless indeed we are prepared to abandon the evidence of art and architecture as a criterion of the culture of a people.

It is strange how little attention Americans pay to the records of antiquity on their own continents, but time cures such ills and is already bringing changes for the better. Yet one wonders how long it will take for the import of these signs to penetrate the mind. For if due allowance is to be made for the existence of these great civilizations in the far past, our notions of history must be modified, and with them our notions of man's nature and possibilities. In short, we cannot study the history of the universe and man piecemeal without violating all principles of concord and consistency; and as no conventional scheme is large enough to embrace the available facts, we must turn to the teachings of Theosophy for an outline of cosmic and human evolution that will accommodate all requirements. Such facts as these of the pre-Inca architecture — which, be it remembered, is only one instance out of many — are indeed hard to reconcile with conventional ideas; but the teachings outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* are merely elucidated and exemplified thereby.

Under the conventional theories of human evolution we are called on to explain how races so much farther back, and therefore (as is presumed) lower down, can have been so superior; but Theosophy shows us that evolution implies ebbs as well as flows and that races, sub-races, and nations follow the same universal law as individual men do — the law which ordains for each a growth, an efflorescence, and a decline. These records, then, which we find in so many places, are the monuments left as silent yet eloquent witnesses by races which preceded our own. Nor is there any obvious way of explaining the development of our present culture which would not apply equally well to ages gone by, since time and the human mind are the productive factors in civilization.

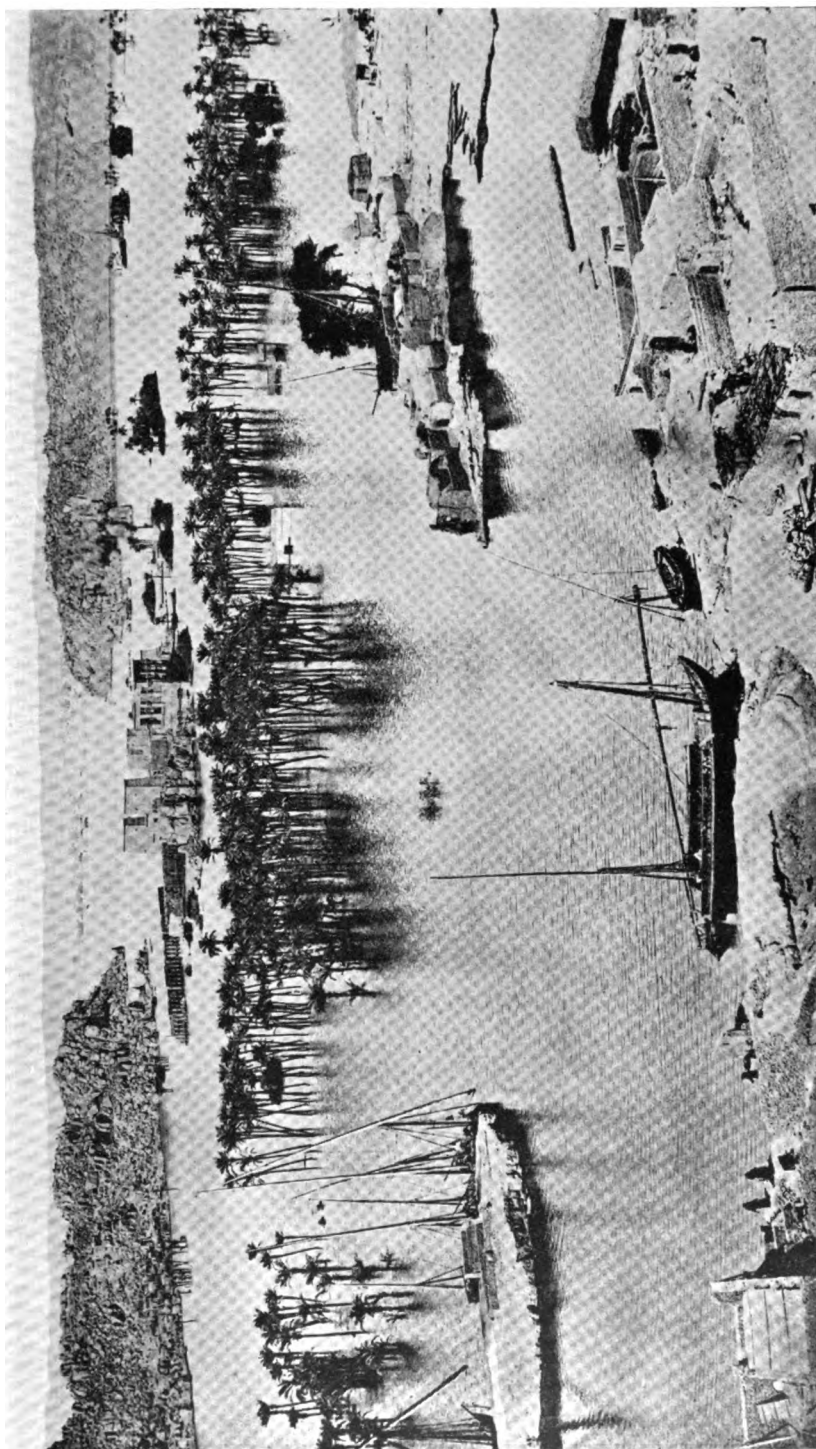
As regards the past history of the human race, the signs of the times afford us abundant illustration of two opposing tendencies — that represented by the biological theories of evolution, and that represented by the enthusiasm for archaeology. The former is associated with an animalistic conception of human nature and is ever emphasizing the lower instincts and appetites of man. The latter is ever bring-

ing to light fresh evidences of the higher achievements of man and tends to reinstate the credit of his finer aspirations and nobler qualities. Hence the importance assigned by Theosophists to an adequate study of archaeology; it tends to the correcting of our impressions about human nature. Neither dogmatic and narrow views in science, nor the same in religion, can flourish in an atmosphere quickened by light.

EFFIGY MOUNDS OF WISCONSIN

Writing in the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly* for January, 1911, on the prehistoric earthworks in Wisconsin, Mr. A. B. Stout classifies them into enclosures, conical mounds, flat-topped mounds, effigy mounds, linear mounds, intaglio earthworks, refuse heaps, garden beds, and cornfields. The most interesting and remarkable are the effigy mounds. They are dirt cameos built in the form of various animals, such as the turtle, deer, mink, panther, bear, various birds, and in at least two cases the human figure. The height is usually two and a half or three feet, but some are six feet. Bear effigies range in length from thirty-nine to eighty-two feet, and birds with wings extended from one hundred to six hundred and twenty-four. In a few places the mounds were varied by intaglios representing the effigies in sunk instead of raised form. Related to the effigy mounds are those which represent inanimate figures and are known as linear mounds. It is generally considered that effigy mounds are related to the totems, and probably the linear mounds should be put into the same class. Great importance was evidently attached to the making and keeping of actual representations of the totems.

In spite of what we are pleased to call enlightenment, we continue to observe this ancient and universal practice, as is shown by our flags, our coins, and other innumerable devices to which we seem to attach so much importance. The collective human mind appears to know more about some things than any individual human mind. It was evidently an ancient belief that symbols, besides their sentimental meaning, had an actual power; though doubtless the correct use of the signs was an art that required to be understood. Form and ceremonial is apparent everywhere, in heraldry, Freemasonry, religious worship, etc. But we seem to have lost the key to their use. Mankind has forgotten a good deal, but may recover it. And speaking of the recovery of such knowledge, it is well to remember that most of these symbols and totems were signs of unity — truly, another lost art.



PHILAE, EGYPT, DURING THE INUNDATION



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PYLON AT PHILAE

Showing the Hypaethral Temple ("Pharaoh's Bed") in the background. Since the construction of the Assuan Dam, Philae with its lovely buidings is nearly submerged by the waters of the Nile, which are thus slowly and surely destroying some of the finest relics of Egyptian antiquity.

THE CASE AGAINST THE TONGUE:

by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; . . . it defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. — *James*, iii, 6



IF one could find and plumb the whole secret of silence, one would perhaps have little else to learn. It would prove to be the door to all hidden places. All the keys of life would be at hand. Every magical power would stand ready to serve.

People seem to have some inkling that a great force gathers to a head in the process of silence. They credit the silent man with depth and with reserves of strength massed and ready for his signal.

They are right; but they deduce nothing, just take the case as it stands. They do not ask whether the silent man accumulates strength *through* his silence, or whether his silence is a mere indication of his habit of storage.

We can get into the matter through that other question of the possibility of wordless thought.

If we can say of the function of words that it is the *expression* of thought, the question is answered. It is also answered, but the other way, when we say that words are the *means* or *instruments* of thought.

But before the question, should have come — but never does — a definition of thought.

"*This tobacco is good,*" is the verbalized expression of what was first a wordless direct judgment or thought. Up to the point of expression in words the judgment would be perfectly possible to a person born and remaining deaf and dumb.

"*You cannot make the mind a blank,*" is the verbalized expression of another experience. Immediately after the attempt at the blank came the recognition of the impossibility or difficulty; then instantly the framing or stating of the experience in words.

"*I am only half 'here,'* or half conscious of my surroundings, *when in deep thought,*" represents another intuition — literally, *looking in* — first existing however briefly without words, thereafter definitized into words. But the instant it is so cast, the mind has come forth from the depth, the intuition is over.

So we note that as the statement is made, in the act of verbalizing a gleam of direct intuition, a judgment or experience, these may vanish

and may or may not be capable of immediate reproduction. The wordless thought stops. The mind turns back and does something else altogether, namely, vestsures its intuition with words.

For a flash I may directly cognize the subjectivity within (or essentially constituting) the outer world, may directly perceive the world to be veiled consciousness — very different from reaching that fact along the steps of argument. My mind was pressing forwards or inwards to the heart of nature. But by inveterate and universal habit it stopped at the flash to make words about it. I *said* to myself, "Nature is conscious," or something so importing, perhaps barely aware — or not aware till after — that I did so. At that instant, at the instant of the first shadow of the first word, the mind's process of direct cognition stopped. More accurately, it stopped cognizing in order to make words. It stopped following the gold vein to write out a notice about it.

It is just this inveterate and ceaseless habit of premature word-making that hinders the mind from advance into the profoundest mysteries of nature and being. No one who cannot paralyse this habit at will can get far in real knowledge. Whether words have or have not a real and necessary function as *instruments* of some kinds of thought, we have let their function as *expressors* of direct thought so overgrow us that we can hardly accomplish anything of the thought they are to express. As thinking beings with the power of looking into and knowing all mysteries, of penetrating all the secrets of life, we are half paralysed and emasculated by talking. When talk is not audible it is silent; when there is no other listening we are ceaselessly our own listeners; we cannot stop the mind from turning backwards to words at every point in its onward journey. And therefore are we superficial thinkers, most of us hardly thinkers at all.

So we get at once a deeper conception of silence. Mind needs the silence of *itself* before it can think profoundly. It must acquire the power to abstain from the immediate wording to itself of conceptions or intuitions *A* and *B* if it would pass in deeper to *C* and *D*.

How did the mind acquire this trick of continuously talking to itself, of maintaining a flow of words which never stops for one second of the waking hours?

The silent talk is obviously the reverberation or repercussion of uttered talk. The echo lives on self-existently, on its own account. It is still sustained by its parent or initiator, but it can feed itself.

The first indictment, consequently, of fruitless or unnecessary talk and of all chatter, is that it ruins in advance the power of steady progressive thought, forces the mind to be a never silent echo chamber.

That is not the only count. Both the talk and the echo *exhaust something vital*. The speaking of words is more than the mere emission of a sound, more than muscular exercise. As a word is uttered, consciousness momentarily changes into the form of its meaning. The stay in that form is only momentary; within a tenth of a second must follow the change or jar corresponding to the meaning of the next word. That there *are* these shocks, jars, or changes, follows of course from the fact that each word is used *for* its meaning. Consciousness intends that particular word and weights it with the meaning. Each such change corresponds to a brain-cell stir. Talk keeps the brain in a state of rattle, just as it keeps consciousness.

But a word is no more a mere dry concept than it is a mere sound. Into every one of them enters — *and is lost to the vital economy* — an *emotional* flash. Each has a charge of feeling. For some words, say *death* or *splendor*, this is obviously true. The dry thought of death as a becoming-not, a ceasing, is not the whole content of the word. We fill it also with more or less emotional essence, coloring it with more or less — always just a touch — of all the emotions we have ever had connected with death. The collective flash may be almost too rapid for notice, but it occurs. The whole stores of memory are stirred.

So too the dry thought of splendor as a lot of colors is fleetingly emotionalized by a flash recollected from all the emotions we ever had from contemplating something we then considered splendid.

What is true of these two words is true in greater or less degree of every word. None, except perhaps the connectives and articles, has *no* emotional color. And even to the exceptions we often communicate color by emphasis.

For this, the emotional content of words, another nervous system, the sympathetic with its ganglia, is called upon to co-operate with the cerebral; and its contribution is a part of the vital essence itself.

What is true of the spoken is almost equally true of the unspoken but thought word. It too commotes the brain cells; it too exacts its contribution from the sympathetic centers' vital stores.

The contribution may become very obvious on occasion. That a haunting musical phrase, repeated and repeated in memory, may prove

utterly exhausting, everyone knows. But so may a line of poetry or a few words, even one striking word. Every thought-word, rooted as every one is in ten million million memories, must have its small or large charge of feeling as of meaning. Every word has a heart which, as it is thought or said, is set instantaneously and momentarily beating, the beat getting its force from the heart of the thinker or speaker. Some of his psycho-physiological essence must be poured in.

But that is *an act of creation!* The word is created alive. That which charges it is the creative conscious essence, both the positive and negative sides of imagination. And if the talk is unnecessary and has been wasted, that essence has been wasted, the very life of the human mind-soul. In Theosophic philosophy this dual power which enters into words and ensouls them as they are said or thought, is the creative or formative energy of the universe, present in man's body because the mind-soul is there present. It is active Buddhi. Kundalinî, Daivîprakriti, in one of their lower aspects. It is one with that by which the ideation of the Logos is impressed on primal substance. Its misuse, in talk and otherwise, is the only real cause of death; and by its right use and conservation we might become consciously immortal subjectively. For energized imagination, pressing in and in, leads at last to true self-knowledge. Pythagoras taught his pupils nothing till they had practised the conservation of speech-energy for five years. So they accumulated a reserve which they could *then* be taught how to use.

THE KINEMATOGRAPH IN EDUCATION: by J.

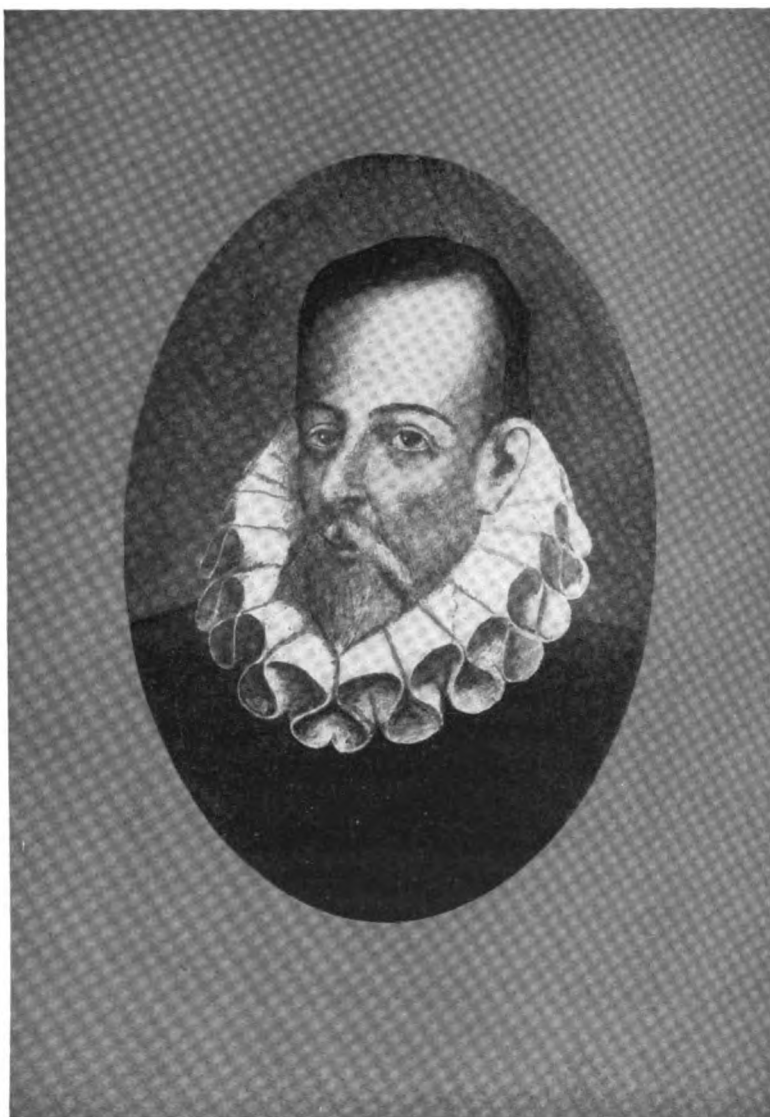
IN Darmstadt the kinematograph is used in connexion with the teaching of geometry. For instance, the transition of circle to ellipse, with the gradual spreading of the foci from the center, can be well shown. This principle has another beautiful application in the creation of color-effects by the rapid rotation of certain curved outlines cut out of white cardboard. Were the successive films to show the stages, at suitable intervals of actual time, of the growth of a plant from seed to flower (including its behavior in opening, closing, and following the sun, reaching towards a support, or extending its roots to a relatively distant source of moisture), so that the events of many months could be visually compressed into a minute — we should not be left in doubt as to plants possessing intelligence as well as life.



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OFFICES OF THE DOCK BOARD, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

The Mersey Docks and Harbor Board is one of the largest corporations in the British Isles and controls more docking facilities than any similar organization. These new offices are built on the site of the old St. George's Dock; close to the water's edge at the head of the Prince's Landing Stage, where the great liners embark and disembark their passengers, they have a commanding view of the miles of docks down the broad estuary of the Mersey.



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THE CERVANTES OF JÁUREGUI

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES: by C. W.

(Translated from *El Sendero Teosófico*)



THE literary world of both continents is deeply interested just now in the alleged discovery of the very portrait of Cervantes which the great Spanish writer describes in the celebrated passage in the prolog of his *Novelas Ejemplares*.

So much fraud and ingenuity have been practised in productions of this kind, that one naturally reserves any entirely definite opinion as to the genuineness of this discovery until its antecedents have been most carefully examined. But, for the moment, everything appears to indicate that the picture is truly the long-lost portrait, which will thus be cherished as one of the most valuable literary treasures of Spain.

In the first place, Sr. Albiol, into whose possession the portrait came from some source not as yet disclosed, has set no pecuniary value upon it, and with a most laudable disinterest, has presented the recently discovered treasure to the Royal Academy at Madrid.

Secondly, the portrait is signed by Juan de Jáuregui, who, according to Cervantes, painted the picture, which he describes in detail. No doubt the signature may be fraudulent, but there is a slight difference in the spelling of the name, which a forger would not be likely to have thought of, and which upon historical analysis contributes to the likelihood of its truthfulness.

Lastly, the expression of the features coincides very remarkably with the description which Cervantes gives of himself at the age of fifty. It represents a man with a high forehead, aquiline nose, chestnut hair, silvery beard, long mustachios, small mouth, and fair complexion. The general appearance of the face, and the expression of genius and power which is portrayed, are very marked, whilst the eyes have a something of humor and sympathetic feelings which almost proves they could never have been limned on canvas had they not been taken from a person of unusual genius.

Whatever may be the result of further investigations, one thing is certain: that if the portrait is a fraud, it is a fraud of extraordinary intrinsic ability. None of the portraits approach it as a representation of the ideal face of this greatest of Spanish writers. All the preceding portraits are confessedly productions of the conception of some artist of *his* idea of what Cervantes must have been. They differ very much from each other, and were unsatisfactory in many ways. But

here we have the face of the soldier, the gentleman, the genius of the Spanish renaissance.

Whether this is the work of Jáuregui or not, this portrait will go down to posterity as the truest possible conception of how Cervantes must have appeared. No artist working with his imagination alone could produce anything better.

THE ETHER AND OUR "FINITE MINDS": by T. Henry



AN eminent physicist, writing on the nature of electrical energy, argues as follows. The best definition of *energy* is "that which reacts on our senses, and is perceived by them." Next, what is *matter*? Since we know matter, if such there be, only through the energy that proceeds from it, and since we know nothing of matter itself (if there is such a thing), we can only define it as the carrier of energy. In this case, however, the ether, which carries light, is just as much matter as is the bullet, which carries its projectile energy. Very good; then, since the ether is matter, what kind of matter is it? It must have an inconceivably low density, since it offers no appreciable resistance to bodies traversing it; so let us call it an exceedingly tenuous gas. But the vibrations which it transmits are of the kind whose direction of oscillation is perpendicular to the direction of propagation of the wave; and this kind of vibration demands a rigid and elastic solid, whose rigidity and elasticity are great in proportion as the frequency of the vibrations is great. Hence we must call the ether the most rigid of solids.

This is a well-known difficulty; but how does our authority grapple with it? He says that if we attempt to carry any speculation to its conclusion, we reach contradictions; but it is not the phenomenon that is at fault but our minds, "which are finite and limited, and therefore fail when attempting to reason into the infinite." .

Speak for yourself, Professor; we are proud, and will not admit that our mind is finite and limited. *Parts* of it are, certainly, but we have not yet explored the whole, nor have we so far discovered any boundaries except the fences we put up on purpose. But experience has taught us this — that when a man sets himself a problem, premising at the outset that it shall be insoluble, and then starts out to try to solve it — why, he "reaches contradictions." And this is exactly

what a man does when he tries to conceive the infinite in terms of the finite. Who made God? What is beyond the end? and many such questions may be propounded; but the reason for our failure to answer them is not our alleged inability to comprehend the infinite, but merely our folly in allowing ourselves to get tangled over our words. The Devil himself, we are told, is unable to put anything on to a shelf out of his reach. The wisest mathematicians have defined the circumference of a circle as being composed of an infinite number of infinitesimal straight lines, and have then set out to find out how long it must be. They can only succeed by failing; for if they succeeded they would *ipso facto* fail; as must be the lot of all who attempt the impossible. But pray mind, we do not say it is impossible to find the length of a circumference. We only say that if you start by calling it impossible, then you must either fail or destroy your own definition.

And so with regard to this ether. What is beyond matter? Answer — *more* matter! And at once we are landed in contradictions; ah! the finity of our minds! What is beyond the farthest thing I can think of? Shall I reply, "More things of the same sort"? The obvious practical answer is to shut off that part of my mind and turn on another part. But here another curious notion steps in.

The professor seems to imagine — many people at any rate do so imagine — that our minds can explore a certain vast but limited region, and that beyond this there is another region whither our minds cannot penetrate. The former locality is designated the finite; the latter, the infinite. It is similar to the idea that a man has a body, and outside of that, a mind, and outside of that again, a soul; winding up, perhaps with a spirit — in brief, the "onion theory." These habits arise from our familiarity with the physical world, where all big things are made up out of heaps of little things, and where two and two are always joined end-on so as to make four. And we forget that perhaps it is not true that the entire universe is constructed on the principle of piecing together separate parts. Now apply this reflection to the case of our minds.

Is it true that we have to *add* something to our finite mind, so as to make it a little bigger — to make it infinite, or *more* infinite (!)? Suppose one ventured to suggest *subtraction* — not necessarily as a truth, but merely by way of a change. Say we have to subtract something from our mind, to discard some of the finity and limitation. This suggests that a wider knowledge may be more within our reach

than we had thought. Instead of having to stretch and strain after something very high or very deep, perhaps we need only wipe our spectacles. Perhaps the alleged limits of our minds are chiefly those of our own erecting.

It is surely evident that the substratum of matter cannot be matter, unless we use this word in two different senses in the same argument. That which underlies the finite universe must (by definition) be non-finite — or, rather, not subject to the same kind of finitude. That which transcends any given limitations or formulae which we may have prescribed as the conditions of our argument, cannot at the same time lie within those limits. To ignore this simple logic is to be at cross purposes with ourself. We have chosen to define matter, energy, etc., in certain terms derived from our sensory impressions of force, spatial extension, and so on, and from the mental images which we make in the process of abstraction. Wishing to ascertain what underlies these qualities, we must logically seek for something that is devoid of them. To say that matter is made up of more matter, or that force is driven by more force, is hardly an explanation. In short, do we not err in striving to imagine the ether under the form of our familiar spatial extension, and as subject to the familiar interrelations of mass and energy in physical dynamics? If the ether be subject to these conditions, then it will not be that ether which we sought, and we shall be compelled to seek another ether beyond it.

The so-called finity of our minds, then, against which this writer chafes in vain, is merely the result of our setting ourselves insoluble problems (insoluble simply because we have purposely made them so), and then trying to solve them; as when we represent the universe as upheld by another universe, or represent the evolutionary sequence of life as an endless chain of similar links, with a man at one end and an equally complex and wonderful atom at the other. Let us (if it is truth we are after) give up trying to find the rudiments of the physical world in the physical world itself, or trying to define spatial extension in terms of itself. To understand physical space, we need to get outside of it. In what kind of space do our darting thoughts inhere? Have we ever measured the dynamics of an emotion? The inertia of our own tardy nature is a kind of inertia that it would be good to overcome. Of course one does not suggest that all physicists should at once quit their own field of exploration and enter upon that of mental investigation; one merely mentions their neglect to do so as

a possible cause of their failing to solve the problems they propound.

There are many propositions in physics which we accept as axiomatic, and daring speculators have sometimes questioned their validity. If a body is in one place and wishes to get to another, does it have to go through the intervening space? Can a thing be in more than one place at the same time? What are the real meanings of the words "here" and "there," "now" and "then"? Is FS always equal to $\frac{1}{2}MV^2$? Such speculations as these indicate that some thinkers realize that our conceptions of the physical universe are not adequate to explain problems which fringe upon the border, and that our fundamental conceptions (such as time, space, mass) can be considered as variables in relation to some unknown constant. But the speculations are much confused owing to the difficulty of reasoning logically on such unfamiliar ground. In speculating on "four-dimensional space" or "four-dimensional objects," for instance, people falsely imagine that the three so-called dimensions have any existence apart from one another, and thus they are led to try to add a fourth dimension to the three. On the same principle an angel becomes a man with birds' wings upon his shoulders, and the soul is conceived as something extra attached to the body and mind. If we, as creators, were called upon to design a cow with five legs, should we simply add one more leg to the ordinary cow? Should we not rather have to change the entire plan of the animal? And so with the ether. Shall we keep our idea of the universe as it is, and then try to add the ether to it? or shall we not rather change our idea of the universe in such a way as to include the ether as a necessary part of it?

THE FOUR WINDS: by A. F. Wheat, M. D.

I ASKED of the North Wind: "Thy home Kuvera,
Where dwellest Thou?" and He replied,
"Ask of my brother, the South Wind."
"O Yama, where is Thy home?"
And the South Wind replied,
"Find Varuna and ask."
"O West Wind, tell me where
Thy home is." "Seek my brother
Indra," said Varuna.
"O East Wind, Thy brother
Varuna bids me ask Thee
Where Thy home is." Indra said
"'Tis Everywhere — and Nowhere."

BLOND ESKIMO: by H. T. E.



A NEW people in Arctic America: Discovery of a Tribe of Seemingly Scandinavian Origin," is the title of an article in the *Scientific American Supplement*, referring to an expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History. Stefansson, one of the explorers, is quoted as follows:

We found a North European-looking people, the Ha-ne-rag-mi-ut of Victoria Land north from Cape Bexley. Their total number is about forty, of whom I saw seventeen, and was said not to have seen the blondest of the group. They are markedly different from any American aborigines I have seen. They suggest, in fact, a group of Scandinavian or North European peasants. Perhaps better than my characterization of them was that of my Alaskan Eskimo companion, who has worked for ten or more years on a whaling vessel: "They are not Eskimo, they are fo'c'sle men." Two of them had full chin-beards to be described as light, tending to red; every one had light eyebrows; one — perhaps the darkest of all — had hair that curled slightly.

The explorer mentions the disappearance in the fifteenth century of the Icelandic or Norse-Teutonic colony from Greenland, and the conjecture that all or some of them migrated to America; also the loss of Franklin's expedition in the forties of last century. The latter event is too recent; and the former, even if it may be considered to suffice for an explanation of this particular fact, will not account for other discoveries of the same kind, in which races of blond or Caucasian type have been found isolated on continents whose ordinary aborigines are of a far different type. We must take this fact in conjunction with other facts, viewing the field of ethnic history and geography as a whole, and it will be found to afford contributory evidence in support of the teachings of Theosophy — namely, that it is necessary to look much further back in time to find the origin of the present distribution of races. Failing this view, we have to resort to various conjectures as to racial migration, each theory made to suit a particular case, without much regard to the demands of mutual compatibility between the theories.

Since the history of humanity is involved in vast ages of time, it follows that the data furnished to our observation are of a very complex and miscellaneous character. Naturally they do not accommodate themselves to any of the too narrow and timid theories which we devise as to the derivation of races. We have an inveterate tendency to make our theories too circumscribed, as though the actual

facts could be adapted to our desire for a concise and easy explanation. Such theories can only be formed by limiting the range of facts included in them, and leaving out facts which cannot be fitted in place. The inevitable result is a multitude of different theories which contradict each other. Again, speculation is colored to a great extent by various conscious or unconscious prejudices arising from old-fashioned theological or biological ideas, and from the insularity of one's racial culture. Such a vast question as the history of humanity cannot be satisfactorily studied by a mind which is biased in favor of Hebraic theological tradition, conventional European ideas of history as derived from our particular outfit of classical erudition, recent hypotheses in biology, passing sociological fads, the supposed superiority of modern occidental civilization, and other theories. Results of a kind may be arrived at under these conditions; but they will appeal rather to those who desire to establish an authoritative, local, or tribal creed in matters of history, science, religion, and everything else, than to those who prefer to know the actual facts.

No such conflict between facts and theories is to be found in the teachings of Theosophy — as may be seen by studying *The Secret Doctrine*. The outlines of human history therein given are large enough to embrace *all* the facts; and those details which prove so perplexing to the advocates of narrower theories are seen to support the teachings of the Secret Doctrine. Speaking of the "best and most handsome generation of men which has ever lived on this earth," of which the priests of Sais spoke to Solon, according to Plato, H. P. Blavatsky writes:

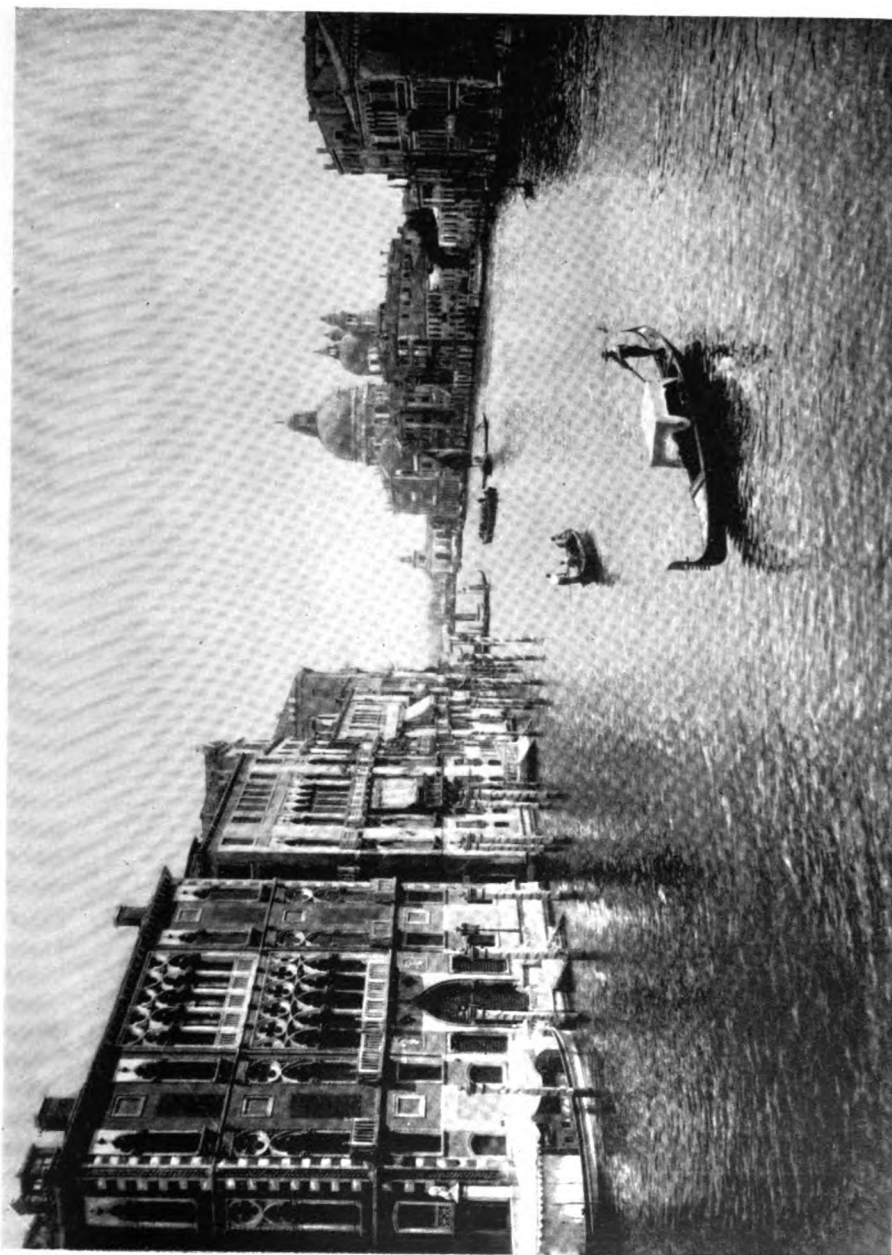
What was this nation? The secret doctrine teaches that it was the latest, seventh sub-race of the Atlanteans, already swallowed up in one of the early sub-races of the Aryan stock, one that had been gradually spreading over the continent and islands of Europe, as soon as they had begun to emerge from the seas. Descending from the high plateaux of Asia, where the two Races had sought refuge in the days of the agony of Atlantis, it had been slowly settling and colonizing the freshly emerged lands. The emigrant sub-race had rapidly increased and multiplied on that virgin soil; had divided into many families, which in their turn divided into nations. Egypt and Greece, the Phoenicians, and the Northern stocks, had thus proceeded from that one sub-race. Thousands of years later, other races — the remnants of the Atlanteans — "yellow and red, brown and black," began to invade the new continent. There were wars in which the newcomers were defeated; and they fled, some to Africa, others to remote countries. Some of these lands became in course of time — owing to new geological convulsions — islands. Being thus forcibly separated from the continents,

the result was that the undeveloped tribes and families of the Atlantean stock fell gradually into a still more abject and savage condition. — Vol. II, p. 743

This quotation is but a fragment, yet it will suffice to give an idea of the comprehensiveness and lucidity of the teachings. We have to take into our reckoning the former continents which geological change has plunged beneath the sea, and the humanities which inhabited them. In view of a scheme so large, it is evident that most current theories of race distribution are too timid and circumscribed. What is said at the end of our last quotation, about an "abject and savage condition," applies better to some ancient races than to others. The Eskimo do not seem either abject or savage according to description. In another part of his account, Stefansson, speaking apparently of another group of people, says:

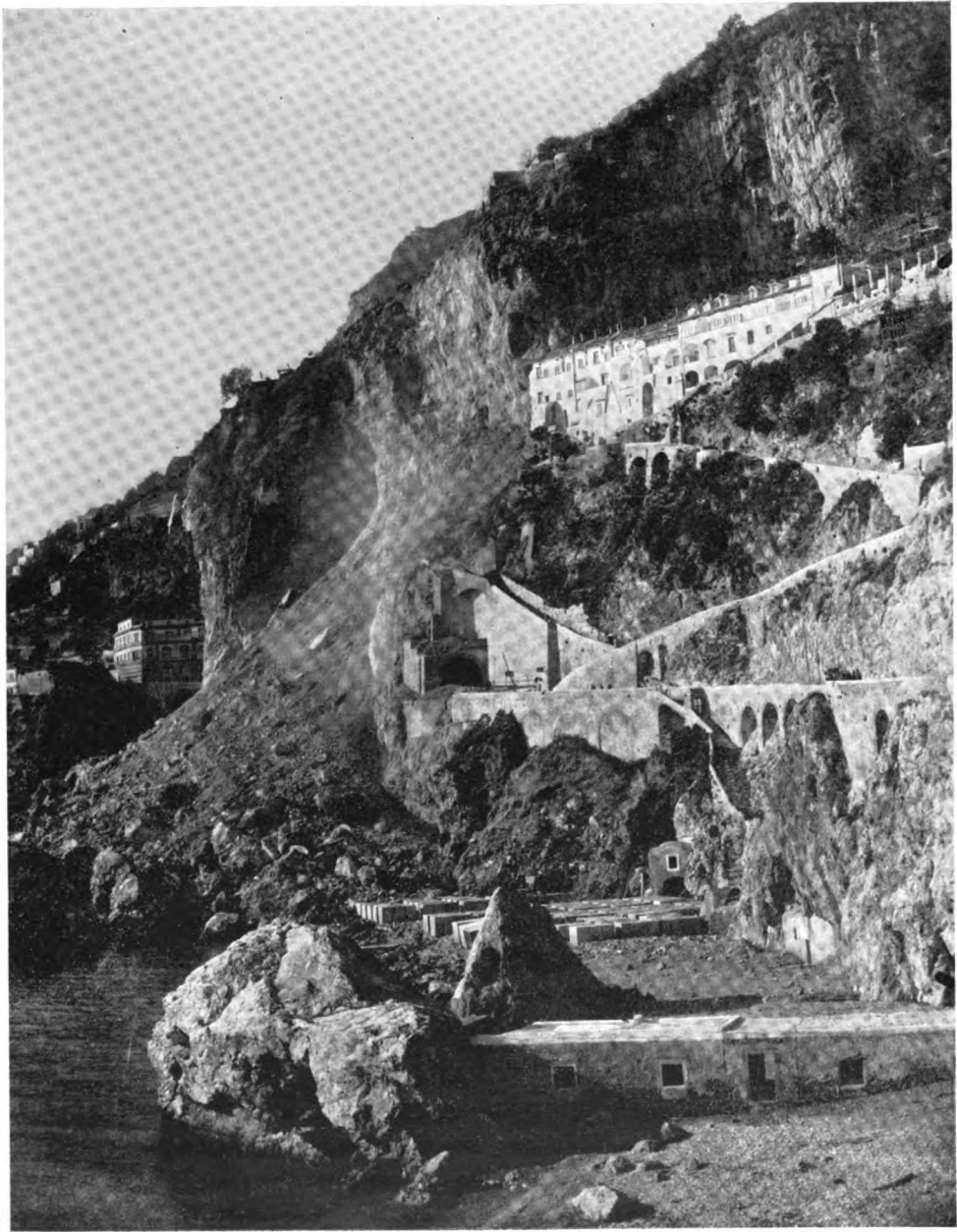
After the first parley everything was most friendly, and we found them the kindly, courteous and generous people that I have everywhere found the less civilized Eskimo to be. We were fed with all the best they had . . . there was no prying into our affairs or into our baggage; no one entered our house unannounced, and if finding us alone at home, the first visitor always approached our house singing so that we had several minutes warning of his coming. At this time they had not enough meat to give their dogs more than half-rations, yet ours never wanted a full meal, and our own days were a continual feast. . . . Of one thing I am glad, that I have had an opportunity to see that all the best qualities of the civilized Eskimo are found more fully developed among their uncivilized countrymen.

From which it is evident that the Eskimo were gentlemen, men of refined feelings, though they may have had no knives and forks. Civilization too often rapidly corrupts and finally destroys such people. Yet civilization is a necessary stage. It is like the taking on of a greater responsibility, the being intrusted with fuller powers. But we cannot thus excuse the shortcomings of our own civilization; for the opportunity to go astray was given us that we might withstand it. As we cannot go backwards to the condition of these aborigines, let us try to approach their virtues by going forwards. Such kindness and honesty can be acclimatized wherever human hearts and heads and hands are found. Knowledge does not breed corruption, but the abuse of knowledge does. All our boasted ability is useless unless firmly founded on the bed-rock of human nature, which, as we see, is not bestial and brutal after all, but kindly and refined.



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THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE



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THE PORT OF AMALFI, ITALY

THE DIVINING-ROD NOW ENDORSED BY SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY: by H. Travers



HAVING rubbed our eyes and pinched ourselves and found that we were not dreaming, we record the following item from the "Science Gossip" column of that staid and erudite periodical the London *Athenaeum*.

The phenomena supposed to be exhibited by the divining-rod, lately investigated in this country by Professor Barrett, have now been seriously tested in German Southwest Africa, where something like eight hundred experiments were made with it in search of water, about eighty per cent of these being successful. It has also been used with success in Hanover to indicate the presence, or otherwise, of veins of salts of potash in the soil. The Ministry of Agriculture in France has appointed a departmental committee to make similar experiments.

The above is printed without comment. Most people had thought that science rejected the divining-rod with scorn; but it seems they were getting behind the times. But Theosophists are interested in natural truths, and perhaps the science editor of *The Athenaeum* would be willing to instruct them as to the divining-rod and other such mysteries. The easy manner in which authority can reverse its position without seeming to climb down is worthy of admiration. It shows an accommodating spirit and a willingness to yield to pressure when the pressure is severe enough.

And how strong and convincing must be the evidence of the divining-rod, to withstand such ordeals as must have been put upon it, to win out against the most desperate efforts to discredit it! With Professor Barrett in England, these other people in German Southwest Africa, the ones who are searching for the presence (or otherwise) of potash in Hanover, and the Ministry of Agriculture in France — the divining-rod is indeed coming back into its own.

But the fact cannot be allowed to hang suspended in the ether of unsupported belief, and some explanation will have to be invented for it. Its nakedness must be clad in some scientific garb to save the blushes. And it takes some explaining. The end of the stick curls up and drags your hand along with it. Again, why should it discover potash? The phenomenon is distressingly improbable and disconnected from other things. (Pretty strong evidence, by the way, that it is not a superstition.) There ought surely to be a group of related phenomena. This seems to indicate that probability is not a safe guide. In face of the divining-rod and its history it is hardly wise to

deny anything on mere grounds of improbability and inexplicability. Moreover researches do not always assign human testimony its due value as evidence.

Any offhand explanation of the workings of the divining-rod would be premature, and we do not care to talk a jargon about animal magnetism and currents and elementals and things which convey little meaning to our readers. But then, there is no good explanation of the way in which a piece of iron will run across the table and attach itself to an electro-magnet when the current is turned on; or how my arm will rise to my head when I will it to do so. Still these more familiar phenomena can be related to other phenomena and we can study their quantitative laws. The problem in connexion with the divining-rod is to relate it to anything familiar, so as to be able to investigate its laws for experimental and practical purposes. The first necessity is more experiments along the same lines — to survey the adjacent country, so to say — thus discovering the class to which the phenomenon belongs and removing its isolation.

Another point is that the cause of the phenomenon is to a great extent in the person of the operator — a circumstance which differentiates it from scientific phenomena proper. For some people cannot work it, others can work it a little, and a few are experts. Can the faculty be developed and increased? And, if so, by what means? To what other faculties in man is it related? Will the process which a man must undergo in order to acquire the faculty develop other faculties? Here are a few of the most obvious questions that suggest themselves. Then there is the nature of the twig — whether one kind of wood is better than another, what the shape should be, etc. Then we need to know what kind of substances in the earth evoke the effect.

The word “divining” calls up the general meaning thereof; there are many sorts of divination; are they all superstitions except the divining-rod; and, if so, upon what grounds? Or perhaps some of them are superstitions and some not. Can people obtain oracles by card-dealing or geomancy? Is this more inherently unlikely than that they can find water by perambulating with a forked twig?

One would gladly follow up the trains of thought further, and not leave the questions all unanswered as is generally done; and doubtless, with the abundant material to be found in the Theosophical teachings, much might be done in this way. But there is a grave objection. We here touch upon realms of inquiry which concern the latent powers

of human nature, and this is a realm fraught with serious danger to all who enter upon it unprepared. For we durst not arouse the sleeping forces of our nature before we have acquired greater self-control. The word "elemental" is used by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge; but if we were to use it now, it would suggest spooks. So the subject may be left to be studied by each one for himself from the works of Blavatsky and Judge.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SANITATION: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



POTENCY of influence may by no means always be measured by size or solidity. The most pronounced features of a landscape usually play a relatively small part in shaping the destiny of those who people the living picture, for the real mainsprings of human action are hidden and silent.

The Panama Canal project strikingly portrays the influence of small things. Backed by exceptional international interest, by millions of money and with the best brains to run machinery powerful enough to move mountains from the path of the canal, yet one of the serious obstructions met with by the workers was the mosquito. The insect's shrill tone could not well argue with the ponderous thunder of a 95-ton shovel: but all too often this tiny thing stopped the vital current which animated the mighty engine through the engineer. It was sanitation — the science of wholesome living — which conserved the most valuable asset invested in the canal project — the living mind and muscle which creates machines out of inert wood and metal and then breathes into these creations the vital breath which moves them with power and purpose.

Likewise it was not a military but a sanitary victory that enabled the Japanese to reverse those unanswerable figures which show that during centuries of the world's warfare several men have regularly died with camp diseases for every one that the enemy killed. To say the least, it is alike poor economics and bad ethics to make such use of good soldier-material or such return for patriotic devotion.

As the entirety of any question concerning the complex human being must include the moral aspect, so sanitation goes beyond the mere matter of physical health or economic value. The most philo-

sophic religions, in recognizing the devotional meaning of the cleanliness which is next to godliness, inculcate the practical occultism which makes for the realization of the ideal. Beyond all creeds and all customs, the most perfect expression of body, mind, and morals naturally seeks out ways that are "pure and undefiled."

Dirt has been defined as matter out of place, and its derivation from "drit," meaning body waste, hints at the human quality which marks the solid and fluid material that continually enters, upbuilds, and leaves the body. Evidently the ill effect of this dirt is a humanized acquirement and not something native to the land and water; for the contamination of waste as well as the contagion of disease are lessened and neutralized by sufficient dilution or mixture with fresh material. Nature's lower kingdoms do not originate the vicious influences and contagions from which man is the prime sufferer, as he is the source of them. The infected mosquito and the dangerous house-fly are not the authors but the distributors of dirt and disease. The malign essence, then, is not primarily a product of the material which makes up the body, but of man's more conscious nature, presiding over this matter. The human passions and emotions are rendered more potent and complex because of the mental power behind them. Thought and feeling empower the physical cells with a certain induced current of more or less lasting influence; and there is much practical proof of the philosophic claim that man raises or lowers the standard of the matter which he contacts.

In short, there is some sort of magnetic impress of the individual stamped upon the material which he touches, especially upon that traveling through the body, and the same impression characterizes his personal atmosphere. It is well known that certain sensitives can psychometrize an article and accurately describe its previous possessor and surroundings. That every one is not equally able consciously to sense these things is no more argument or protection against them than ignorance of the telegraphic code is proof that wireless messages are non-existent. Indeed is it not even more occult that mere words, which any one may use, have been so vitalized by the thought and feeling which composed them into literary classics, that each generation responds anew to their messages — original or translated?

Even the different grades of thought and feeling react plainly enough upon the physical tissues to be broadly traced by analogy.

For instance, the typical modern consciousness, both of intense adults and precocious children, is feverishly alert, restless, self-seeking, and purposeless, — making the average life a sort of brilliant, degenerate whirl. This same quality is reflected by the prevailing pathology of rapid degenerations of brain and body-tissues at all ages, and of malignant foci that menace health and life as increasing vice and crime threaten the integrity of the body politic.

Men live faster and die more rapidly than did their grandparents, numbers of whom coughed through a long life with “old-fashioned consumption.” Of course the pathologist can explain that the lung tissues in those cases differed from the rapid breaking down of the more common type of tuberculosis today. But if, from a microscopic study of bacteria, one turns to a broad view of the subject, the difference in type of tissue-reaction will show the analogous differences in the conscious quality of the two generations. That this increase of mental and moral degeneracy and malignancy which is reflected by the physical matter, is not due to some planetary influence is evident from lack of like abnormality among contemporary races whose simple life is yet untainted by contact with civilization.

The growth of modern sanitation bids fair to provide protection from gross dirt and tangible disease germs, with resulting benefit to the cleanly and the careless. As many of the intelligent as well as the ignorant are unaware of the various avenues of infection which exist, so also there are subtle unsuspected phases of the subject which distinctly affect the individual welfare.

The purpose of life is that the soul may know and express itself in spite of the confusing veil of flesh which obscures its real nature and the underlying unity and oneness of spirit that the various human ties copy and counterfeit. For the soul to become enmeshed in the veils of others can only increase the confusion, and retard the intuitive perception of the duality linking the divine with the human nature in all. Hence the religious meaning of purification — mental and physical — as consistent aids in avoiding the distractions of surrounding thought and feeling, when engaged in prayer or meditation. These external steps are perhaps more familiar in the teaching that one should enter into the closet in secret to find the Father in the kingdom within.

Where men are associated together, a certain interaction of human influences is inevitable and may be made valuable tuition in studying

life. But the best interests of sanity, health, and morality, are conserved by progressively evolving a more conscious sense of the impersonal man, and refusing to be psychologized by the changing thoughts and unstable emotions of the personal self or of others. That the danger of this psychology is not imaginary, he who runs may read in the chaotic symptoms and impulses of the many negative sensitives who recruit a growing army of neurasthenics and swell the records of unexplained suicide, of perverted vice, and purposeless crime.

The organization of modern society has rapidly multiplied the material mediums of human interrelations. Parallel with, or even leading all these tangible lines of contact, there has developed a larger consciousness and a greater capacity to transmit and to receive the wireless messages of thought and feeling, as the analogy of a more highly organized brain and network of nerves would indicate. So there is twofold reason why the individual welfare and evolution require a more positive poise and centering of the Real Self, and more freedom from the aggressive mixtures of external influence. As the impress of even the best of imperfect humanity must leave matter "stained with faults," it is easier for each one to work out his salvation without the detriment of "dirt" that is weighted with another's handicaps.

The far-reaching philosophy of perfect sanitation has an intimate and detailed bearing upon the daily routine; and it should be made the basis of a consistent mean in habits that are neither too fastidious nor slovenly. Indeed the former extreme sometimes marks the vain endeavor to escape a persistent feeling of psychic stain which, like the accusing spots on Lady Macbeth's fair hands, tells of some hidden wrong or weakness of the inner life.

Even where the ventilation, plumbing, and general housekeeping are good, the finer phases of hygiene are often overlooked. Garments, bedding, upholstery, hangings, furniture, and personal belongings, although apparently clean, may lack the thorough and repeated brushing, cleansing, airing, and sun bath which remove the impress of old contact and restore to them a neutral freshness. Merely a fine dust or a faintly stuffy odor may mean so much of powdered skin cells, or solid waste from skin-moisture, or other emanations or exhalations carrying the personal quality of the body that discarded them. Even a solitary person suffers the moral injustice of such conditions, for the clinging touch of his own old limitations impede his progress.

Who is not guilty of hoarding some old keepsakes or souvenirs or reminders, that carry him back to wander negatively through hazy sensations of stale yesterdays, when he should be pressing forward to learn the meaning of these past experiences? Let the past dead bury its dead; our business is with life; and its enfolded richness and beauty await our advance to consciously claim our own.

The materialist may protest that these conclusions upon the psychology of sanitation are too fanciful. To the Theosophical student, however, they but incompletely outline a practical and provable subject.

THE TEMPLES OF CAMBODIA: by an Archaeologist



F the facts available for theories of history were properly estimated, we should arrive at conclusions very different from those we do reach. But our theories are largely founded on preconception and custom, so that we do not give the facts their proper value. H. P. Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, marshals the facts, and shows how, when justly weighed, they support the teachings as to human history which she outlines.

The National Geographic Magazine for March, 1912, has an article on "The Forgotten Ruins of Indo-China," by a former American Consul at Saigon, richly illustrated with photographs of the people, scenery, and temples. The writer says:

In America even now it is doubtful if there are many who have heard of Angkor Tom and Angkor Wat, so completely have these splendid ruins been hidden in the Cambodian jungle and kept from civilization by natural barriers.

But what if, instead of ruins, there had been a gold-mine in the Cambodian jungle?

A peculiar isolation has been the lot of this region throughout the centuries. For one reason or another the aggressions of conquest and the dead-leveling process of civilization have spared it. Whatever the cause, the result has been the preservation of these marvelous buildings and of a valuable link in the chain of history. Cambodia is the relic of a very ancient and splendid kingdom. The people speak of their own race as the *Khmer*, and say they immigrated from the north. Local records mention two early immigrations from India,

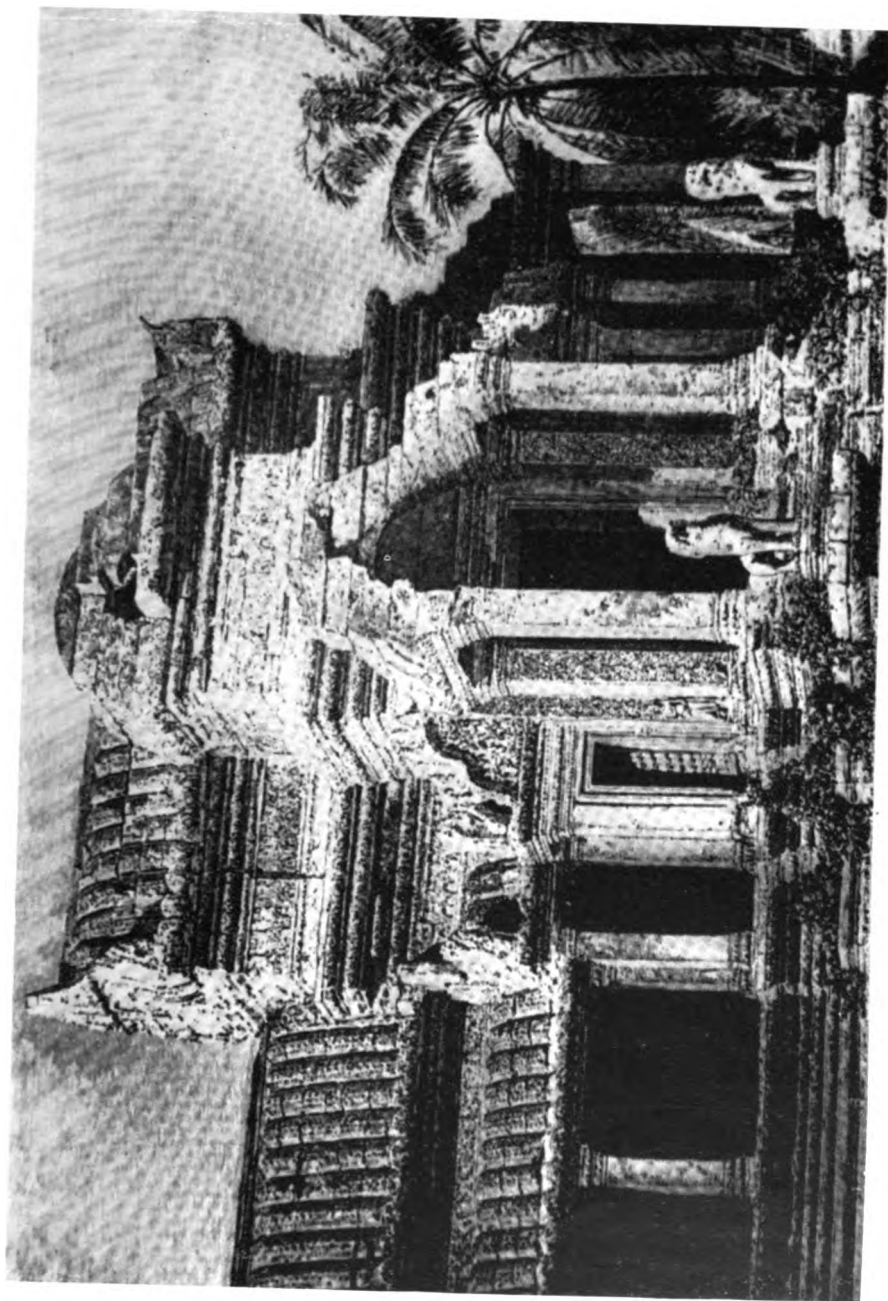
and the annals of Ceylon record that a Buddhist mission was sent to the "Golden Realm" about 200 B. C. The Chinese annals mention, under the name of Fu-nan, twelfth century B. C., a kingdom which embraced Cambodia; and about 125 B. C. a Chinese emperor made the country tributary. Ptolemy speaks of it, as do Arab narratives. Abel Rémusat has translated an account of Cambodia by a Chinese envoy sent about 1300 A. D., and the writer's accuracy as to topography and the ruins proves his reliability. He describes the magnificence of the court and capital and the many fortified cities.

The extension of the French protectorate has given facilities to archaeologists, but Angkor is still hard to get at. The nearest available port is Saigon in Cochin China, whence the railway may be taken to Mytho. Thence the route is by the Mekong River, parts of which are not deep enough for navigation except at certain seasons. A short journey through the jungle by bullock cart completes the pilgrimage.

The ancient architecture is scattered all over the country: large walled cities; palaces and temples; artificial lakes within stone walls; stone bridges, of wonderful engineering skill; embanked roads. The temples are remarkable not only for their size but for the inconceivable wealth and intricacy of carving with which they are covered. The ancient capital, Nagkon Tom, which was called Inthapataburi, after the capital of the Pândus in the Mahâbhârata (Indra-prasthapuri), has walls eight and a half miles around and thirty feet high. Five miles south of this city is the Nagkon Wat, one of the most wonderful architectural relics in the world. It is enclosed by a quadrangular wall 3860 yards around. The towers rise to 180 feet and upwards. The style is partly Indian, partly allied to ruins found in Java, and partly of a kind unknown elsewhere; the pilasters are "Roman-Doric."

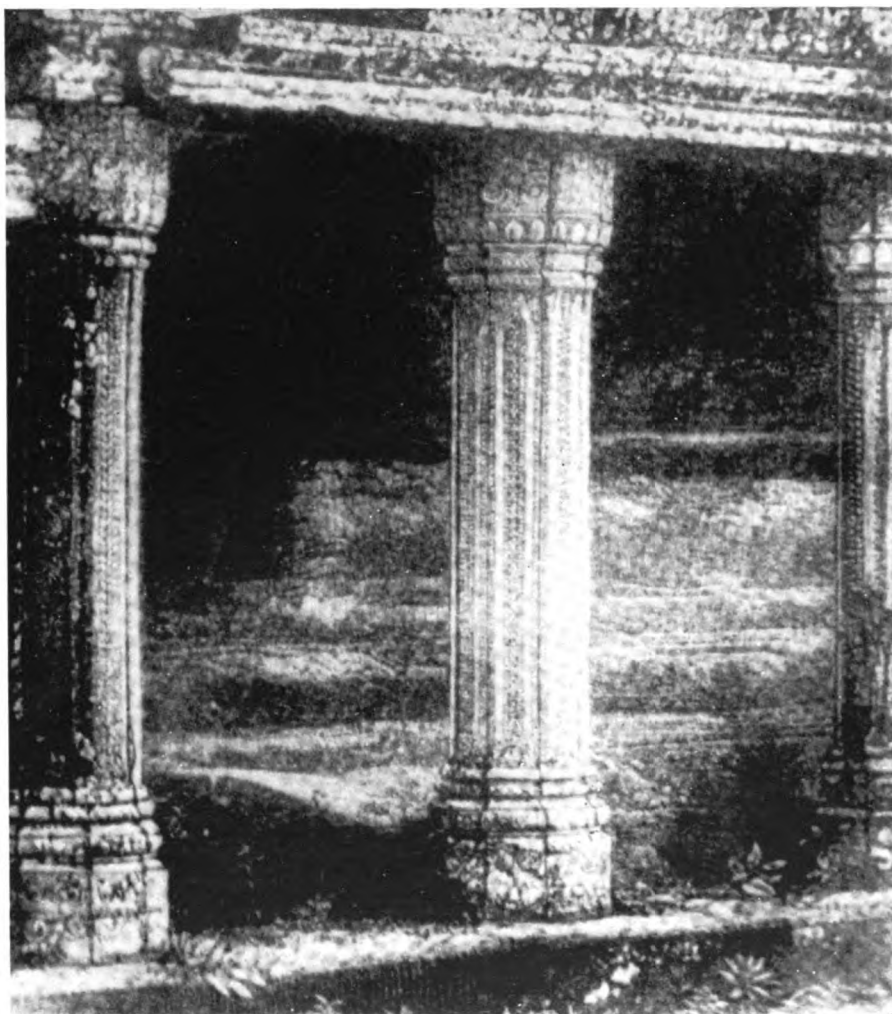
Frank Vincent, a traveler, writes of this temple:

We whose good fortune it is to live in the nineteenth century are accustomed to boast of the perfection and pre-eminence of our modern civilization; of the grandeur of our attainments in science, art, literature, and what not, as compared with those whom we call ancients; but still we are compelled to admit that they have far excelled our recent endeavors in many things, and notably in the fine arts of painting, architecture, and sculpture. . . . In style and beauty of architecture, solidity of construction, and magnificent and elaborate carving the great Nagkon-Wat has no superior, certainly no rival standing at the present day. The first view of the ruins is overwhelming. . . .



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NAGKON WAT, CAMBODIA: PERISTYLE OF THE GALLERY OF BAS-RELIEFS



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PILLARS AT NAGKON WAT, CAMBODIA

We entered upon an immense causeway, the stairs of which were fixed with six huge griffins, each carved from a single block of stone. The causeway . . . is 725ft. in length, and is paved with stones each of which measures four feet in length by two in breadth. . . . The outer wall of Nagkon-Wat is half-a-mile square. . . . The entire edifice, including the roof, is of stone, but without cement, and so closely fitting are the joints as even now to be scarcely discernible. . . . The shape of the building is oblong, being 796ft. in length and 588 in width, while the highest central pagoda rises some 250-odd feet. . . .

We enter the temple itself through a columned portico, the façade of which is beautifully carved in basso-relievo with ancient mythological subjects. From this doorway on either side runs a corridor with a double row of columns, cut — base and capital — from single blocks, with a double oval-shaped roof, covered with carving and consecutive sculptures upon the outer wall. This gallery of sculptures, which forms the exterior of the temple, consists of over half-a-mile of continuous pictures. . . . There is no keystone used in the arch of this corridor. On the walls are sculptured 100,000 separate figures. As many as 1532 solid columns have been counted.

Some of these mural scenes, described as “battles between men and monkeys,” evidently portray the war between the Kurus and the Pândavas, the subject of the Mahâbhârata, and represent the conflict between the evil survivors of the bygone Fourth Race and the good forces of the oncoming Fifth Race — an epic that forms the theme of so many “mythologies.”

In seeking to account for the superior excellence of ancient achievements in architecture we find the explanation in the existence of great ideals among the people, such as made each worker an artist, and united all, from the ablest designer and manager to the humblest laborer, in a common enthusiasm. The failure to achieve such things today is amply accounted for by our lack of such high and binding ideals. Our system tends to turn the fabricator into a tool or machine; he works for bread and money rather than art. The designer is moved by no such lofty veneration, and haste characterizes the whole enterprise.

In our folly we have sought to explain the creation of the vast monuments of antiquity by supposing that the builders were tyrants with an unlimited command of slave-labor. Such a system might produce a Roman aqueduct or build a vast ungainly palace, filled with the spoils of other ages and lands, for a luxurious Caesar; but it cannot explain works which evince the qualities of the artist in every detail of minutest construction. Unity among the people is the true explanation. And that unity was no enforced and strained attitude

of mutual forbearance or pooled interests, but the result of a common enthusiasm and a profound sense of the paramount importance of the eternal and homogeneous spiritual life over the impermanent personal life.

HEALING POWER OF MUSIC: by a Student



A CORRESPONDENT to a scientific periodical pleads for the use of music as a cure for the sick, and especially for the mentally sick and the insane, giving some instances of such cures which have come under his observation. Cases of nostalgia and aphasia were cured by a musical box in the sanatorium; appropriations, he thinks, should be made by States for supplying asylums with musical instruments of the automatic kind. The writer attributes the cure to a resuscitation of the will-power by means of the emotions, the emotions being aroused by the music. Music, he says, is the language of the emotions; and good music diverts the mind from bad emotions such as brooding.

The tendency to such refined methods of cure may be welcomed as a contrast to the opposite tendency — that in the direction of experimenting upon the brains of living animals or injecting unclean animal extracts into the blood. The proposal to cure the insane by music certainly stands in marked contrast with the proposal to kill them off or mutilate them. The existence of these two contrary tendencies, the one towards refinement and progress in knowledge, the other towards reaction and error, should be carefully noted. In connexion with the healing art we have also the *x*-rays to look to as a means of diagnosing and curing by refined means.

To what emotions does music appeal? There are various kinds of emotions, and a good deal of the music that is played appeals to the lower kinds, thus tending to degrade the character instead of uplifting it. More than this, even though the music should appeal to higher and nobler emotions, yet if the nervous system of the hearer is not strong and well-balanced, he may be upset and may vibrate to the opposite extreme. Weak and sensitive natures often run through the whole gamut of emotions from lofty aspirations to maudlin tears, and do nothing after all but waste nervous force.

So the mere rousing of emotions, even though they be lofty ones,

is not enough; the higher emotions must be made fruitful in action.

The reason why we cannot fix or make use of the lofty states into which music lifts us is because the general tone of our life is not keyed up to that pitch. And so, when the influence has been withdrawn, we fall down again; and the impetus may carry us for a time *below* our normal level. Music shows us a glimpse of a world of beauty and harmony, and we long to be there, but many preparations are necessary before we can make the journey. The beauty revealed by music has to be lived up to. Our momentary rapture is like the vision of a goddess who stays just long enough to charm us with her splendor and then vanishes with a beckoning finger. Shall we then spend our life pining over the vision or wasting our adoration on the mere phantom of memory, and say that life is all a delusion and a snare?

If music does not inspire us to action, it has not inspired us at all. We have to realize that we are temples and that these shrines need to be made clean and fit ere they can be blessed by sublime presences. Anything worth having must be fought for; and it rests with us whether we consider the thing worth fighting for.

Let us try to attach to the word "music" a wider meaning than that of the concord of sweet sounds. Let it stand for harmony in general. Then we have a meaning for the expression "to make music in our lives." Could we not try to establish music within that inner world of thoughts which we inhabit? We could study the causes whence discord arises in that world — chiefly in connexion with our relations to other people.

Harmony is not the same as unison. Some people's notion of brotherhood is unison; all people sounding one note, and that note — whose?

How many geniuses fall short of their mark because they try to go on sounding their own note! Perhaps this accounts for the limitations of genius and the sad falls and anticlimaxes. And it is a singular circumstance that when we try to discover the personalities of our *greatest* geniuses we can find little or none. Perhaps they did not have any personality to speak of.

Are we not fond of sounding our own note? Do we not like to get away by ourselves, and are we not irritated when someone else breaks in with his note. There are even people who, when listening to music become irritated if someone talks. Perhaps they are justified, but was it, or was it not, the music that inspired the irritation?

Everybody knows the man who in a chorus insists on having his own voice heard above the rest. He knows nothing of the delight of letting one's voice blend into indistinguishable harmony with the whole. It is the same with general conduct. We cannot make harmony all alone.

All this implies that it is the old old enemy, selfishness, that is the fly in the ointment. We cannot take this thing with us into the beautiful realms after which we pine. But what we should do is to admit this fact, and not turn round and curse the laws of nature.

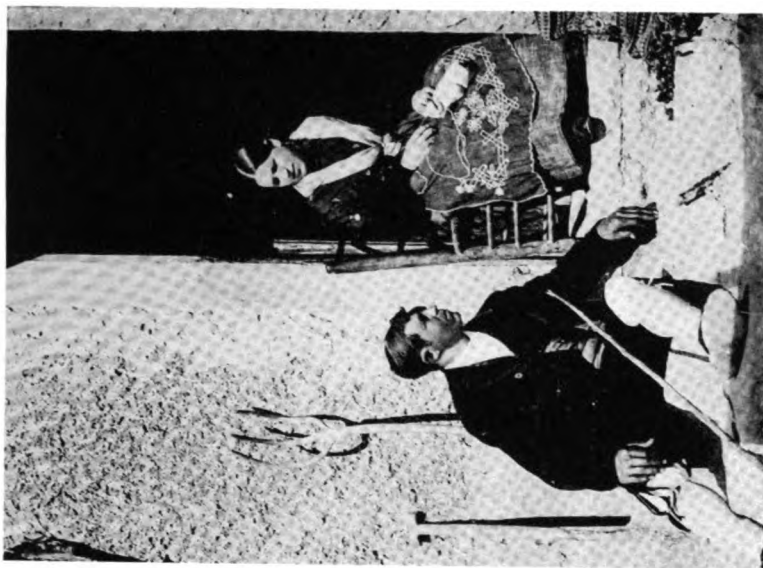
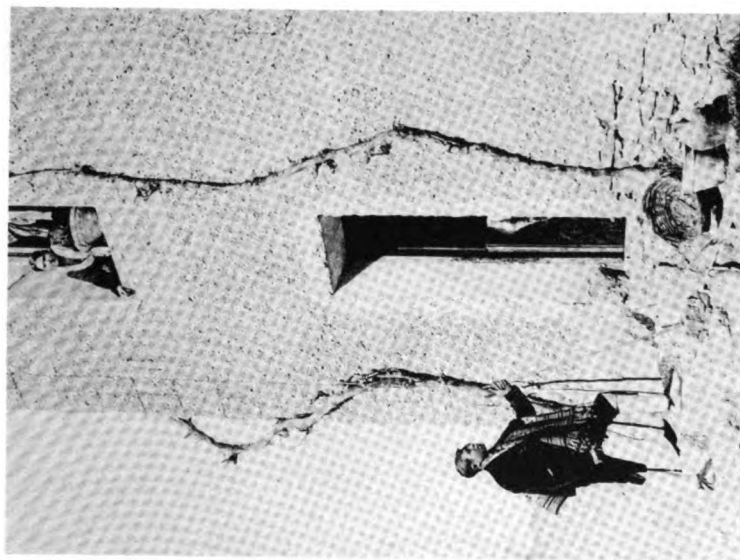
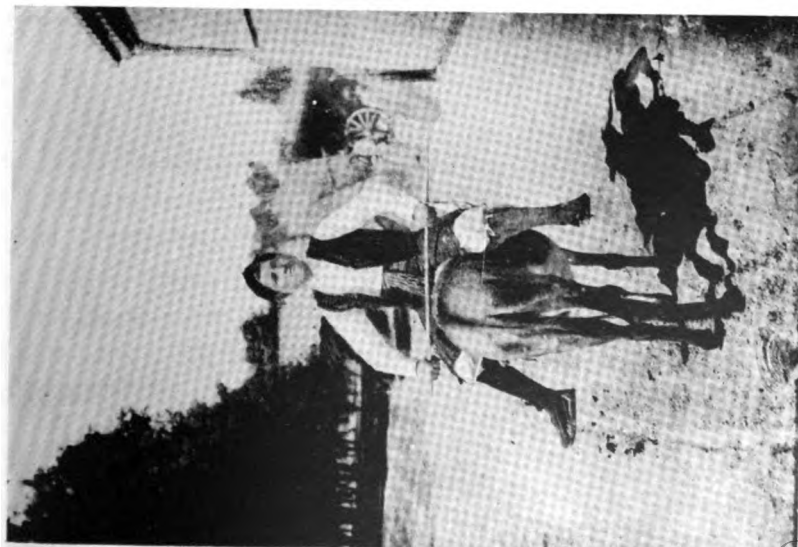
There is great need of beauty in the world, and music is one of the sources through which it must enter. But the love of beauty must be coupled with resolve or it will be vain and fruitless. It is for this reason that in Lomaland music is regarded as an integral part of the art of life and is studied *pari passu* with the study of the art of life. Thus treated, music acquires a new significance and becomes a healer not only of the mind and body but of the whole nature.

SONNET

From the German. By Kenneth Morris

MAN hath no star save his own Soul,
 Nor other certain light to lead
 Through night, nor sure defense at need,
 Nor path, nor beacon-flame for goal.
 And if he rise, and, spirit-whole,
 Follow, albeit the many heed
 Or heed not; give him crown for meed
 Of gold or thorns — dispraise, extol —
 So he but take his fate in hand
 For staff, and neither turn nor stay
 What foe soever say him nay,
 But follow That o'er sea and land —
 Both they that praised and they that banned
 Shall follow where he led the way.

International Theosophical Headquarters
 Point Loma, California

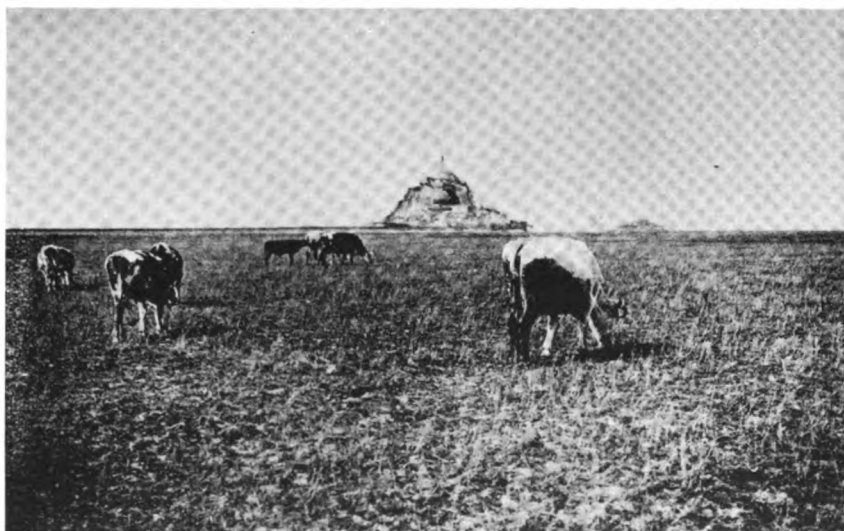


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A GLIMPSE OF INNER SPAIN (SARAGOSSA)
ARAGONESE COSTUMES



MONT-SAINT-MICHEL, FRANCE
The Abbey, the Ramparts, and the North Tower.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL
Cows at pasture on the Salt Meadows.

DID JAPANESE BUDDHISTS VISIT YUCATAN?

by an Archaeologist



It is reported that a professor of anthropology who has been exploring in Korea has discovered in a deserted semi-subterranean temple on the southeastern coast certain Buddhist statues and carvings remarkably like carvings in Yucatan and southern Mexico. Probably it will be suggested that Buddhists crossed to America and carved the temple walls and pillars. But such resemblances in ancient symbolism are universal, and it is absurd to try to base theories of migration or ethnic descent on any small portion of the facts. There are similar analogies between ancient America and Egypt. The study of ancient symbology should be carried on comprehensively and not merely with reference to one or two particular peoples.

As to "Buddhism" and "Buddhas," it does not follow that every figure of a Man or divinity seated in the attitude of meditation is a statue of Gautama. Such figures are characteristic of carvings in ancient America. Moreover Gautama is described as the latest of a long series of Buddhas or avatâras who incarnate from time to time to bring light and help to the world. And Buddhism itself, like other religions, is based on the eternal Wisdom-Religion; so that *esoteric* Buddhism is virtually identical with the universal Wisdom-Religion. Hence its symbology is universal and of all time. There are people who, having studied symbolism and found how universal and invariable it is, have tried to make out that Christianity was known all over the world in pre-Christian times. There are people who think the Phoenicians are responsible for the diffusion of this knowledge — simply because they have read in their school-books that the Phoenicians were great navigators. There are people who are always finding the "Lost Ten Tribes" everywhere. There are people who think that Bacon wrote practically everything worth reading in the literature of his time; and finally there are babies who call every man they see "Papa." The archaeologist mentioned above has also, according to the report, found similarities between Japanese and Polynesian tattooing, which leads him to suggest a racial connexion between the two peoples. Such a game can be played indefinitely.

It is useless to try to postpone the conclusion to which discovery and scholarship must eventually lead, that "The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world."

THE GERM AND ITS ENVIRONMENT---Ancient Cosmogony under Modern Names: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE expounders of biological theories of evolution do not seem to be aware that they are merely stating over and over again, though in new words, the fundamental propositions of cosmogonical philosophy. Indeed, as they are but obeying the laws or conditions of human thought, they could hardly do otherwise than follow in the beaten track which such speculation has always taken. They seek to attribute all cosmogony and evolution of life to the interaction of two fundamental causes or conditions, one of which is termed the "germ" and the other "environment." The germ is endowed with certain requirements and tendencies, and the environment either satisfies or opposes these; in the former case evolution stops short where it is; in the latter case the germ makes an effort to adapt itself to the unfriendly conditions and a change of form occurs. By successive interactions between the germ and its environment the whole process of evolution from mineral to man is supposed to proceed.

Now what are the germ and its environment but Purusha and Prakriti over again? What are they but cosmic mind and matter, whose union and interaction constitutes life? Thus we have the fundamental duality which all speculators in this field have been compelled to postulate; and it needs but one more (and inevitable) step in the reasoning to complete the trinity by the postulation of an antecedent and synthesizing unity. Such a further step is rendered inevitable by the hypothesis itself, for environment is supposed to "change" from time to time (thus furnishing the stimulus required to make the germ develop into other forms); so that both germ and environment have a common factor — the power to change — and our trinity is complete. In fact, it is evident that environment is itself a product of evolution — either this, or else we have to make it a primordial principle. To sum up this cosmogony thus far, we have: (1) a primordial principle of motion or change or activity or tendency; (2) a germ; (3) environment. The next inevitable step is to make the trinity into a quaternary. The fourth principle is of course that which is produced by the interaction of the second and third — the "Son" in ancient symbology — describable as the manifested universe or totality of living forms. Several other vague shadows, which may be included in the cosmogony, loom up in the course of this somewhat rough-and-ready philosophizing; and our philosophers, not being Aristotles, may have some difficulty in

disposing of the chips from their workshop. For instance, there is "chance"; what kind of a principle is this and where does it fit into the scheme? The word is not ours; it is used by the philosophers in question, as denoting a power which accomplishes certain important results. Then there are "tendency," and "fitness," and several more powers and potencies, thrown in casually, as it were, or surreptitiously, to eke out the failing resources of the principal actors, as though the drama needed a prompter — as though the exhibitor of a perpetual motion machine were secretly poking the wheels. In short, here are philosophers showing us a perpetual machine which will run without any mind or will; and we detect them surreptitiously introducing mind and will here and there under the disguise of the above vague names. And of course; for what else could they do?

From one philosopher we quote the following:

Many imagine that there is some principle within the living organism which impels it onward to a higher level of organization. This is entirely an error. There is no "law of progress."

One might say: "Many people imagine that this is the house that Jack built. But this is entirely an error. There is no such person as 'Jack.'" Still we do not quarrel with this view, recognizing, as we do, that it is the inevitable result of a condition forced upon the germ in the writer's mind by his environment. But the same is true of our own ideas; we cannot help them, nor can we help stating them; we are constrained by our environment.

But let us consider this house that Jack built, a little further. According to the philosophy, a heap of bricks will continue to be nothing but a heap of bricks so long as its environment is suited to its requirements. But, should that environment change, the bricks might no longer be able to continue in their former condition and might be forced to adopt a new arrangement among themselves. Thus we may imagine the first rude hovel came into existence on the shores of the primordial seaside, when man was not, but only carbonic acid and chaos. This hovel again would never be anything else *but* a hovel — unless (and here is the point) a change in the environment chanced to ensue; and then the hovel might become a house. The process thus outlined, the rest is easy; all we have to do is just to leave it to the imagination; any one can fill in the details.

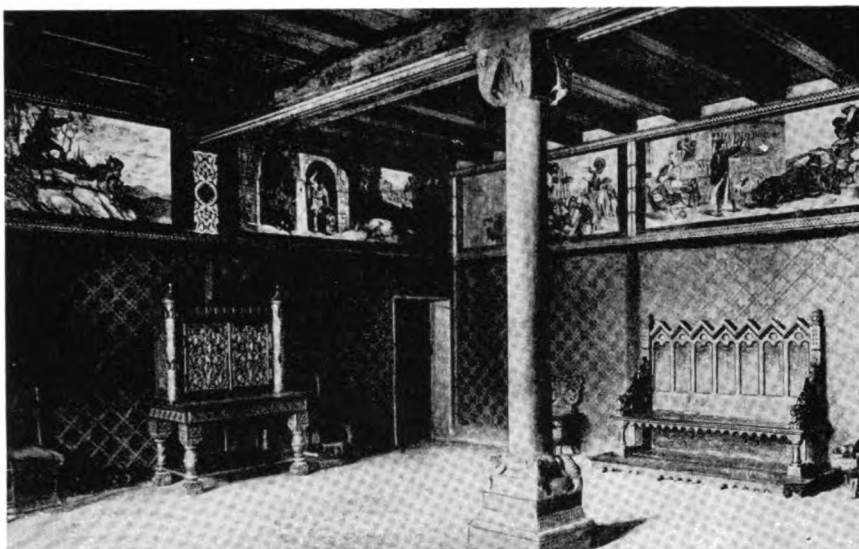
But it will be argued that our analogy is imperfect, because bricks do not have any reproductive power, whereas germs do. Very well,

the objection is sustained; only now we have a new principle granted us — reproductive power; whence did the germ get that? Is it a primary or a secondary principle? We are ready to meet the argument whichever way they have it.

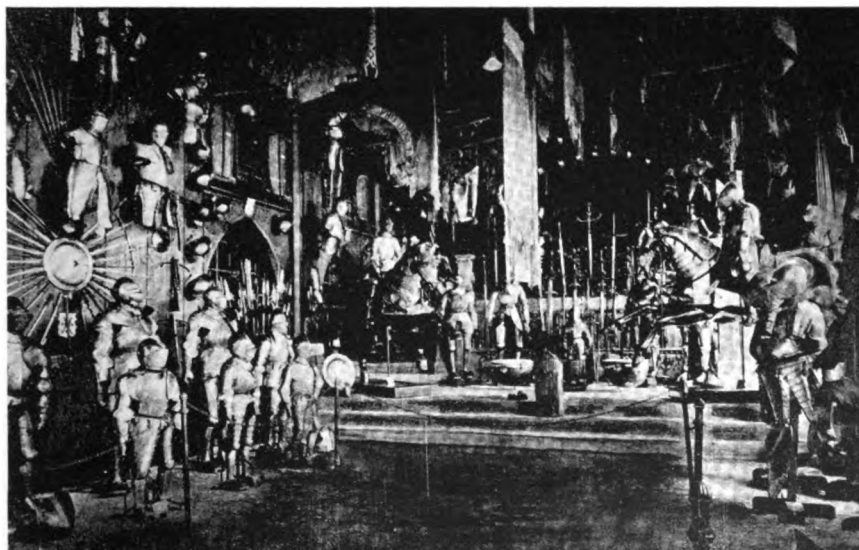
But one might go on indefinitely cracking jokes at the expense of this kind of experimental philosophy. The philosophers need a course of reading — not for the purpose of borrowing other people's thoughts, but to prevent them from doing so. But how very academic, how very isolated from life, is this sort of speculation! It is a true product of the study, the laboratory, and the sheltered life. And how rich in mere speculation, how lavish in food for the bounding imagination, how profuse in the use of vague terms! The wildest fairy-tale of the most untutored savage was never more incredible. In one of Swedenborg's visions he describes certain people in the after-world as occupied in constructing most ingenious machines, which they then presented to the Almighty. Swedenborg evidently had a glimpse into the actually existing thought-world. In face of the awful and ever-present problems of our life, both individual and collective, how vain do some of these pastimes seem!

What more potent "germ" can we find anywhere than a *thought*? If we are to take issue on the question whether the thought created the germ, or the germ the thought, we decide for the former. If the germ created the thought, then what created the germ? But, if the thought created the germ — it was *I* who created the thought; and what am I? That is the true and only profitable path of inquiry. Let us therefore look within, study ourself, "Know *thyself*"; man is truly a microcosm, and to know himself really, is to know the universe.

Arguments such as we have just used against biological speculation are sometimes used by exponents of theological and dogmatic systems, as if to say, "All human endeavor is vain, let us have faith in God and his church." But it is one thing to condemn wrong thought, and another to condemn *all* thought; nor is it any use giving up one kind of delusion to fall into another. What is needed is to think *more*, not less; to think *better*, not to stop thinking. We were not endowed with will and intelligence that we might abrogate them. It is not sinful to use them, nor need we fear thereby to offend Deity — which can surely take care of itself. Intelligence is intended to be used; but let us not forget that the twin-ray from the Supreme enters the heart as Love (Divine Compassion) and Wisdom, which twain cannot be separated.

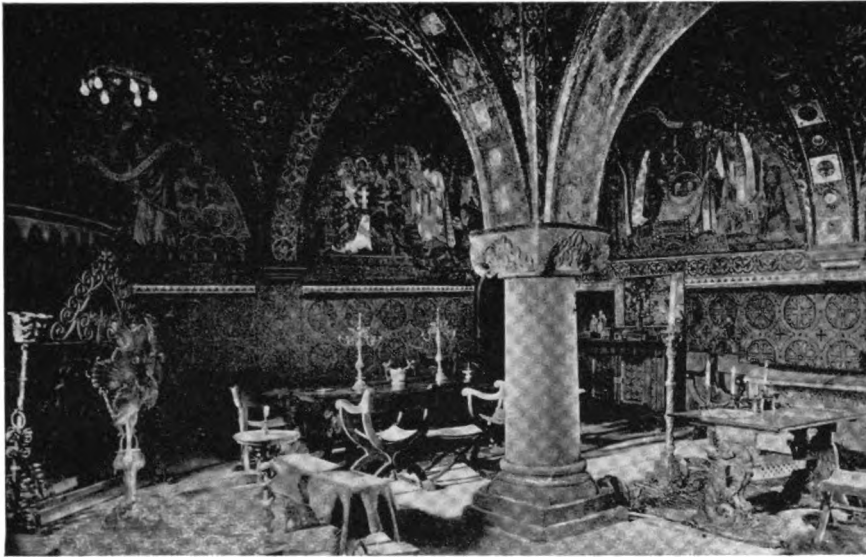


THE LANDGRAFENZIMMER, WARTBURG, EISENACH, GERMANY
The Castle of Wartburg was founded in the tenth century and is connected with many historical facts. Luther was kept here nearly a year.

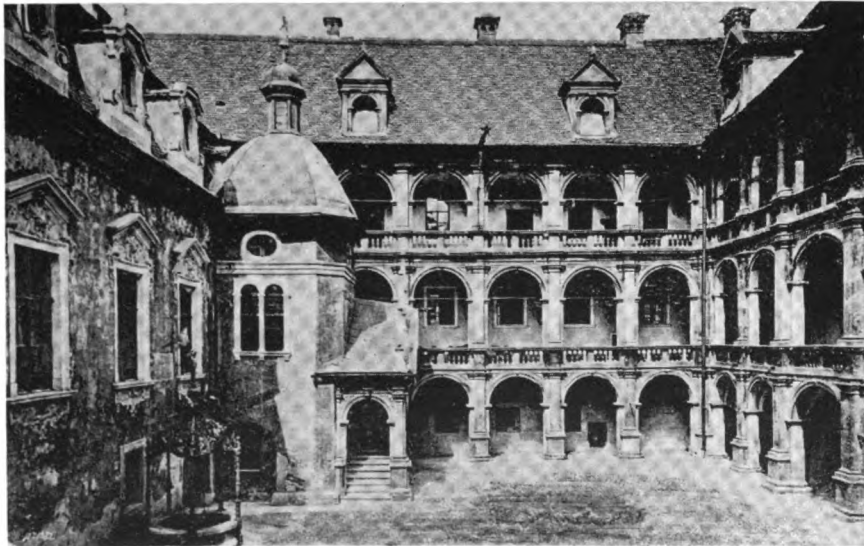


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THE ARMORY OF THE WARTBURG, EISENACH



THE "ELIZABETH-ROOM," WARTBURG



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THE LANDHAUSHOF, GRAZ, AUSTRIA; BUILT IN 1558

STUDIES IN ORPHISM: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

III. THE GREEK MYSTERIES

I



THE Orphic teachings in regard to the fifth and last of the Cosmic Rulers, Zagreus-Dionysos, were embodied in the mystery-drama, which was witnessed by those initiated into the sacred rites. Nevertheless, using the keys given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, many details of this story of the Greek Mystic Savior can be recovered by piecing together the statements made by the later Platonists and their opponents, the early Christian Fathers.

First, a few quotations from H. P. Blavatsky in regard to the general character of the Mysteries.

The Mysteries were observances, generally kept secret from the profane and uninitiated, in which were taught by dramatic representation and other methods, the origin of things, the nature of the human spirit, its relations to the body, and the method of its purification and restoration to higher life.¹

Elsewhere she adds: "Their object was to re-establish the soul in its primordial purity, or that state of perfection from which it had fallen."²

In the Mysteries were symbolized the pre-existent condition of the spirit and soul, the lapse of the latter into earth-life and Hades, the miseries of that life, the purification of the soul, and its restoration to divine bliss or reunion with spirit.³

And again:

It is well known that throughout antiquity besides the popular worship composed of the dead-letter forms and empty exoteric ceremonies every nation had its secret cult, known to the world as the Mysteries. . . . These . . . were the last surviving heirloom of archaic wisdom. During the public classes and general teachings the lessons in cosmogony and theogony were delivered in allegorical representation. . . . Alone, the high initiates, the Eoptai, understood their language and meaning.⁴

Fair-minded scholars have always admitted the nobility and purity of the true and undegenerated forms of the Greek Mysteries.

Bishop Warburton declares:

1. *Isis Unveiled*, I, Before the Veil, p. xxxvii, s. v. Mysteries. 2. Cf. Plato, as quoted by Warburton, *Divine Legation of Moses*, Vol. I, Bk. II, § iv, p. 210; ed. London, 1837: Σκοπὸς τῶν τελετῶν ἐστίν, εἰς τέλος ἀναγαγεῖν τὰς ψυχὰς ἐκεῖνο ἀπ' οὗ τὴν πρώτην ἐποίησαντο κάθοδον, ὡς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, i. e. "It was the end and design of initiation to restore the soul to that state from which it fell, as from its native seat of perfection." Also cf. Sallust, the Greek Neo-Platonist, *On the Gods and the World*, iv: "It is the intention of all mystic ceremonies to conjoin us with the world and the Gods." 3. *Isis Unveiled*, I, Before the Veil, p. xiv.

4. *Lucifer*, IV, pp. 226, 227.

The wisest and best of the Pagan world invariably hold that the Mysteries were instituted pure and proposed the noblest ends by the worthiest means.⁵

The Reverend Dr. Edwin Hatch, also justly emphasizes the fact that —

The main underlying conception of initiation was that there were elements in human life from which the candidate must purify himself before he could be fit to approach the Deity. . . . Thus, the race of mankind was lifted on to a higher plane when it came to be taught that only the pure in heart can see God.⁶

In fact, the whole aim of initiation was to procure for the pilgrim soul true bliss by freeing it from the snares and impediments of a purely earthly life. Therefore, the mystics were taught to worship the One Ineffable Deity and to live a clean, pure life in accordance with the spirit of brotherhood. Or in the words of an Orphic fragment:

Love light and not darkness. Remember thy journey's end, whilst thou travellest. For when souls [after death] return to the light [i. e. earth-life], they wear as hideous scars upon their ethereal body all the sins of their former lives, which they must wash away by returning to earth.

The teachings of the Mysteries were rarely conveyed by the exposition of doctrine and dogma, for the Greeks knew of no hard-and-fast creedal systems; but by means of a drama, illustrative of the soul's history, representing allegorically life, death, and rebirth, symbolically revealing the soul's divine parentage, its fall, and its final restoration to Deity. The faith in and the authority of the Mysteries was based *not* upon external forms but upon the *Light within*, by means of which man was lifted out of his lower animal self, brought into communion and association with the Divine Within and Above, and purified by the leverage of aspiration. Plotinos says:

Knowledge has three degrees — opinion, science, and illumination. The means or instrument of the first is reception; of the second, argumentative reasoning; of the third *intuition*.

And it was the function of the Mysteries to develop the intuition.

A most interesting Orphic confession of Faith, dating from the fifth century B. C. has been preserved to us by Porphyry from the lost *Cretans* of Euripides, in which the mystic declares:

In one pure stream
My days have run, the servant I,

5. *The Divine Legation of Moses*, Vol. I, Bk. ii, § iv, p. 244, ed. London, 1837.

6. *Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church*, Hibbert Lectures for 1888, ed. London, 1907, p. 285.

Initiate, of Idaean Jove;⁷
 Where midnight Zagreus roves, I rove;
 I have endured his thunder-cry;⁸
 Fulfilled his red and bleeding feasts;⁹
 Held the Great Mother's mountain flame;¹⁰
 I am set free; and named by name¹¹
 A Bakchos of the Mailed Priests.¹²
 Robed in pure white I have borne me clean
 From man's low birth and confined clay,
 And exiled from my lips alway
 Touch of all meat where life hath been.¹³

The successive stages or grades in initiation are given by Theon of Smyrna as: first, previous purification; secondly, admission to participation in the lesser mysteries or myesis; thirdly, initiation into the greater mysteries or epoptic revelation; fourthly, investiture or enthroning; and fifthly, interior communion with the Divine. His complete statement well deserves study. He says:

Again, philosophy may be called Initiation into the true sacred rites and the instruction in the genuine Mysteries; for there are five parts of initiation, the first of which is the preliminary purification. Inasmuch as the Mysteries are not communicated to all who wish to receive them certain persons are precluded by the voice of the sacred Herald, such as those whose hands are impure and whose enunciation is unintelligible. Then such as are not excluded must first be refined by certain purifications; and after purification, the instruction in the sacred rites (myesis) succeeds; while the third part is denominated revelation or inspection (epopteia). The fourth, which is the end and design of the revelation is the investiture or enthronement, the binding of the head and the fixing of the crowns, whereby the initiated person is enabled to communicate to others the sacred rites in which he has been instructed, whether after this he becomes a Torch-bearer or a Hierophant of the Mysteries or sustains some other part of the sacerdotal office. The fifth part, which is produced from all these is friendship and interior communion with the Deity and the enjoyment of that happiness which arises from intimate association with divine beings — or, according to Plato, an assimilation to Divinity, as far as it is possible to mankind.¹⁴

7. Here "Idaean Jove" or Zeus, the All-Father, is identified with Zagreus-Dionysos, the Mystic God-Man, for in the words of St. Clement of Alexandria, *Stromata*, v, ii, p. 688: "Euripides, the philosopher of the stage, has divined as in a riddle that the Father and the Sons are One God." 8. i.e. persevered, as a neophyte, in the Divine Quest after Spiritual Illumination. 9. i.e. partaken of the covenant of blood or the Sacrament of the Eucharist. 10. i.e. carried the mountain pine-torch at the celebration of the mystic marriage. 11. i.e. from the treadmill cycle of ignorance. I have passed into the circle of Divine Knowledge and am familiar with the laws of life and death. 12. i.e. an initiate follower of the Mystic Savior, a member of the sacred guardian band of the Kouretai.

13. Murray's Translation. 14. *Math.*, I, p. 18 (ed. Baill).

Proklos, also, bears similar testimony:

The perfective rite (telete) precedes in order of time the initiation (myesis), and initiation the final apocalypse (epopteia).¹⁵

It is thus evident that there were three principal stages or grades in all mysteries: (1) preliminary purification; (2) initiation; and (3) revelation. To the perfective rite belonged the sacrament of baptism and to the revelation the sacrament of the eucharist.

The ceremonial of the Mysteries began with a solemn proclamation made by the sacred Herald either in the form:

Let no one enter whose hands are not clean and whose tongue is not prudent.

or

He only may enter who is pure from all defilement and whose soul is conscious of no wrong and who has lived well and justly.¹⁶

This proclamation is reproduced by Aristophanes, as follows:

All evil thoughts and profane be still; far hence, far hence from our chorus depart,

Who knows not well what the mystics tell, or is not holy and pure of heart;
Who ne'er has the noble revelry learned.¹⁷

In connexion with the ancient mysteries there were two forms of baptism, the common or popular form consisting of bathing in or sprinkling with pure water; and a second form, apparently peculiar to the Orphic ritual.

In the common form those entering the sacred precinct purified themselves by dipping their hands in holy water, drawn from a sacred spring and were at the same time admonished to present themselves with pure minds, without which mere external baptism was of no avail. When the rite consisted in bathing it was usually performed in the sea.

Euripides thus refers to the usual rite, as performed in the fifth century B. C.:

Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain
Your bodies, or ever ye enter the fane.
Set a watch on the door of your lips; be there heard
Nothing but good in the secret word
That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred
To seek to the shrine, that they seek not in vain.¹⁸

15. *On the Theology of Plato*, IV. p. 220.

16. Origen, *Contra Celsum*, III, 59.

17. *Frogs*, 354-356, Rogers' Translation.

18. *Ion*, 96-101.

And in the Greek Anthology we read:

Come, pure in heart, and touch the lustral wave;
One drop sufficeth for the sinless mortal;
All else, e'en ocean's billows can not lave.¹⁹

With hallowed hands, with mind and tongue
Both pure and true,
Come, enter in, not cleansed by baths
But washèd white
In spirit; for from wickedness
The ocean wide
With all its floods can not the stain
Wash clean away.²⁰

The exact parallelism between these verses of ancient Greece and the following verse from the *Epistle to the Hebrews* is at once obvious:

Let us draw near with a true heart, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.²¹

This is, in fact, to all intents and purposes a paraphrase of the words of Euripides, written in the fifth century B. C. Therefore Pagan baptism was explained by Justin Martyr as an anticipatory imitation of the true baptism, that the false votaries might have a pretended purification by water.²²

The peculiar Orphic form of baptism is no longer practised in Christian ceremonial. It consisted in washing from the face of the neophyte a mixture of clay and bran with which it had been previously smeared. The smearing referred to the disguise adopted by the Titans in the Orphic Myth preparatory to their murder of Zagreus-Dionysos, the God-man or Mystic Savior, and typified the disguise and deceit associated with man's lower nature, from which the candidate for initiation must be cleansed. Therefore the significance of this rite, which has been often misunderstood, lay not in the smearing of the face but in the later cleansing of the neophyte, comparable to the reduction of the bodies of the Titans to ashes by the lightning of Zeus, subsequent to the Passion of Zagreus.

Baptism was not infrequently followed by a ceremonial sacrifice of salvation, the so-called Soteiria, which was symbolical of spiritual regeneration. Then followed the admission to participation in the lesser mysteries or myesis; while the third stage, that of revelation,

19. Sandys' Translation. 20. From the Greek Anthology. 21. *Hebrews*, x, 22

22. *First Apology*, chapter lxii.

seems to have culminated in the sacrament of the eucharist, which typified the direct union of humanity with Divinity, and which as in the case of the myesis was preceded by an allegorical ceremony signifying the renunciation of the desires of the lower nature.

The mystic Pagan eucharist of the fifth century B. C. is thus described by Euripides, who says, in speaking of Dionysos as the Mystic Savior:

In the God's high banquet, when
Gleams the grape-blood, flashed to heaven ²³
To all that liveth His wine he giveth,
Griefless, immaculate.²⁴
Yea, being God, the blood of Him is set
Before the Gods in sacrifice, that we
For His sake may be blest.²⁵
Then in us verily dwells
The God Himself, and speaks the things to be,²⁶
The Lord of Many Voices,
Him of mortal mother born,
Him in whom man's heart rejoices,
First in Heaven's sovereignty.²⁷

If further proof of the existence of the eucharist in the Mysteries is desired, it is given in the explicit statements of the early Christian Fathers, in Justin Martyr (*First Apology*, c. LVI) and in Tertullian (*De Praes. Haeret.*, c. XI), for instance.

In speaking of the eucharist as celebrated in the pre-Christian Mysteries, H. P. Blavatsky writes:

Cicero mentions it in his works and wonders at the strangeness of the rites. There had been an esoteric meaning attached to it from the first establishment of the Mysteries and the Eucharistia is one of the oldest rites of antiquity. With the Hierophants it had nearly the same significance as with the Christians. Demeter was *bread* and Bacchus was *wine*; the former meaning regeneration of life from the seed, and the latter—the grape—the emblem of wisdom and knowledge; the accumulation of the spirit of things and the fermentation and subsequent strength of that esoteric knowledge being justly symbolized by wine.²⁸

In the Greek Mysteries there were not only two forms of baptism, the common and the Orphic, but also two forms of the eucharist as well. Orphic ritual seems to have forbidden the use of wine and to have substituted a kind of mead made of honey and milk. Therefore Euripides sings of the epiphany of Dionysos:

23. *Bacchae*, vv. 383, 384 (Murray's Translation). 24. *Ibid.*, vv. 421, 422. 25. *Ibid.*, vv. 284, 285. 26. *Ibid.*, vv. 300, 301. 27. *Ibid.*, vv. 376-380. 28. *Isis Unveiled*, II, 44.

*Then streams the earth with milk, yea streams
With wine, and honey of the bee.*²⁹

And again in speaking of the Maenads upon Mount Kithaeron:

If any lips
Sought whiter draughts, with dipping finger-tips
They pressed the sod, and gushing from the ground
Came springs of *milk* and reed-wands ivy-crowned
Ran with sweet *honey*.³⁰

On the Orphic Tablets dating from the fourth century B. C., the Soul of the Initiate in the after-world says "A Kid I have fallen into milk,"³¹ an expression which probably refers to the Orphic Communion. It is noteworthy in this connexion that in the rites of the primitive Christian church the neophyte drank not only of wine but also of a cup of *milk* and *honey* so that those "new-born in Christ" tasted of the food of babes as is declared by Tertullian:

When we are taken up (as new-born children) we taste first of all of a mixture of milk and honey.³²

Likewise, upon one of "the Magic Papyri" the worshiper is thus mystically advised:

Take honey with milk, drink of it before sunrise, and there shall be within thy heart something divine.³³

The symbolism of the two elements of this Orphic Communion is given by Porphyry and Macrobius. The honey typified both purification and preservation, both life and death, and as it was used by the ancients in embalming, it represented eternal bliss as well. Therefore we read upon a sepulchral inscription of the first century B. C.:

Here lies Boethos, Muse-bedewed, *undying*
Joy hath he of sweet sleep in *honey lying*.³⁴

The milk symbolized both reincarnation upon earth and spiritual regeneration. Sallust, the Greek Neoplatonist, in speaking of the five species of fables, says:

We employ the nutriment of milk, as if passing by this means into a state of regeneration.³⁵

29. *Bacchae*, vv. 146, 147 (Murray). 30. *Ibid.*, vv. 708-710. 31. Campagno Tablet (a) vide *Critical Appendix on the Orphic Tablets*, by Professor Gilbert Murray, in Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, 2d. ed. 1908, p. 667. 32. *De Corona Militis*, III. 33. *Berliner Zauber-papyrus*, in *Abh. d. Berl. Akad.* 1865, p. 120, l. 20. 34. O. Benndorf, *Grabchrift von Telmessos in Festschrift für Th. Gomperz*, p. 404 (Translation given by Miss Harrison). 35. *On the Gods and the World*, c. IV.

H. P. Blavatsky has stated: "the Mysteries are as old as the world."³⁶

And Euripides speaks of

Heaven's high Mysteries, that heritage sublime
Our sires have left us, *Wisdom old as time*.³⁷

Dr. Hatch also makes the same declaration:

The Mysteries were probably the survival of the oldest religion of the Greek races and of the races which preceded them. They were the worship not of the Gods of the sky — but of the Gods of the earth and the Underworld, the Gods of the productive forces of nature and of death.³⁸

The Mystery-drama, as a part of the "Secret Doctrine" handed down throughout the ages, is independent of time and place. Everywhere it will be found to be identical in spirit, although divergent in letter and form. It contains, at least, seven well-marked symbolical moments or salient features. These are (1) the first Mystic Marriage, the marriage of the Divine All-Father with the mighty Earth-Mother; (2) the first birth of the Divine Son, as the mortal God-Man; (3) the Agony or Passion of the mortal, mystic Savior; (4) the second Mystic Marriage of the Divine All-Father with the Earth Goddess in the guise of a mortal virgin; (5) the conquering of death or the Descent to and Emergence from Hades of the Divine Son; (6) his second Birth as the risen immortal Mystic Savior; and lastly (7) his triumphant Re-ascent to his Heavenly Homeland.

II

Of these seven symbolical moments the emphasis and symbolism of the fourth, the second Mystic Marriage, varies somewhat in the different forms of the national myths; but the elements are invariably the same: while the subject of the Mystery-drama is always the story of the Agony and the Passion of the Divine in man followed by Its ultimate triumph. The Mystery-teachings universally held out the hope of Divine help in this life, the promise of regeneration and atonement for past wrong-doing, and the hope of immortality in the hereafter, and all inculcated the belief in the One Life from which all separate individual lives have sprung into being.

In this connexion the following points should be noted: First, the Mystery-God is both mortal and immortal: he suffers a Passion,

36. *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 98. 37. *Bacchae*, vv. 200, 201 (Murray).

38. *Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages Upon the Christian Church*, ed. 1907, pp. 283, 284.

is torn to pieces, dies, and comes to life again. Therefore, he brings the hope of immortality. Secondly, the worshiper becomes one with the Mystery-God and thereby immortal. So in the Orphic Confession, already quoted, the worshiper of Zagreus becomes a Bakchos; and the pure soul in the Egyptian underworld becomes Osiris. Thirdly, the worship of the Mystery-God is ascetic, that is, the true worshiper renounces his lower nature. The key-note is: "God thou art and unto God thou shalt return." Whether Eleusinian, Orphic, common Bakchic, Samothracian, Phrygian, Phoenician, or Egyptian, the Mysteries all came from one common source, as is shown by the identity of the teaching underlying the diversity of the mythical setting. This ultimate identity was clearly recognized in antiquity, as may be seen from the following epigram of the poet, Ausonius:

Ogygia (i. e. Greece) calls me Bakchos;
 Egypt thinks me Osiris;
 The Mysians name me Phanax;
 The Hindûs consider me Dionysos;
 The Roman Mysteries call me Liber;
 The Arabian race, Adonis.³⁹

Ancient Mysteries were of two chief varieties: civic, that is, administered by the state; and private, controlled and managed by individuals. Of the civic Greek Mysteries those of Athens, celebrated at Eleusis and according to tradition founded as early as 1800 B. C., were the most famous. The Eleusinian Mysteries continued to be celebrated for more than five hundred years after Greece became a Roman province, that is until 396 A. D., when the Telesterion or temple of the Mysteries was destroyed by the soldiers of Alaric the Goth at the instigation of fanatical Christian monks. The Eleusinian Divinities were Demeter Thesmophoros, the Earth-Mother, as Goddess of Law and Order; Persephone-Kore, the Divine Maid; and Iakchos, the Divine Son.

Judging from the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, the Sacred Drama was originally based merely on the myth of Persephone, but probably in the sixth century B. C., under the influence of Epimenides and of Onomakritos the editor of the Orphic Poems, a scholar prominent in the court of Peisistratos (564-527 B. C.) at Athens, the Orphic Mystery-myth of Zagreus-Dionysos was incorporated into the Eleusinian ritual, and the Eleusinian Divinity, Iakchos, the son of Demeter, was

39. Epigram, xxx.

identified with the Orphic God-Man. The Lesser Mysteries of the Eleusinia were celebrated every spring at Agrae, a suburb of ancient Athens, in the neighborhood of the Panathenaic stadium. These seem to have consisted of the dramatization of the Carrying-off of Persephone and of the Murder of Zagreus: in which case the Greater Mysteries, which were celebrated at the Telesterion or temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis, represented the Return of Persephone from Hades and the Rebirth of Dionysos.

Speaking of the Eleusinian Mysteries Sophokles says:

Ah! would I were there

By the torch-lit shore,
Where awful powers still watch,
O'er solemn rites for men of mortal race;
Whose golden key is set upon the lips
Of priests, Eumolpidae, who tend the shrine.⁴⁰

And Krinagoras in the Greek Anthology advises:

Go thou to Attica;
Fail not to see those great nights of Demeter,
Mystical, holy!
There thou shalt win thee a mind that is care-free
Even while living,
And when thou joinest the major assembly
Light shall thy heart be.⁴¹

Although in ancient times there were many Mysteries celebrated in honor of Demeter, Kore-Persephone, Hermes, Iasion, Ino, Acher-mos, Agrauros, Hekate, and other Divinities, the chief myths which were utilized as versions of the Mystery-story were (1) those of Demeter, Persephone, and Dionysos; (2) of Zeus, Rhea-Kybele, the Great Mother of the Gods and Attis; and (3) of Aphrodite and Adonis. Of all these the pure and unadulterated Orphic Mysteries were the noblest and the most important. Proklos states justly that

All Greek theology is derived from the Orphic Mystagogy [that is, from the Orphic Mystery-teaching].⁴²

And Augustine declares:

The Kingdom of the Impious [that is, the Pagan Graeco-Roman World] is

40. *Oedipus at Colonus*, vv. 1044-1053.

41. Allinson's Translation.

42. Quoted by Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, 1839, Vol. I. p. 723.

wont to set Orpheus as head over the rites that have to do with the world-hereafter.⁴³

The Orphic Mystery-Gods are three in number: Zeus, the Divine All-Father; Demeter-Persephone, the Earth-Goddess, as both Mother and Maid; Zagreus-Dionysos, the Divine Son or God-Man. In later Greek times many foreign mystery-myths were introduced into Greek lands; namely, the myth of Rhea-Kybele from Phrygia; that of Adonis from Phoenicia; that of Mithra from Persia; and the myths of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, from Egypt.

The historical Mysteries of Greece were derived from Egypt if we may trust the statement of Diodorus Siculus, who says that the whole mythology of the Greek Hades was adopted from that of Egypt and that the Mysteries of Osiris are the same as those of Dionysos, and those of Isis the same as those of Demeter.⁴⁴

Plutarch makes the same statement in his treatise on *Isis and Osiris*, and adds that Isis and Osiris are not merely local Gods of Egypt but universal divinities worshiped under one name or another by all mankind. Herodotos says:

I can by no means allow that it is by mere coincidence that the Bakchic ceremonies in Greece are so nearly the same as the Egyptian.⁴⁵

Elsewhere he adds:

The rites called Orphic and Bakchic are in reality Egyptian and Pythagorean.⁴⁶

And the case is made all the stronger by the further statements repeated by several ancient authors that not only Orpheus but Pythagoras and Plato as well were initiated by the Egyptian hierophants. Therefore it can hardly be doubted that the Orphic Mystery-God Zagreus-Dionysos is identical with Osiris.

On the other hand, the statement of Diodorus Siculus⁴⁷ to the effect that "all the Mysteries which had their origin in Dionysos are called Orphic" needs to be qualified. The true Orphic teachings constituted "a system of the purest morality," and were quite distinct from the common unreformed Bakchic rites,⁴⁸ by whose votaries, apparently, Orpheus himself had been put to death.⁴⁹ Only those rites celebrated in honor of Zagreus-Dionysos, as reformed by Orpheus, the religious teacher, deserve the name Orphic. In these not only

43. *De Civitate Dei*, xviii, 14. 44. I, 96. 45. II, 49. 46. II, 81. 47. III, 65.
48. Vide, H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 129. 49. Vide, *Studies in Orphism*,
I. Mythical and Historical Orpheus, *Theosophical Path*, April, 1912

were all forms of license strictly forbidden but in the eucharist milk and honey took the place of wine.

Consecration, perfect purity issuing in Divinity is — the keynote of Orphic faith, the goal of Orphic ritual.⁵⁰

The best and the noblest in all Greek religion and philosophy is to be found in the "Golden Chain of Succession," extending from Orpheus through Pythagoras and Plato down to Neo-Platonism, the last blossom on the tree of the Dionysiac faith. The genuine followers of Orpheus carefully distinguish between merely formal and true initiation, as is shown by their proverb: "Many are the wand-bearers [i. e., those who carry the mystic thyrsos] but few the Bakchoi," i. e., the pure or true Initiates. In one of the *Chaldaean Oracles* we read:

Things Divine cannot be realized by those whose intellectual eye is directed to the body. But only those can succeed in possessing them, who, stript of their garments, hasten to the summit.

The rise of the Orphic worship of Dionysos is the most important fact in the history of Greek religion, and marks a great spiritual reawakening. Its three great ideas are (1) a belief in the essential Divinity of humanity and the *complete* immortality or eternity of the soul, its pre-existence and its post-existence; (2) the necessity for individual responsibility and righteousness; and (3) the regeneration or redemption of man's lower nature by his own higher Self.

Orphism was the last word of Greek religion, and its ritual was but the revival of ancient practices with a new significance.⁵¹

It is fitting to close with the words of Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, who of all modern scholars has most justly appreciated the spirit of the Greek Mysteries:

As to the philosophy, by whose assistance the Mysteries were developed, it is coeval with the universe itself; and, however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world. It has, indeed, and may hereafter be violently assailed by delusive opinions; but the opposition will be just as imbecile as that of the waves of the sea against a temple built on a rock, which majestically pours them back,

Broken and vanquished, foaming to the main.⁵²

However it may be involved in oblivion in barbarous and derided in impious ages, it will again flourish — through all the infinite revolutions of time.⁵³

50. Miss Harrison, *Prolegomena*, 2d ed. p. 477. 51. *Ibid.*, p. xii. 52. Preface to *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 1st ed. Amsterdam (London), 1790; 2d ed. London, 1816. 53. Preface to *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1st ed. London, 1805; 2d ed. London, 1820.



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A PORTION OF THE PATH ALONG THE HEDGE, SHOWING ONE OF THE LOWER PONDS
WITH PAPYRUS GROWING IN IT AND REFLECTED IN THE WATER



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VIEW ON THE PATH WHICH LIES JUST ABOVE THE LOWER PONDS



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VIEW IN THE UPPER PART OF THE GARDEN SHOWING THE ABALONE-SHELL BASIN
AND PART OF ITS SURROUNDINGS

A WALK IN A WILD GARDEN: by Bandusia Wakefield



THE wild garden has many paths going through it in various directions. In the upper or northern part, it is flat, but descends by slopes and terraces to quite a lower level at the southwestern point. Here we may enter a path and walk beside a cypress hedge that borders the garden on the west till we reach the upper and northern limit. But we shall want to stop and look at things as we go along. We cross a vine-clad rustic bridge over a little gully at the lower part of the garden, and entering the western path soon find ourselves by the side of a water-lily pond in which goldfish are happily swimming about. Native plants grow among the stones along the border by the side of gorse from Great Britain and plants from other regions; for the garden is a sort of universal brotherhood garden, and welcomes plants from all countries.

At the upper end of the lower ponds is a flight of steps going up to the next terrace as seen in the first illustration. Growing among and trailing over the stones on each side of these steps is a pretty native shrub called wild buckwheat. At the top of the steps across a path is a bush of buckthorn which is evergreen throughout the year and bears clusters of fine white flowers. To the left of this bush is seen another flight of steps leading up to another terrace, where eucalyptus trees and a rustic arbor may be seen, and dimly beyond, tobacco trees, and still further beyond the dome of the Aryan temple.

In the second illustration we are still on the western path by the cypress hedge, and we see before us a portion of one of the lower ponds with papyrus growing and reflected in its waters. We pass around the lower end of this pond to a path on the next terrace above, which is shown in our third illustration. Daisies and other flowers are blooming along this path, and an arch is made overhead by the mingling of the long-fringed branches of a casuarina tree on the left with the airy arrangement of branch and foliage of a tobacco tree on the right.

As we walk onward along this path, we come to a tiny stream which enters the ponds below by a little waterfall trickling down over stones, and as we look up the stream we see it coming down in a fall from a little pond at the edge of the next terrace above, making sweet music as it falls; and we may also see fine sprays of water rising from this pond and falling back to it in little showers, as if its edge were set with fountains; as we draw nearer we see its shallow border

is filled with the wild birds of the garden taking their daily baths. The gardener calls this the birds' pond. We go up the steps to the top of the terrace and we see that the birds' pond is fed by a little stream which bubbles up out of a rocky place at the foot of an elderberry tree, and winds its way to the little pond amid ferns, baby-blue-eyes, and other native wild flowers.

From this point we may take a short path to the next terrace above, passing a tall blue-gum eucalyptus with a large rustic seat at its base, or we may take a longer route by way of the cypress hedge.

We find on this upper terrace the largest pond in the garden, in which are many water-lilies and a cardinal flower, in the season of their blooming. This pond is supplied with water by the overflow from a large abalone shell pond into which water is seen to flow from some unseen source. A representation of this shell may be seen in the fourth illustration. Floating on the water within it are little plants called water-snowflakes, the apparently crystalline structure of whose dainty white flowers reminds one of a snow-flake. Its buds and starry blossoms are borne on little stems which grow out from the leaf stem just below the base of the leaf.

In the foreground of this scene lies a large flat bone which was found on the shore between the Homestead and Ocean Beach, and is part of the lower jaw-bone of a whale.

Near this bone from a base of stones arises a broken, leafless bush bearing abalone shells on its branches to hold crumbs for the birds. It was once in a better condition than now, but the dogs, as well as the birds, found the crumbs, and in their endeavors to get them broke down the limbs.

The garden is the home of many happy creatures: fish in the ponds, butterflies and bees that go from flower to flower, little lizards that crawl over the ground, and birds for every bush.

The lizards and the birds seem very happy and are not afraid, but will remain quiet in their places, looking and listening as if they understood when the gardener talks to them.

The one life from the common source, flowing through and inspiring all, makes the living link of brotherhood that binds all together.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

The Next Step: by Percy Leonard



ANY there are who long for fuller information on the mysteries of human nature, and those dim vistas lying hidden from our view behind the thick and heavy curtain that encloses the material world. Often they wonder how it is that people of their worth and consequence fail to attract the recognition of the Wise Ones, and to receive their merited reward of proffered help and teaching. Such eager seekers are in fact often approached by clever individuals who frequently succeed in gaining them as pupils; but their subsequent advancement towards enlightenment is as nothing when compared with the augmentation of the teacher's banking account. A very little observation would suffice to show that what we really need is not more teaching, but to know how to interpret what we have, and a firmer resolution to express in daily life those simple, obvious truths already known. At mealtimes we are prone to "let our senses make a playground of our mind." Our speech is often but the overflow of the mere automatic action of the brain, and only a minute proportion of our flood of talk is the deliberate utterance of the soul. Our manners might be mellowed with advantage, and the proper care and due return of borrowed articles lies all too lightly on our consciences.

How very much reform along these manifest and necessary lines would lubricate the wheels of life and tend to social harmony; and yet some have recourse to a certain class of turbaned orientals for the culture of our psychic powers, while normal faculties already at their full development are either terribly misused or almost wholly unemployed. People with splendid eyesight are at times so rapt in contemplation of the abstract that they utterly ignore the friendly salutation of the passer-by and never think to save their neighbor at the dinner-table the necessity of asking for the mustard. All but the dumb enjoy the power of vocal utterance, yet few indeed are those who use their voices properly. Instead of making vocal music when we speak, we growl like surly bears or whine like peevish jackals. On every side the yielding atmosphere is torn by the harsh, grating tones of self-assertion. Visitors in sick-rooms convey their condolences as if they were shouting instruction to a ship's crew in a storm at sea. Others, addressing people with defective hearing, sink their voices to a whisper in the most interesting passages in their narrative. "Success in the performance of action" in the minor details of our

daily life should be our first endeavor, while we may fitly leave the culture of our psychic powers to seasons more appropriate, if haply more remote.

So general is the lack of *savoir faire* and even decent manners, that life in civilized communities appears almost a chaos of discordant sounds and forces running riot. The boastful egotism of one evokes the competitive brag of his fellow. Donkey brags to donkey. Bantam utters shrill challenge to his neighbor bantam. One man's cupidity excites the latent greed in others. Lawless snatch is parried by frenzied clutch, or the retaliative blow. Our plans and purposes run counter to our neighbors' and in the pandemonium which ensues and which the law of brotherhood alone can quell, those who should instigate reforms, remain inert, while many cultivate passivity for crystal-gazing, or it may be for the holding of sweet converse with the fading astral relics of the dead, while awaiting their "coming Christ."

A great career of usefulness and power lies open to the man who, starting from his present standing-ground, proceeds to do his next most obvious duty, putting his total force of character into the act, and with a hearty will to benefit the world at large. The life of such a man may be entirely lacking in dramatic situations, yet to the humble striver it abounds with vivid interest, while the meanest duties shine with a supernal glow.

Beneath the checkered pattern of the life he weaves from day to day, his clearing vision can discern the hidden nexus of the Law in the most trivial circumstance.

A man so living will remain unflattered by the tempting lures of those who offer Nature's secrets for a price. If he can see with clearness some safe spot just in advance whereon to plant his feet he is content, well knowing that the clues to future problems lie within his grasp, and will unravel slowly as he follows on his pathway step by step.

Musings by the Way: by E. L. W.

IT was a gray day. No sunshine came through the little windows. How dismal life seemed to me, and in this mood I felt inclined to indulge my — yes, my lower nature, in brooding over its many wrongs, the unjust treatment I had received. One instance in particular was boiling up within me: "All my future will suffer at this per-

son's hands," I said, and I looked up half-expecting a rebuke; but there was none. A group of giant forest trees in a picture caught my eyes; one sturdy oak seemed to be silently protesting from his hoary age — "Live in the Eternal," and its rich foliage above added, "Yes, build up a life of usefulness." Behind the trees was the faint line of distant mountains. "Ah, 'the Eternal!' What is there in such thoughts as mine that can live by the side of such purity and calm!" Then through the little window I saw the azure blue above. "Alas!" I sighed, "wrapped around as we are with the dense matter of our personality, thick clouds of passion and desire, is it indeed permitted us to reach out into the eternal! Nay, more, is there such a command as 'Live in the Eternal?'"

I had struck a deeper note than usual, and that brought in its train deeper memories. The characters I admired passed before me — one who had showed courage in the face of danger; another who had been unswervingly faithful to those who wrongly accused him; and one who had made persevering efforts to rise above hampering conditions. In the silence of deep thought how trivial seem personal desires or wounded feelings; for are we not breathing finer air, the air of heaven, pervaded with nobler qualities? But how shall we live in the Eternal?

Yes, I see the motive of one's life must be *for all life*, and the purpose must be whole-hearted and sincere from the very foundations of our being, deeply-rooted. "It is true, it is true," the trees seemed to reply, "then grow with us, grow with nature."

My lower nature was so silenced that a voice from within spoke to me: "Out of such heart-searchings comes forth a deep trust in the Law, the power to forgive injuries, and to feel compassion for all men."

The sun was shining now, streaming in through the little window right on to me. "What if we do fall back into moods of irritation and gloom? We can rise above them if we stay and take time to breathe deeply, drawing in our life from the Eternal, breathing the atmosphere of purity, heroism, and kindliness. Let us 'live in the Eternal.'"



THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE ENTERTAINS MEMBERS OF THE SAN DIEGO WOMAN'S CLUBS: by Marjorie Tyberg

ON Wednesday afternoon, May 29, Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of the Woman's International Theosophical League, Mrs. A. G. Spalding, its president, Dr. Gertrude van Pelt the vice-president, and the other officers and a committee of the members of the League, assembled at the front entrance of the Râja Yoga Academy to receive as guests for the afternoon and evening a large party of the club women of San Diego, members of the Wednesday Club, the College Club, the Press, and the Channing Clubs. As the long line of automobiles bringing the guests from the launch on which most of them had come across from San Diego, approached, the yellow and white colors of the League floating from each one, welcome sounded from the brass band stationed near the steps of the Academy and smiled from the rosy faces of the girl-pupils who stood on the balcony above, waving gaily.

After a short reception on the broad piazzas the guests, guided by the members of the reception committee, who were all gowned in white and wore the yellow badge of the League, moved towards the Râja Yoga Athletic Grounds. They passed along the walk on the edge of the cliffs with its beautiful view of green hillside and quiet sea, coming in sight of the boys and girls playing games, tennis, basket ball, and baseball. Long lines of erect girls of different ages marched in military drill and then broke ranks to take wands and clubs for further exercises; and tiny tots had their drills and shouted at their games as gaily as if no spectator had been present. They called forth comment after comment on their grace and sturdy look of health.

Katherine Tingley then led the way towards the Aryan Memorial Temple, and on to the Lotus Home Grounds. Here the homes of the boys offered glimpses of their orderly and artistic daily surroundings.

The next stop was of extraordinary interest. At the International Headquarters Building the guests were taken from room to room and had pointed out to them by Katherine Tingley herself the beautiful paintings, the rare and interesting photographs, curios, ancient MSS, and many objects of intense significance in the history of ancient races. It was evident, from their remarks, that the visitors highly valued the opportunity of seeing this collection, which is an indication of the wide range of their hostess' knowledge of the beautiful and the true in ancient and in modern times.

Another exquisite nature-touch followed as the party found themselves on the

hillside, looking for miles along the seashore and viewing the nurseries and plantations of the Forestry Department. The quiet of the evening hour had added its peace to the general enjoyment when the Greek Theater was reached. When everyone was seated Katherine Tingley in a short talk expressed the ideals and aspirations that good fellowship had stirred in every heart, adding her strong note of challenge to higher, more united endeavor in woman's work. The effect of her words was marked on every face.

A short walk was taken back to the Academy, where in the gardens adjoining the Aryan Temple, many little tables were ready. A burst of applause greeted the procession of attendants, young members of the League, in the costumes of various countries, thus emphasizing the international nature of the League. Beautiful music added to the charm of this fairy scene.

As it grew dark the guests and the League members gathered in the exquisitely decorated Rotunda of the Academy. After the beautiful and impressive opening exercises and an orchestral number, Mrs. A. G. Spalding made an address of welcome, to which response was made by Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Newman, and Mrs. Raber. A standing vote of thanks to the League was also given. Then Mrs. Tingley again spoke, emphasizing the possibilities that arise when women's hearts draw near to one another in the silence, and expressing the belief that something new would be written on the screen of time as a result of the good fellowship on this occasion. Members of the League then made addresses as follows: "Woman in the School," Mrs. Tyberg; "Woman's True Position in Life," Mrs. Estelle Hanson; "Music and Drama," Miss Elizabeth Bonn; "Woman in the Prisons," Mrs. Dunn; "The Two Paths," Dr. van Pelt. The Râja Yoga Chorus sang several songs.

A unique feature was then introduced. All the afternoon and evening the members of the League had felt and seen on every hand the evidences of the good feeling and helpfulness of their comrades, the men of Lomaland. They were delighted, therefore, when one of the young men of the Râja Yoga College was asked by Katherine Tingley to speak extemporaneously to the ladies on any subject selected by them. One guest with ready wit said, "Speak about *Woman*." He did, and what he said thrilled every heart with respect and admiration for a system of education that can lead a youth to express the noble ideas he put so well into simple words.

Song after song rang out as this most harmonious assembly came to an end, the guests after hearty good-byes — heart to heart good-byes they were — leaving in automobiles for the city and pronouncing the day one of the happiest ever spent. The following is an account in the San Diego *Sun* of May 30.

WOMAN'S LEAGUE RECEIVES ROYALLY

An afternoon and evening wholly delightful and exquisite in the detail of their entertainment were offered certain local club women yesterday by the Woman's International Theosophical League at their Headquarters on Point Loma. The object of the affair was to gain harmony and co-operation in woman's work and the general atmosphere that prevailed was one that led to the success of the endeavor.

The guests numbering about one hundred and twenty-five of the club women

of San Diego were met at the Point Loma pavilion by automobiles and conveyed to the Theosophical grounds where the Directress-Foundress of the League, Katherine Tingley, its president, Mrs. Spalding, and the reception committee, accorded their visitors a royal welcome. The afternoon was spent in surveying the wonderful grounds at the Homestead, the guests being shown through the Greek Theater, the athletic grounds, the College, Mrs. Tingley's home, and the bungalows of the students. A tasteful course dinner was served among the trees and flowers near the marble entrance of the Râja Yoga Academy where tables had been set. The students' orchestra played softly and beautifully during the hour.

The evening was taken up with the meeting of the League. After a delightful selection by the orchestra, Mrs. A. G. Spalding addressed the assembled club women in welcome. She was answered by Mrs. R. H. Robbins for the Wednesday Club, Mrs. L. L. Raber, and Mrs. H. P. Newman. Following the talks by the Club presidents, the officers of the League, Mrs. Oluf Tyberg, Mrs. Estelle Hanson, Miss Elizabeth Bonn, Dr. Gertrude van Pelt, and Mrs. William A. Dunn spoke of various phases of woman's work. The evening closed with some finished chorus numbers by students in the Academy.

CURRENT TOPICS: by Observer

LOVERS of Nature will be glad to hear that Niagara Falls is safe until January 1, 1914. The Burton law, carrying out the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Canada has been extended to that date. This law affords a partial protection to the beauty of the Falls, though it permits one hundred and sixty thousand horsepower to be imported from the Canadian side. It regulates the diversions of the water from the American side. Surely the United States can afford to keep Niagara as a national wonder-spot, for it has been calculated that there is enough waterpower elsewhere scattered throughout the country to supply every man, woman, and child with two horsepower day and night. Wireless transmission of power, which will soon be "in the air" in more senses than one, will solve the difficulty of transmission to distant places. To lose Niagara would be a national misfortune which no commercial benefits to a few could replace.

THE FAMOUS Rocking-Stone at Tandil, Argentine Republic, lately fell from its precarious position at the edge of a steep hill and was broken in two. It is now at the bottom of the adjacent valley, and there has been great lamentation among the people of the town of Tandil who had a great affection for the stone. It brought many visitors to the neighborhood, and, unless it can be replaced, which is very unlikely, its loss will be seriously felt. Some years ago it was struck by lightning and a large chip splintered off, but it still rocked as before. It is thought possible that by an examination of its supporting substructure, now visible for the first time, some clue to the mystery of its balancing will be discovered; for, to all appearance, it has defied the law of gravity by always resisting pushes which seemed strong enough to throw it off its balance and down the steep hillside. Many of the Rocking-Stones are relics of enormous antiquity, formerly used by

those who knew the laws governing their motion, for divination. They are found in nearly every European and many Asiatic countries, but there are not many in the Americas. We have a most remarkable one at Truckee in California, which rests upon a curiously artificial-looking flat base.

THE CAUSE of the terribly high murder rate in this country was clearly pointed out lately by a prominent judge, who said that there must be at least sixty thousand unconvicted murderers at large in this country. According to official records at least one murder is committed every thirty-four hours, and the rate is increasing. The judge said few are caught and still fewer are convicted. Instead of conviction and life-imprisonment being a practical certainty to all murderers, which would make the crime a terrible risk, the condition is all the other way. For instance, in Chicago during 1911 two hundred and two homicides were committed; *one* was hanged, fifteen were sent to the penitentiary, and the rest went scot free! In London they manage things better. In that city in 1911 with its population of seven millions there were but nineteen cases of homicide. Four were not caught, five committed suicide, and the remainder were convicted and either executed or sent to insane asylums. Serious crimes are committed in England under the extreme probability of being detected and promptly punished, and as a consequence the murder problem is far less pressing there than it is here.

THE NEXT Polar expedition will be an American one and will probably prove of special interest to students of the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, for its object is to reach and map out the mysterious Crocker Land in the Arctic Ocean northwest of Grant Land. The expedition starts in July and expects to return in the fall of 1914. The interest aroused in the expected discovery arises from the fact that it may be that Crocker Land reaches almost or quite to the North Pole itself, and that it is part of the Polar lands which H. P. Blavatsky speaks of as those which "unite and break off from each other into islands and peninsulas, yet remain ever the same" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 776). Crocker Land has been glimpsed in the shape of a few peaks just visible above the horizon, but the reason that it is supposed to be a very large tract covering much of the Arctic Ocean between Behring's Straits, northwest Canada, and the Pole, is the peculiar set of the currents in the explored part of the Arctic Ocean. Geographers are sure that there is something very extensive thereabouts; whether *terra firma*, sandbanks, or slightly or partly submerged shoals, or combinations of all three, cannot be known till the return of the new expedition organized by the American Museum of Natural History and the American Geographical Society. Leading polar explorers have freely admitted the extreme difficulty of determining exact positions near the Pole so early in the season as April, the time Peary was at his highest latitude, owing to the low position of the sun, etc., and, although Peary wandered several miles beyond the position he believed to be the Pole it is still possible that the real axis of the Earth is located at some point at the northern extremity of Crocker Land just beyond the limit of his journey.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Fairy-Faith in the Celtic Countries": by W. Y. Evans Wentz, M. A., Stanford University, California; Docteur-ès-Lettres, University of Rennes; B. SC. Oxon. (London, Henry Frowde)

IT is perhaps a sign of the times that a scholar should arise, with letters after his name from universities in America, France, and England, to champion fairyland and certain other old-world beliefs of the old-world Celtic peoples. We might have looked for this from poets and enthusiasts, but Dr. Wentz is neither; he goes very soberly to work, uses his scholarship to the utmost advantage, jousts with the theorists and materialists on their own ground and with their own weapons, and blessedly unhorses them; and emerges from the conflict having conferred on the remnant of the Celts the right to flaunt before the world our belief that

While the waters foam to a mountain tune
And the foxglove bells are ringing,
There'll be fairies dancing under the moon,
And the heart of the mountains singing.

Dr. Wentz began his labors with several peculiar qualifications. He started for Europe in 1907 to make an investigation of the fairy-faith in the Celtic countries, having won his degree at Leland Stanford University, and having attained from a study of Theosophy, and membership in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, a breadth of outlook and open-mindedness well calculated to save him from falling into the snares and pitfalls of materialism. Followed study at Jesus College, Oxford, under that learned and broad-minded authority, Sir John Rhys; study at the University of Rennes, Brittany, under such Celtic savants as Professor Dottin and M. Anatole Le Braz; and long and patient wanderings through Ireland, the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, Man, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany in quest of fairy-lore and the remains of Druidical belief. The result of these wanderings is set forth in the book; it speaks volumes for Dr. Wentz's capacity for getting at things; for as a rule the Celtic peasant is very reticent on these matters, and will not speak unless he is sure of his listener; who will get nothing at all unless liberally endowed with tact, patience, courtesy, and sympathy. It will not avail to go round with a note-book, an air of superiority, and such questions as "Are there any superstitions remaining in this neighborhood, my man?" To that, the Irishman will answer: "Divvle a wan of them," and the Welshman: "Dear no, name o' goodness"; and with that steel his soul against foreign impertinence; but Dr. Wentz got into the cottages and allowed the conversation to follow its natural bent, leading it into the channels he desired it should take, after first presenting his credentials of sympathy and sincerity; also he had the good fortune to go with guides already known and trusted by the peasantry.

Dr. Wentz's evidence from the six countries is prefaced by an introduction for each one of them written by the foremost Celtist of the land to be dealt with: by Dr. Douglas Hyde for Ireland; by Dr. Alexander Carmichael for the Highlands of Scotland; Miss Sophia Morrison for the Isle of Man; Sir John Rhys

for Wales; Mr. Henry Jenner for Cornwall; and Professor Anatole Le Braz for Brittany. Dr. Wentz's attitude is clearly shown in M. Le Braz's letter which serves as introduction to the Breton evidence, by the following:

Mon cher Monsieur Wentz:

Il me souvient que, lors de votre soutenance de thèse devant la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Rennes, un de mes collègues, mon ami le professeur Dottin, vous demanda:

"Vous croyez, dites-vous, à l'existence des fées? En avez-vous vu?"

Vous répondîtes, avec autant de phlegme que de sincérité:

"Non. J'ai fait tout pour en voir, et je n'en ai jamais vu. Mais il y a beaucoup de choses que vous n'avez pas vues, monsieur le professeur, et dont vous ne songeriez cependant pas à nier l'existence. Ainsi fais-je à l'égard des fées."

And here is an important point to notice: Dr. Wentz makes no claim to be a psychic himself; he approaches the subject strictly from the scientific — but not materialistic — standpoint; you have the atmosphere of the good honest fairytale, a breath of the boglands and the mountains running through it, and nothing of unwholesome and uncanny circles in the city, wherein the long-haired and anaemic "sit" for development, or pay money down for instruction that shall enable them to win more money or power. The second sight of the Celtic peasant is a very different thing from abnormally developed psychism; it would seem to be a natural racial evolution, an inheritance from ancient days; he is loath to speak of it as a rule, and never thinks of it as a commercial asset. Dr. Wentz gives much evidence as to fairies both from peasants and from cultured "seers"; we like the evidence of the peasants better.

Briefly stated, he found a living fairy-faith in each of the six countries of the Celts. In Ireland he found many who had seen fairies, many who have had dealings with them, both with the tall, beautiful and powerful *gentry*, and with the more familiar little people. The former may be identified with the Tuatha de Danaan, the old Gods of the Gael; it is interesting to hear that they also take part in all human wars, helping the side that has right with it. In the Highlands of Scotland, and particularly in the Islands, were found those who had seen fairies; also in Wales; while in Brittany what is most in evidence is a very living *Legend of the Dead*. Having arrayed his evidence, Dr. Wentz proceeds to dispose of such current theories as that the fairy-faith originated in memories of a long past race of pygmies, or of the proscribed remnant of the Druids hiding in the woods; and arrives at the sensible conclusion, supported by innumerable cogent arguments, that the fairies are actual beings, that fairyland extends on all sides around us, an unseen world within this one; that it is inhabited by many races, agents of natural law, from what might be called the Gods downwards; some beneficent, others entirely the reverse. Dr. Wentz does not emphasize sufficiently, in our opinion, the perils of any effort to obtain abnormal entry into these unseen worlds. Psychic practices, mediumship, and "Yoga," so-called, lead not to intercourse with the Gods, but to control by elementals. Even the Celtic peasant, whose clairvoyance, as we have said, is natural, runs in the blood, and is not induced or cultivated at all, generally shows an eagerness to steer as clear of the beings of

the inner worlds as possible; he does not wish to intrude upon or interfere with the bright and powerful *gentry*; and for the other fairy races, he knows well the danger of dealings with *them*.

But the most interesting things in Dr. Wentz's book are what he has to say on the subject of Druidism. He is not one of those eccentric authorities, of whom there are some few nowadays, who blandly reject in the face of every thread of evidence in existence, whether from the classical authors or from tradition, the idea that the Druids taught Reincarnation. He found, in his investigation of the fairy-faith, this doctrine still living in Ireland, Wales, and Brittany; strangely enough, he found most evidences of it in the neighborhood of certain druidical monuments: Carnac in Brittany, and the Pentre Evan Cromlech, in ancient Dyfed in Wales. (Dyfed is traditionally called *Gwlad yr Hud a Lledrith*, the Land of Magic and Mystery.) He also gives proper weight — and deserves much credit for doing so — to the *Barddas* collection of MSS. We give Dr. Wentz's note on this work:

Barddas (Llandoverly, 1862) is "a collection (by Iolo Morganwg, a Bard) of original documents, illustrative of the theology, wisdom, and usage of the Bardo-Druidic System of the Isle of Britain." The original manuscripts are said to have been in the possession of Llewelyn Sion, a Bard of Glamorgan, about 1560. *Barddas* shows considerable Christian influence, yet in its essential teachings is sufficiently distinct. Though of late composition, *Barddas* seems to represent the traditional bardic doctrines as they had been handed down orally for an unknown period of time, it having been forbidden in earlier times to commit such doctrines to writing. We are well aware also of the adverse criticisms passed upon these documents; but since no one questions their Celtic origin — whether it be ancient or more modern — we are content to use them.

The importance of this work lies in the fact that all other evidence or matter relating to Druidism compares with it much as a mole-hill with a mountain; and in that, allowing for the Christian influence mentioned by Dr. Wentz, the teachings it gives as Druidical are almost or quite identical with the Theosophical teachings of Madame Blavatsky. In these teachings, as Dr. Wentz justly remarks, the Druids anticipated Darwin by some thousands of years; but they went beyond him, and gave a sane and complete doctrine, where he gives but a lop-sided distortion of it; for *Barddas* teaches the involution of Spirit into Matter, and the evolution upward of Matter; it teaches the evolution of soul, through Reincarnation, as well as the evolution of form — as, of course, does Theosophy. Dr. Wentz found, too, among the peasants, a knowledge of the Law of Karma: an idea that the purpose of Reincarnation was that one might reap the fruits of the good and evil done in past lives. Here too is an interesting item: Druidic belief is often held to have been in transmigration of human souls into animal bodies, but such a belief does not survive. One of the witnesses questioned was John Jones of Ponrhydfendigaid, Shire Cardigan, an old man of ninety-four with very little English. He said:

"Two hundred years ago belief in rebirth was common. Many still held it when I was a boy. And yet here in this region many people are still imbued with the ancient faith of the Druids, and firmly believe that the spirit migrates

from one body to another. It is said, too, that a pregnant woman is able to determine what kind of a child she will give birth to."

Mr. Jones' use of the phrase "migrate from one body to another" [says Dr. Wentz] led us to suspect that it might refer to transmigration, i. e., rebirth into animal bodies, which Dr. Tylor in *Primitive Culture* (ii, 6-11, 17, etc.) shows is a distorted or corrupted interpretation of what he calls the reasonable and straightforward doctrine of rebirth into human bodies only. But when we questioned Mr. Jones further about the matter he said: "The belief I refer to is rebirth into human bodies. I have heard of witches being able to change their own body into the body of an animal or demon, but I never heard of men transmigrating into the bodies of animals. Some people have said that the Druids taught transmigration of this sort, but I do not think they did—though Welsh poets seem to have made use of such a doctrine for the sake of poetry."

Ancient Celtic literature, too, is ransacked for evidence of the fairy-faith in all its aspects, and much attention is paid to the various sacred centers in the Celtic countries. These, such as New Grange, Brugh-na-Boinne, Croagh-Patrick, Gavr-Inis, are shown to have had certain important features in common with the Great Pyramid, and to have been, like the latter, not tombs, but centers of Initiation into the Mysteries.

In conclusion we may say that the object of the book has been, though it is not so stated, to prove that Theosophy was at one time the religion of the Celts (under the name of Druidism); that old Celtic literature and legend are full of it, and that even now it remains a living tradition among the Celtic peoples and reminiscences of it are to be found almost everywhere in the six countries. Karma and Reincarnation are not yet forgotten and but a couple of centuries ago were believed in widely; the dead go to the various regions of fairyland; Tir-na-nog is Devachan; there is also Kâma-Loka and its terrifying denizens. The old stories are symbolic—of initiation, of the cycle of life and death—and preach Theosophy under the most beautiful and glamorous of forms. The book is undoubtedly an important one, as adding another link to the mighty chain of evidence given to the world by H. P. Blavatsky, of the former universality of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion, or Theosophy.

CEINYDD MORUS

"Descriptive Catalog (*ill.*) of the Collection of Paintings, University of Stockholm, with Historical Introduction": by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm.

THIS is a handsome volume which betokens the untiring industry of its author. The reproductions of some of the principal paintings are excellent, but as the color-element is necessarily lacking, one can only be guided by the author's description of chromatic values in the originals. The collection, while containing few masterpieces, nevertheless includes many fine examples of the prevailing Italian, French, and Dutch styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as well as of Swedish art of equal and later dates.

An interesting example of Italian work is Tiepolo's *Antony and Cleopatra*,

which was his original design for one of the great fresco-paintings in the Palazzo Labia. A capital specimen of Dutch work is Craesbeck's *After Breakfast Out-of-Doors* (before the town-walls of Leyden). The picture glows with rich color-effects, while the characterization is full of humor. Professor Sirén regards it as a pearl from the best days of Flemish art.

In the Swedish work we note that subjects pertaining to Norse mythology are scantily represented; but there is an effort by Blommér, depicting the goddess Freja, driving among the clouds in her golden chariot drawn by cats. The theme is rather spoiled by the conventional treatment of the seven attendant-sprites. Lafrensen's *Composer at Work*, though sketchy, possesses originality and excellent technique in its attempt to portray interior sources of inspiration. A good painting by Lauréus, entitled *The Dancing Party*, gives a clear idea of this phase of social life in the vicinity of Stockholm during the early years of the nineteenth century.

Larsson paints Nature in one of her wildest moods in *A Waterfall at Sunset*. A remarkable effect appears to have been attained by the mingling of the red-gold rays on the cliffs and among the sputtering and hissing foam of the fall. "The whole picture," says Sirén, "glows with orange and rose tints. Water, clouds and sky seem to be of some primordial material. It is like an illustration of creation's first wonder-day." He adds that no other landscapist save Turner has approached this living color-play. *Italian Herds* is another gem, by the Swedish artist Troili.

FRED J. DICK

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, price list, etc., see *infra*, under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE

THE MAY number opens with "The Unveiling of Isis," mainly and appropriately a *résumé* of H. P. Blavatsky's life and work. The misuse, by some, of the word "occultism" is alluded to. H. P. Blavatsky repeatedly showed in her writings that the true "secret science" is Self-knowledge. "As the student progresses in the study (of Theosophy) the real meaning of life in all its myriad phases becomes unfolded to his gaze, and he learns to 'work with Nature.'" Vigorous articles on "The New Life for Women," and "The Leaven of Two Ideals," are of especial interest and importance at this time. They explain clearly how essential is a knowledge of Theosophy if woman is to realize the nobility of her calling.

"Resurrection" is a forcible exposition of the real thing, which we can bring about in actual life by following the path which leads inevitably to the conquest of death itself. In "International Morality" the writer draws attention to some curious paradoxes which go to show that ideas are quickly changing, and that international co-operation is silently developing among many hopeful lines. Other exceedingly helpful contributions are, "Steps in the Ladder," "Constructive Work and Thought," and "The Meaning of Brotherhood."

An important article is "The Beginning of Universal Brotherhood Work at San Quentin" (prison), taken from *The New Way*, a publication issued under the direction of Katherine Tingley by the International Theosophical League of Hu-

manity, Point Loma, for gratuitous distribution in prisons, and which already reaches thousands. The Children's Page and other items, with some fine pictures, complete the number.

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN

THE MAY number opens with an essay entitled "Why do Theosophists Oppose Capital Punishment?" Here is neither "beating about the bush" nor false sentiment; for the reasons are stated simply at the outset, namely, because it is at variance with the laws of moral nature, is injurious to those who suffer it, is equally so to other criminals, and likewise to the race at large. "A World-history in Stone" presents many facts concerning the antiquity of man which will continue to demand wider and wider views on this subject as the truth of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings becomes better known and established during this century. An article on Beethoven engenders thoughts of the beauty and grandeur within the one who penned the Hymn of Joy and Brotherhood known as the Ninth Symphony.

Katherine Tingley's address on March 17 in the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, dealing with the misery in human life and our responsibility for the criminal, is reproduced. Unquestionably this is one of the most notable orations ever delivered by her, filled as it is with simple and encouraging teaching for all — whether on the hither or further side of prison bars. "We may pray for all eternity. But not until we have the spirit of brotherhood that I have spoken of accentuated in our natures, can we begin to know what life means, or what real joy is."

There is an interesting article, "Was Paul an Initiate?" some verses "God and the Child," an account of recent performances of *The Aroma of Athens*, and the Forum concludes the number, which is well illustrated.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD

AMENDE contributes an excellent article on the writings of H. P. Blavatsky; dwelling, however, perhaps too much on the profundity of some parts of *The Secret Doctrine*. But surely the greater part of that work is plain and easy reading, calculated to arrest and instruct the humblest inquirer, although there is enough below the surface to engage the keenest faculties of the most intuitive student. He shows how those who have considered it their interest to oppose Theosophy, finding nothing vulnerable in H. P. Blavatsky's writings, have resorted to the most absurd and irrelevant devices in search of material for detraction; and points out that the touchstone by which Theosophy may be distinguished from its imitations, and true Theosophists from self-styled ones, is unselfishness — as insisted on a thousand times in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley. Heinrich Währmund writes on "Brotherhood, a Fact in Nature," and shows that the fact that we cannot find weak sentimentalism and masked self-seeking in Nature is no reason for denying the proposition. In an appreciation of Frederick the Great, G. H. D. traces the remarkable versatility of the man to the fact that his motive was the impersonal desire for the good of his country, which triumphed over personal limitations; and this reminds one of the similar case of Alfred of England, and of other rulers in other countries.

HET THEOSOPHISCH PAD

HET THEOSOPHISCH PAD for April contains as leading article the report of Katherine Tingley's second address on abolishing capital punishment. Others are "Influenza and Ozone," by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.; "Impressions of a Visit to Point Loma," by Consul Wicander of Stockholm, giving an interesting description of the work there by one who apparently was much struck by what he saw. "Theosophy in the Legends of Wales," by Kenneth Morris, a very interesting and suggestive article, is continued. Extracts are given from a speech by Mr. C. J. Ryan, relating some of his personal acquaintance with William Q. Judge, pointing out the work Mr. Judge did for Europe and his endeavor to make eccentric people understand the real purpose for which the Theosophical Movement was inaugurated. "Thoughts about Easter" contains some suggestions as to what Easter stands for: "Passover is what the word indicates; a transition, a marching through, a turning-point in the life of the Soul. Even when the Path becomes more difficult and painful, a climbing of the Purgatorial Mount, it is yet a passage to the Land of Promise, it is a cycle tending to the realization of our deepest ideals — to be the Conqueror in the Contest of the Ages."

The Children's Page has one of the beautiful tales by Ceinydd Morus, "The Prince of Streamland," Prince Pwyll, who meets the mysterious King Arawn in Annwn.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO

THE JUNE number maintains a high quality. It leads off with a prose poem, "In a Garden," calculated to rouse whatever of the divine lies imprisoned within us. "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Life," by William Q. Judge, shows how we frequently err by reversing true values in experience; for the advantages are what the Ego needs, and not what the personality desires.

"The Lost Chord in Human Life," while asserting that Theosophy — the ancient Wisdom-Religion — is that chord, even as the doctrine of Reincarnation may be called the lost chord of Christianity, shows most eloquently that never will it be easier than *now* to awaken in one's self the soul's response to the call of brotherhood and compassion. "Despair" is the title of a powerful allegory showing how by repeated efforts in successive lives the lethal inertia of a man's lower self was finally mastered, with the added victory of self-control. An interesting account of Leonardo da Vinci's life and art-work is given, with illustrations. An exquisitely beautiful Persian allegory is the legend concerning "Azrael," which belongs to a high order of symbolic teaching.

The question of the Ipswich human remains of pre-glacial antiquity is dealt with, and the confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's statements made evident. Other valued articles are, "The Life and Teachings of Pythagoras," "The Muscles," and "An Imperishable Doctrine," the latter throwing new light on the dialog between Ion of Epidauros and Sokrates, as in Plato.

The children are remembered in an illustrated article on the Râja Yoga Hospital of the Birds in Lomaland. There are many exceedingly fine illustrations.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony," but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

In the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

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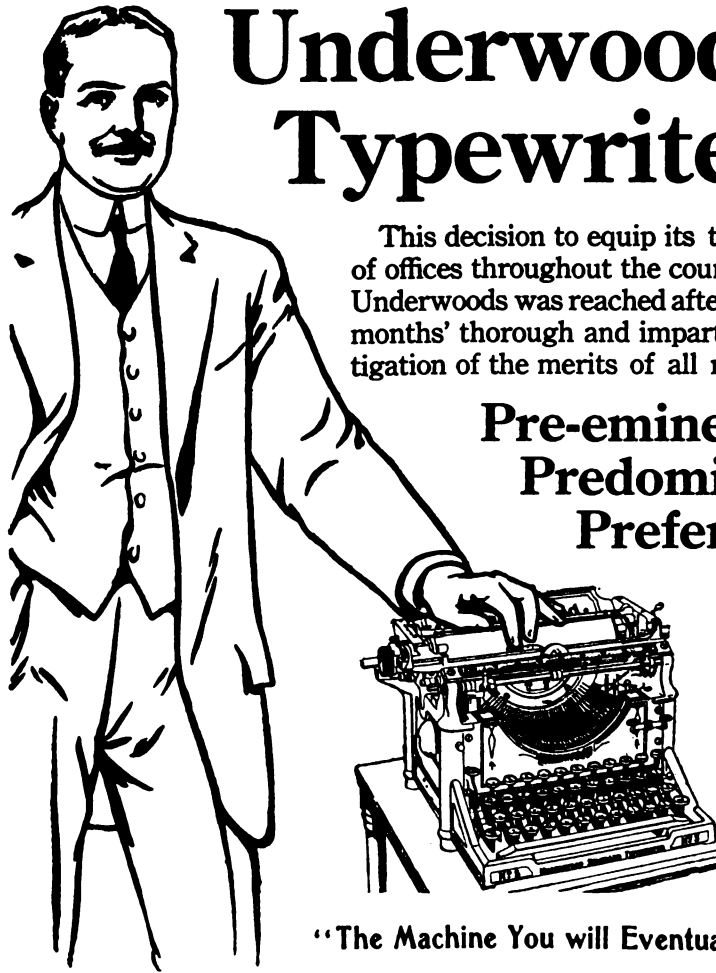
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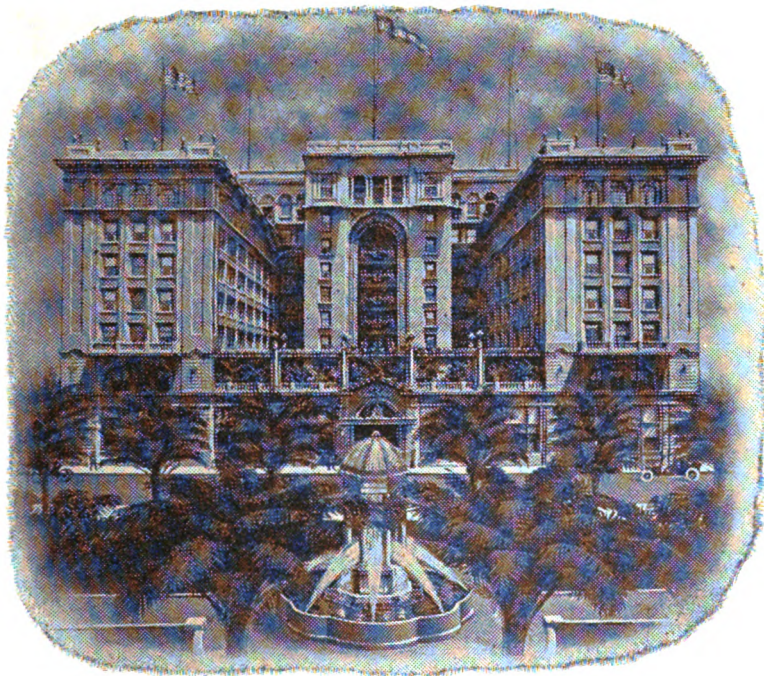
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The Râja Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, and moral.

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The Theosophical Path



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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity . . . and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who will be able to prevent this. — MARCUS AURELIUS

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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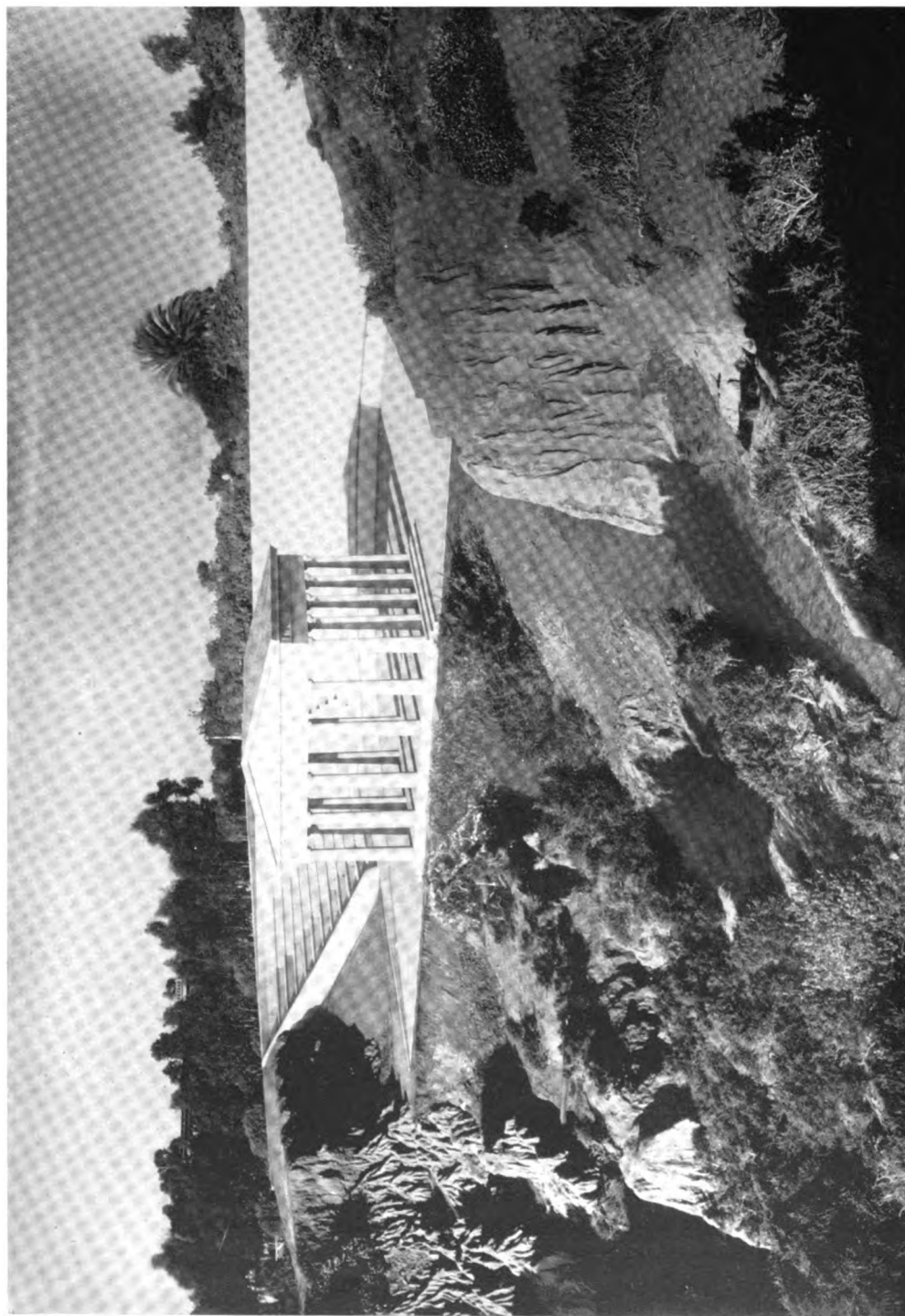
Point Loma, California

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A VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

This is the first open-air theater built in America, and is used by members resident at the Theosophical Headquarters, and by students at the Rāja Yoga College, for Greek and other dramatic performances, for assemblies, and similar purposes.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1912

NO. 2

OTHER heights in other lives, God willing. — *Robert Browning*

THEOSOPHY THE KEY TO ANCIENT SYMBOLISM:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



N ancient Greece," says Andrew Lang in *The Illustrated London News*,

had we found ourselves on a certain day at Plataeae in Boeotia, we 'should have seen a rude wooden image of a woman, dressed in bridal finery and drawn in a chariot to which oxen were yoked. To meet it, down the mountain-side, came the priestess of Hera, the Queen of Heaven, with a crowd of Plataean women. She went up to the car, lifted the bridal veil of the wooden image, broke out into a fit of laughter, walked in advance of the car, and at the end of the ceremony . . . she burned the wooden image.

The Plataeans said the performance commemorated a quarrel between Hera and her husband Zeus. Hera, being jealous, was sulking in the woods. The neighbors suggested the dressing-up of a wooden image like a bride, and having a mock wedding. Hera, supposing that her husband was taking a new wife, ran down the mountain and dragged away the veil; then burst into a fit of laughter and was cured of her jealousy.

Andrew Lang thinks this story was an explanation invented by the Greeks for a ceremony whose real meaning they had forgotten; but he mentions the theory of another man, which is "built on lines now very fashionable." Mr. Lang continues:

Whatever was explained forty years ago in connexion with the Dawn has now its source "in the return to life of a god, or goddess, of vegetation." Our misguided early ancestors are now said to have thought as constantly about vegetation as, forty years ago, they were held to have thought about the Dawn.

Forty years ago, a philosopher would have explained that Hera was an old name for the Dawn. It *must* be so, because she was sometimes called Europia, "the wide-shiner," and "of the golden throne," and dawn notoriously has a throne of gold. Now there is a phenomenon called "the false dawn," so the Aryans, in their poetic way, would say that the sky (Zeus) was thought to have played

his Dawn-wife false, with the false dawn, but that, on looking closely into the matter, Hera found that the false dawn was only a log of oak-wood.

Compare this with the following, clipped from a daily paper. In a notice of some Hittite sculptures representing a bearded man being overcome by two youths, occurs the remark: "It is believed to represent Spring overcoming Winter."

Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio — "Nothing is more repugnant to wisdom than too much subtlety." Some of the Elizabethans, we are told, indulged in labored comparisons and over-ingenious elaborations of conceits; and surely here is an instance of the same weakness in the domain of archaeological speculation. But if, advancing from single instances, one reviews the whole field of this kind of speculation, its absurdity becomes still more apparent. The "solar myth" theory, together with its kin the weather theory, the dawn theory, the zodiac theory, etc., would have us regard antiquity as so pre-occupied with these familiar terrestrial and celestial phenomena as to be perpetually building statues and temples to them, composing elaborate epics to them, carving their symbols on rocks all over the globe.

Now there is probably something in these conjectures — we have no intention of imitating the objects of our criticism by running to an extreme ourselves — but that there is exaggeration cannot be denied. It is the grain of truth in the conjectures that lends them what plausibility they have. But the true explanation is surely something like the following. There are correspondences throughout all nature, and these are so universal and numerous that it is impossible to invent for one thing a symbol which will not at the same time denote another thing. Thus, if I carve a statue intended to denote the eternally self-renewing life of the Soul and its triumph over death, that symbol will also represent the triumph of Spring over Winter, of Dawn over Darkness, and so on indefinitely, according to the fancy or prepossession of the interpreter of the symbol.

As to ceremonials, we ourselves perform innumerable ones — religious, masonic, festal, social — whose true significance we do not understand. In explanation we sometimes indulge in various conjectures and at other times give it up in despair. Yet we continue to observe the ceremonies; and why do we do it? The true explanation in most cases is that the ceremonies at one time had a value that was understood; and that an instinct in us, which is deeper than intellection,

urges us to continue the form though we have forgotten the meaning and lost the spirit. In this way the forms are preserved until a return of the lost knowledge invests them once more with a genuine significance.

Many such symbolic rituals are survivors of the ancient Mysteries, whose teachings were to a great extent conveyed dramatically rather than orally. Such may well be the case with this Plataean ceremony. It is easy to trace in it a moral lesson — namely, the folly of jealousy, based on illusion, and dispelled by laughter. Such a drama, presented at stated times to the public, and forming part of a regular system of this kind of instruction, would thus constitute one of the functions of the ancient Schools of the Mysteries. Such dramas would be repeated by the people and perpetuated into times when their origin was forgotten; and they would be kept up as religiously as we keep up our Christmas festivals.

All those scenes among the Gods which have been described as solar myths or symbols of dawn and spring may be more reasonably explained as survivals of Mystery dramas. For thereby we ascribe to these symbols an origin whose importance is commensurate with the importance attached to them. The whole ancient world was not consumed with a perpetual wonder over the dawn or the path of the sun in the sky. But the Mysteries were once a mighty and universally revered institution. The truths they taught, by intimate instruction to the neophytes, and by dramatic representations to the body of the people, were those eternal truths which concern the welfare of every man in every age — the mysteries of Life and Death and the Soul. We see a king overcoming a great beast, which he seizes by the horn while he disembowels it. There are stories of golden apples, guarded by dragons, princesses won by valiant youths who fight all kinds of foes; all the countless classical, Teutonic, Indian, Scandinavian American Indian, etc., legends. Are they all expressions of the universal wonder at the dawn and the zodiac?

We have in our day nothing corresponding to the ancient Mysteries; nothing which can teach the mysteries of life and death and the Soul. We have instead creeds, sciences, social theories. What a loss is ours! Depend upon it, this about the Mysteries is the real clue to much that puzzles scholars in ancient history. For what end were those stupendous and magnificent temples built? What is the real meaning of those elaborate pantheons of animal-headed deities? All

this, and much more, is testimony to the existence of that great body of knowledge known as the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine, by which men were taught to *know themselves* and to invoke the power of the Higher Nature of man. And the teaching of Theosophy today is (in part) that every man shall invoke his own spiritual will and overcome the lower nature by the higher. Theosophy, therefore, furnishes the clue by which time-honored forms and ceremonies can be rightly interpreted.

STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER LAKE, ENGLAND: by J. C.



THE Lake District of England is comprised within the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and a small part of Lancashire. Not only is it celebrated for its picturesque beauty, but for the associations connected with the so-called "Lake Poets," who derived their inspiration largely therefrom. The highest mountains and the largest lakes in England are found in this miniature Switzerland, as it is called. Ullswater is the second largest lake of the sixteen English lakes, but it is not more than nine miles long by one quarter to three quarters of a mile wide. It amply makes up in beauty what it does not possess in size. There is no large town near Ullswater, and it is in much the same unspoiled condition as it was before the railways came to the neighborhood. A small steamer plies upon the water, but does not detract from the romantic beauty of the scenery. Mr. Pennell says in his delightful book on the English Lakes:

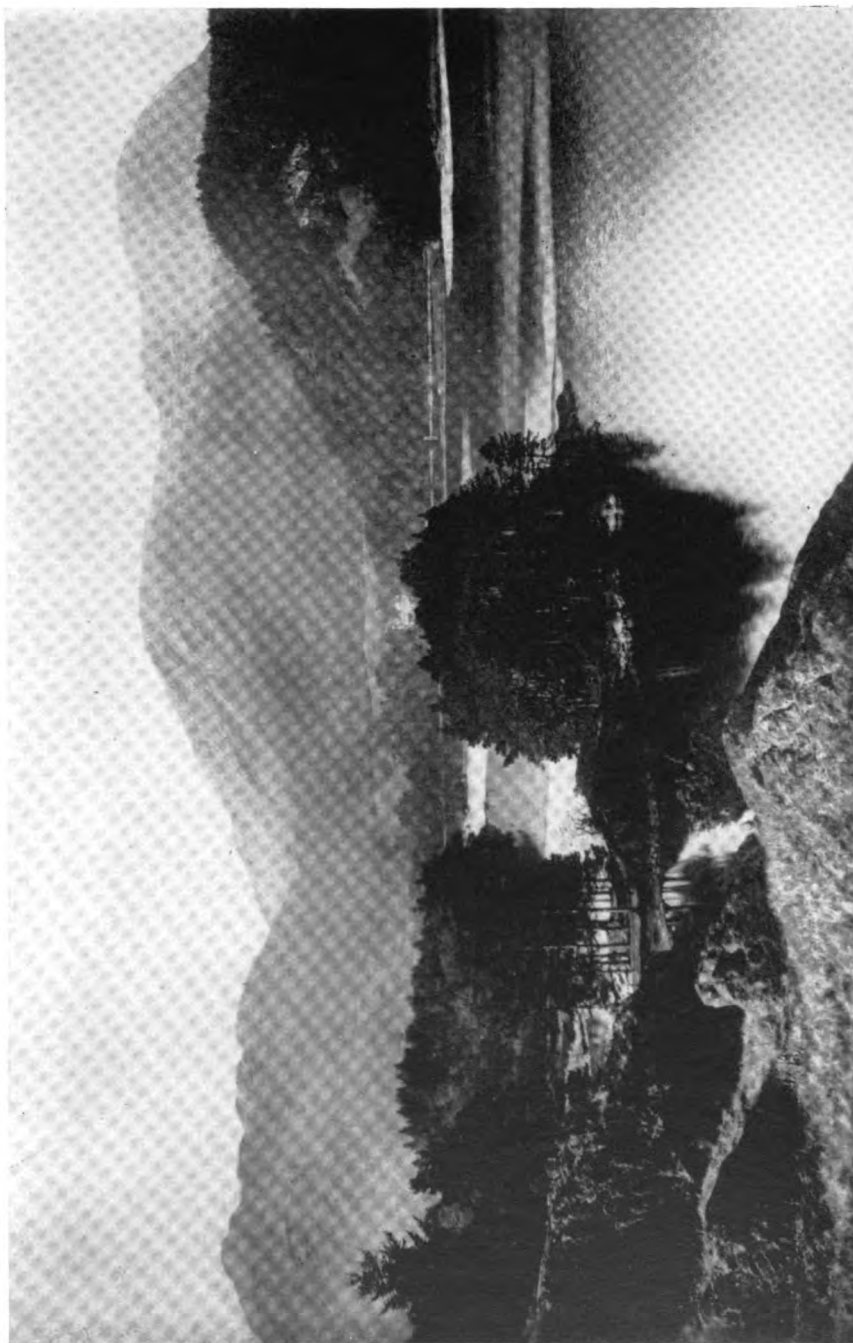
The banks of Ullswater are practically unspoiled. The villas that in some other lakes have seized upon conspicuous points and contributed nothing to the landscape but their own inharmonious presence scarcely trouble this one. Such habitations as are here have the dignity of broad acres and of sufficient age to have surrounded themselves with woodlands that now spread far and wide in rich maturity. Near Howtown, the mountain wilderness, over which the only wild red deer left in the north of England have still a range of some forty square miles, begins to rise with something of savage grandeur from the water's edge.

The upper or southern half of the lake is the most impressive, the cliffs rising sheer to a height of over two thousand feet at Place Fell, opposite Stybarrow Crag. There are three reaches in the lake, the lower or northern one being comparatively tame. There is good fish-



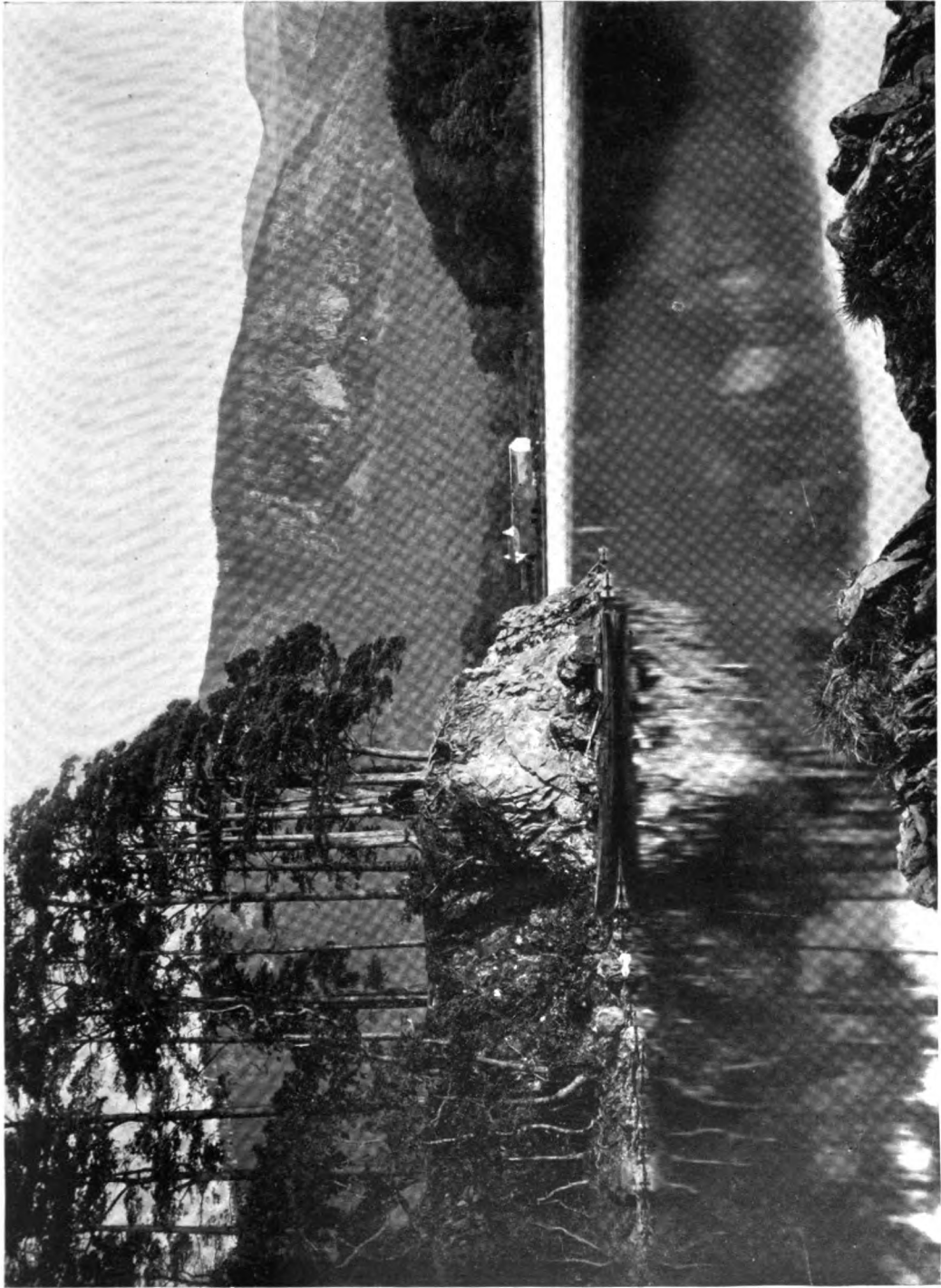
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STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER LAKE, IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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ANOTHER VIEW OF ULLSWATER LAKE



FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER, (OR KESWICK LAKE), ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
Noted for its picturesque scenery, and for a "floating island."



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WINTER SCENE, BROMBOROUGH, NEAR BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND

ing in the lake, which is two hundred and ten feet deep. Trout are abundant because the voracious fresh-water wolf, the pike, is absent. The deer on the mountains are not hunted systematically, and so they thrive too. Ullswater must have been even more secluded in Wordsworth's day than now. He speaks of the wonderful perfection achieved by the art of news transmission at the time of the battle of Trafalgar (1809), the report of which he received only *three weeks* after it took place, when sitting at breakfast at Patterdale, the village at the southern end of Ullswater.

Near Ullswater there are many so-called Druidical Circles, one of which, at Mayborough, is a very large one. It is one hundred yards in diameter and has a large upright stone in the center, probably the remains of some trilithon. Encircling the stones there is a high artificial bank covered with oaks, ashes, and sycamores, setting off the inclosure in an unusual way. This was one of the more important centers of high ceremonial in ancient times, how many thousands or hundreds of thousands of years ago who can say!

A mile or so from Stybarrow Crag is Airey Force, a romantic valley with a rushing stream. Ancient medieval legends cluster around this spot, but it is a remarkable fact that beyond the names of the mountains, etc., which are very significant, in the wild parts of the English Lake District there is little or nothing left of prehistoric tradition. The practical race who took possession of the country drove out the romance, which has now to be sought in the Celtic lands. Speaking of Airey Force, Wordsworth says:

Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered by the sturdy oaks unfelt:
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendant from the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft-eyed music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN: by T. Henry



S to the antiquity of man, we read in a sort of catechism in a newspaper that he has been on earth —

At least 100,000 years; possibly 500,000; perhaps much longer.

Which is sufficiently vague and indicates that there is no basis for dogmatizing. As to the age of civilization, we glean from the same source —

How much of this period is included in history? About 10,000 years.

Before that, all is prehistoric, and is generally considered not to come under the heading of civilized.

Many authorities still maintain that no traces of man are found earlier than the Pleistocene, but so eminent an authority as Sir Ray Lankester has recently shown, from some chipped flints in the Red Crag of Suffolk, that man must have existed in Pliocene times. *The Secret Doctrine* puts physical man as far back as Mesozoic times, and doubtless anthropology will by stages approximate to that date. It is worth while recalling the recent admissions with regard to the Galley Hill Man.

The "Galley Hill Man" was found in the upper (100 feet) gravel terrace of the Thames Valley at Galley Hill near Northfleet in 1888; and though geologists at the time refused to believe that the remains belonged to the strata in which they were found, subsequent examination has convinced experts, both at home and abroad, that they were imbedded when the level of the Thames was ninety to one hundred feet higher than it is today. Professor Arthur Keith, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, writing in the *Illustrated London News* last year, calculates, as his most conservative estimate, from the geological data at his disposal, that we cannot assign an antiquity of less than 170,000 years to this man.

One hundred and seventy thousand years; and now read what the same authority tells us about the characteristics of this ancient man.

Turning now to what can be told of this ancient Briton from a study of the remains, one is struck with the modernity of the type. . . . His brain was somewhat below that of the average modern man in size, but bigger than is often found in highly intelligent people. The lesson that the Galley Hill man has brought home to anthropologists and archaeologists is that the modern type of man — the man who has shed all traces of simian traits in face, feature, and body — is infinitely older than we have hitherto supposed.

There is no evidence that the man of that remote epoch was any

more elementary than the man of today; so that, if the accepted ideas of evolution are to be maintained, the age of man must be put immensely far back. And then arises another difficulty; for it becomes necessary to put the anthropoid apes farther back also, which is contrary to the facts. What the facts actually show is that so far back as we can trace man, we can find no specimens more rudimentary than many types that still exist on earth. Since we have now, and have had all through history, civilized and savage men living side by side, the inference is that the same was the case in ancient times, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary. But the evidence does not even afford decent material for special pleading by any one with a preconceived opinion. The customary simian-evolution hypothesis was made in deference to a theoretical conception of human history based on scientific generalizations.

The so-called aboriginal races are the remains of people that once stood on a much higher scale, as is now generally admitted; so that their existence points far more to the Theosophical than to the usual anthropological position. Moreover we have direct evidence of the antiquity of civilization in the art-works of the Chimu of Peru, and in the fact that the Egyptian civilization must have had a long past behind it.

Religion and science were in conflict last century, but now we often find that dogmatism in science (not Science itself or its worthy exponents) is linked with dogmatism in religion in a partnership. Archaeological books are published by religious societies, and orthodoxy is ready to show that it can lie down peaceably with its former dreaded foe. Creed is willing to occupy the room left over for it by evolutionary theories, for the more wonderful we make nature out to be, the more need there is for a deity or some kind of spiritual machinery in it.

But the spectacle of matter evolving through all stages from the mineral atom, up through protoplasm, the plants, animals, and so to man, is too vast and awful to be adequately explained by any accepted machinery; and we sadly need a little light and intelligence on the subject of spiritual evolution and the past history of man as a Soul. Whatever may be man's physical history and ancestry, he still must have a spiritual history. If vegetable life was emanated from mineral life, it could only happen by the incarnation of a vegetable monad; the entry of the animal monads was necessary for the production of the animal kingdom; nor could animal evolution alone ever have produced

Man. At one time or another must have been imparted that self-conscious Soul which makes Man what he is. So the story of Man's evolution, spiritually, mentally, etc., is vaster and weightier than that of his physical evolution, and accepted theoretical machinery is wholly inadequate to provide for its explanation. Hence the need for studies along these lines which shall be commensurate with our great advance in physical science.

LEONARDO DA VINCI AND HIS WORKS: by C. J. Ryan

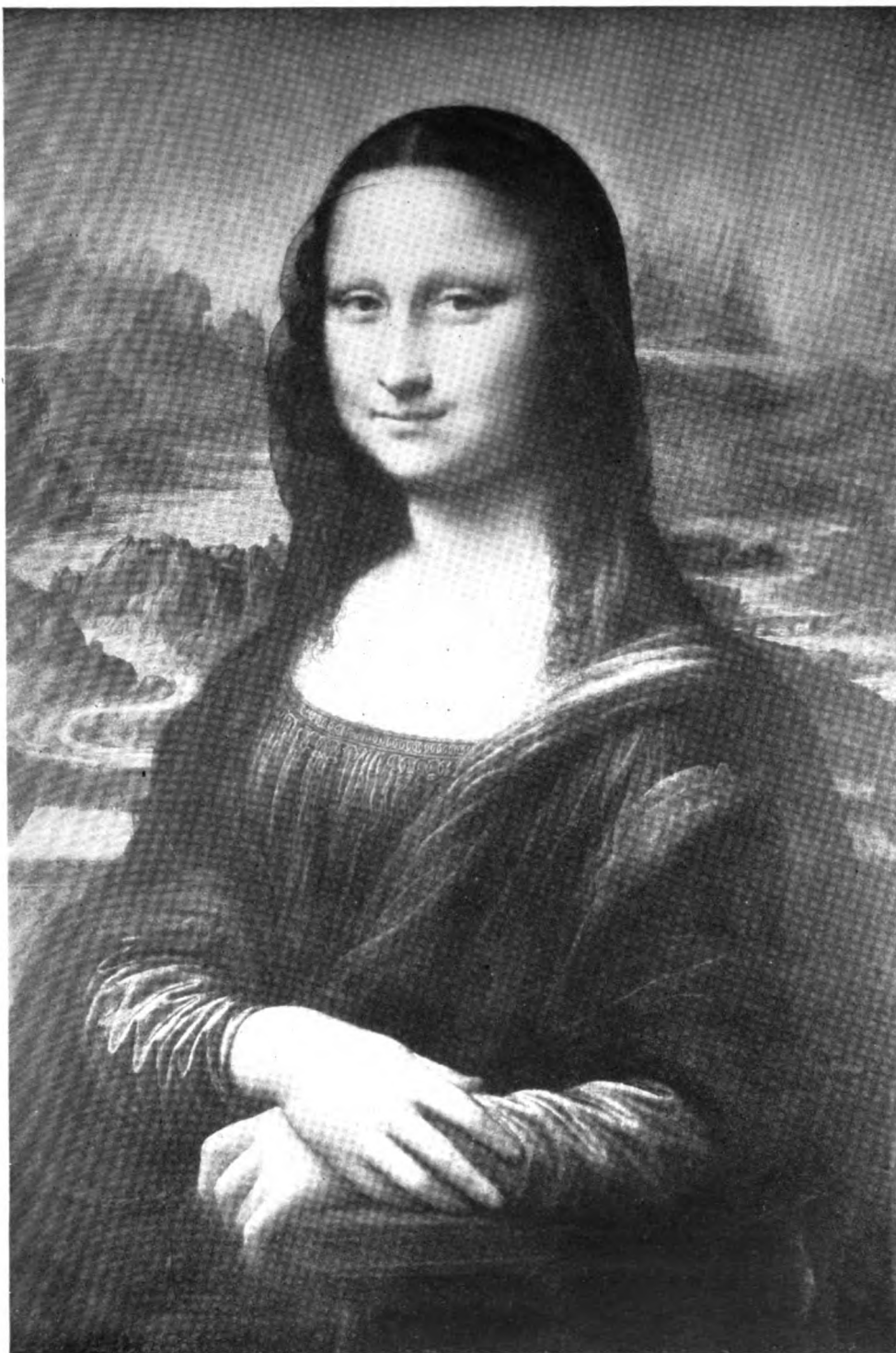


THERE are not in existence more than a dozen undoubtedly authentic pictures by the great painter of the fifteenth century, Leonardo, but there are a large number of sketches, and a marvelous collection of his written works, not all of which have yet been translated. The limited number of extant pictures makes the recent theft of the *Mona Lisa* an especially serious misfortune.

Leonardo is known best by *The Last Supper*, in Milan, although until lately it was believed that very little of his own work remained visible, owing to the dampness of the wall on which it was painted, the ill-treatment it had received, and the amount of repainting it had suffered. But a recent and very careful examination by the Italian expert, Professor Cavenaghi, has shown that it really has not been much retouched. Although it is certainly damaged and very obscure in sundry places, he declares that we are really able to enjoy a great deal of the original work of the master. This discovery has been a great surprise to the artistic world.

Leonardo was by no means only a painter; his genius comprised two departments commonly found uncongenial if not actively hostile — art and science. If his artistic fame had not been so supreme, he would have been renowned as one of the greatest scientists of modern times. In this respect he reminds us of Swedenborg, whose greatness as a scientist has been eclipsed by his reputation as a mystic and seer. Among other great intellectual feats Swedenborg produced a Nebular Theory of the Universe years before that of Laplace, which is practically the same.

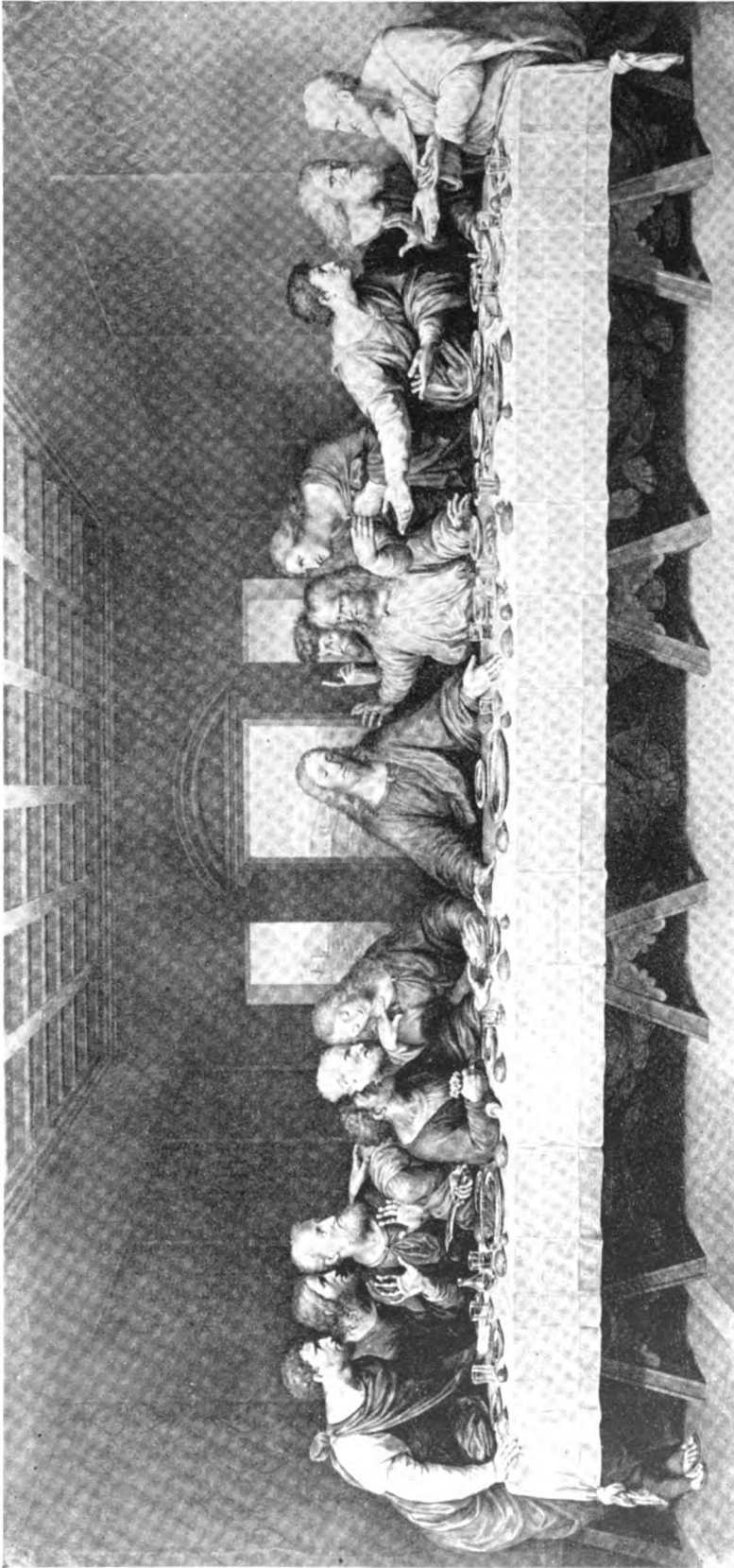
An immense mass of Leonardo's manuscripts on every conceivable



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"LA GIOCONDA," BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

This portrait of the wife of the Florentine, Fr. del Giocondo, and often called La Mona (Madonna) Lisa, is one of da Vinci's most famous works. Only recently stolen from the Louvre, Paris, and advertised by the press of three continents, this portrait of a lady has been made the subject of almost numberless pens. Many speak of her "strange, haunting smile"; others, fewer in number, pronounce the smile to be little short of an insufferable smirk. Da Vinci worked at this portrait for four years, and then laid down his brush, leaving it "unfinished."



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DA VINCI'S "CENACOLO," OR "LAST SUPPER."

Painted on a wall of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, and completed in 1498. The dampness of the wall was so pronounced that the great artist's original work has long since practically vanished, the picture having been repainted a number of times. A well-known Italian authority, however, claims that more of the original is left, and visible, than has been generally supposed.

subject in science and art remains to be deciphered. They are not easy to read, being written from right to left and requiring a mirror to make them legible. In many departments of science, particularly on mathematical and mechanical lines, his discoveries have been credited to others who came after him. He restored the knowledge of the laws of levers, which had been lost since the days of Archimedes; he taught many fundamental laws of hydrostatics and statics, for which Stevinus received the credit a century later. He was the first to apply the principle of wave-movement to the phenomena of optics and acoustics. We owe the employment of the signs *plus* and *minus* to him. Many machines in common use today, such as the saw employed in the Carrara marble quarries, were invented by Leonardo. He made profound investigations into the principles of aviation, and tried many practical experiments with flying machines. He was an accomplished anatomist, and deeply studied physiology and botany. In the *Codex Atlanticus*, one of his manuscripts preserved at Milan, there is a design of a steam-cannon, and a note expressing the opinion that ships could be driven by steam. His designs for cannon showed breech-loading arrangements. In civil engineering he was greatly in advance of his age. Long after his death the course of the river Arno, which passes through Florence, was changed according to the design traced by him. As a man of letters he was also accomplished, and his artistic writings are widely read today. Notwithstanding all these multifarious activities and many others in directions rarely thought of at all by painters, he never allowed his exquisite perception of beauty to fail, though, being human, time failed him in which to carry out his innumerable and grandiose conceptions. Professor Osvald Sirén, who holds the chair of Art-History at the University of Stockholm, in his recent work on Leonardo, which has been warmly recognized, tells us:

That which Leonardo painted and carved constitutes only a small part of his creative activity, a fragment of the universality of his great soul. Many of his designed works never came to expression. . . . Others were left half finished; and those that were completed have had the misfortune to be, in a no small degree, destroyed, corroded, or obscured by time. Many of the most important of Leonardo's works mentioned by his contemporaries seem to have disappeared without leaving a trace behind. The art-historian has to rely upon preparatory studies, copies or imitations, or reports, in order to give any idea of the aspect or quality of the greatest works of the master.

Speaking of his character, Dr. Sirén says:

The *Treatise on Painting* gives a glimpse of a soul-life filled with all a human

being could possess of observation of nature, of experience of the world, of search for truth, and of passion for beauty. One lays the treatise down with the grateful and humble feeling that one has stood before one of the greatest of our race, has met his eye and heard him speak.

Many erroneous stories about his life have been published, such as the myth that in his last hours he flung himself at the feet of the Church with tears and lamentations for the independence of thought which he had consistently sustained and defended during his long and honorable life. In this connexion it is worthy of note that he studiously avoided the introduction of halos or nimbuses around the figures in his sacred pictures. There is but one instance of the introduction of the cross in any of his authentic works, and that may possibly have been put in by a later hand. His object was to accentuate the simple and natural side of everything he touched.

There is a question whether Leonardo ever visited Oriental countries, and whether he did or did not derive some of his extraordinary knowledge from Eastern Teachers, for he certainly could not have got it from any ordinary Western sources. Some critics have seen in the background to the *Mona Lisa* (or *La Gioconda*) recently stolen from the Louvre, a strong trace of Chinese influence. An eminent German critic has lately published some of Leonardo's backgrounds side by side with some Chinese decorative pictures, and the resemblance is positively startling. We do not know of any Chinese pictures to which Leonardo had access. Dr. Sirén discusses the disputed question of Leonardo's visit to the East and throws the weight of his opinion in its favor. It is very difficult, otherwise, to understand how he should have given such exact descriptions of places and adventures in the East without having been there. There are many blanks in his life yet unfilled by satisfactory evidence, and the more one reflects upon the marvelous wisdom of this great soul, the more likely it seems that he received help from Eastern sources. Swedenborg, two centuries later, undoubtedly received much of his inspiration from the Orient; he himself says the "Lost Word" is to be found in Tartary or Tibet.

Leonardo was born in 1452 in the Castle of Vinci, between Florence and Pisa. His mother was of low degree, and there was a cloud over his birth, which, however, did not interfere with his career. At the early age of twenty he was a member of the Guild of Florentine Painters. *The Last Supper* was completed in 1498 after at least ten years labor. Leonardo spent many years in Milan where he executed other

important works besides *The Last Supper*, but in consequence of political vicissitudes he often had to seek new fields of opportunity. He was in the service of the French King Francis I when he died. His death took place at the Château Cloux, Touraine, but not in the king's arms as has erroneously been said; and he was interred in the royal chapel of Amboise. Giovio says, in his biography:

He was of a disposition most noble and generous, of an admirable appearance, and possessed good features. He had very good taste, and a special talent for entertaining and pleasing guests, a talent notably displayed in the direction of theatrical representations. He also sang well to the lute, and was particularly welcome as the companion of princes.

The following are from the pen of Leonardo:

Patience in endurance against injustice is like a garment against cold. As you double the number of your garments when the cold increases, so you must enlarge your patience with the growth of injustice; then it is impossible for you to receive harm.

The life that has been well employed is long.

As a day that has been well employed gives happy sleep, so a life well employed brings happy death.

Consider me not vile because I am poor. Poor is the man who desires too much.

Experience never deceives; it is only the judgment of man that plays him false.

Truly, as Geoffroy Tory wrote of Leonardo in 1524:

Leonardo da Vinci was not only an excellent painter and a veritable Archimedes; he was also a great philosopher.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE: by T.

IN recent years there has been a marked advance in calculating the distances of the stars, so that the distances of about two hundred of them are said to be known with reasonable accuracy. A writer on this subject gives the following particulars. If we take the blue stars, those of the second magnitude are on the average one hundred light-years distant; those of the fourth magnitude, two hundred light-years; those of the sixth magnitude, four hundred light-years; and so on. Taking stars of different types, we find that for the carbon or deep-red stars the distance is four thousand five hundred light-years.

Spectroscopic studies of some of the nebulae have indicated that they are probably composed chiefly of stars of solar type; in which case the Great Nebula in Andromeda must be tens of thousands of light-years distant and probably forms a universe by itself. It is practically certain that the globular clusters, like that in Hercules, are compact aggregations of stars whose average distances from one another are of the same order as the distances of our sun from the nearer stars, say five to twenty light-years, and that the clusters are of the order of ten thousand light-years distant from us.

One of the most striking advances has been the discovery of star-drifts and star-streams. The so-called fixed stars are all in motion; also our sun is in motion. The motion of our sun, however, does not prevent us from calculating the relative motions of the stars to one another; the case has been compared to that of a person walking through a park in which are crowds of people moving to and fro. The stars are like the people; and the person walking is like our sun, which has a motion relative to the mass of stars considered as a whole. There are said to be two great star-drifts, resembling, as it were, two universes moving through one another; while there are also many lesser movements, called star-streams, which, in the illustration used above, may be compared to groups of people marching in certain directions amid the crowd in the park.

All this may serve to give a faint notion of the magnitude of the problems with which astronomy deals, and of the inequality of usual conceptions of the universe, which are so daring in some directions and so timid in others. Whether we choose to call the stellar universe enormous, or our own world infinitesimal, is a question of choice of standards. The immensity of the universe compared with the physical body of man and his petty physical life has caused people to say, "How small is man!" Yet, in view of the fact that man is able to reach thus far with his intellect, is it not equally appropriate to exclaim, "How great is man!" Man dwells on the earth with his head in the sky; but the Soul which is Man must surely have other and vaster modes of existence besides the life that it lives when chained to the personality. And who shall say when a mask may drop off and reveal to any one of us a Soul-life as far beyond the life of the small and grasping personality, as the universe is greater than the clod?

SOME PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF "THE SECRET DOCTRINE": by W. L. B.

II



THE three basic propositions, once they are clearly apprehended, throw so strong a light upon every problem of life that they will need no justification, because their truth will be as self-evident as the sun in heaven. Moreover they will be found to underlie every system of thought or philosophy worthy of the name, notwithstanding limitations in formulation usually inherent in the latter.

For instance, we find Herbert Spencer saying:

Apparently, the universally co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion which necessitate rhythm in all minor changes throughout the Universe, also necessitate rhythm in the totality of its changes — produce now an immeasurable period during which the attracting forces predominating, cause universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period, during which the repulsive forces predominating, cause universal diffusion — alternate eras of evolution and dissolution. (*First Principles*, p. 482)

This is excellent as far as it goes, but the incompleteness in Spencerian philosophy consists in the ascription of reality alone to the phenomenal. Thus in describing his "First Cause" as a power *manifesting* through phenomena, and as an infinite eternal *energy*, he grasps but the physical aspect of the mystery of Being — the energies of Cosmic Substance only. The co-eternal aspect of the One Reality — Cosmic Ideation (and still more, its *noumenon*) is absolutely omitted from consideration. Yet elsewhere he somewhat corrects this attitude when suggesting that the nature of what he terms the "First Cause" may be essentially the same as that of the Consciousness which wells up within us.

In short, Spencer, Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, and others utter echoes or aspects of the ancient philosophy outlined in the three fundamental propositions.

The Secret Doctrine takes as its text certain archaic Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan, which treat of the Cosmogony of our own planetary system and what is visible around it, after a Solar sleep (*pralaya* is the word in the Sanskrit which expresses this periodic cessation of phenomenal activity). The Book of Dzyan is not in the possession of occidentals, but considerable portions of the Sanskrit, Chinese, and Mongolian works referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* are known to some of them; while the teachings are in every instance hinted at in

the almost countless volumes of eastern and other temple-literature. There are stated to be immense cave-libraries in the east and elsewhere, the very existence of which is unknown to our scholars. In one of them alone, there is said to be a collection of books too large to find room even in the British Museum. Dominie Sampson would surely have been overwhelmed if transported thither.

The existence of such records has an important bearing on the subject of the Secret Doctrine and its philosophy, including the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. For while a dark age may be said to have commenced some five thousand years ago, albeit illumined by the presence among men of Teachers such as Krishna, Gautama, Lao-Tse, Zoroaster, Sokrates, Plato, Jesus, Apollonius of Tyana, etc., night began to close in strongly some fifteen hundred years ago or more. By that time materialism in its various forms attained such hold that the "innocents" were again as usual either destroyed, hunted, or persecuted.

If humanity has been on Earth for millions of years, passing repeatedly through high civilizations in many regions, and has again and again had Teachers fully conscious of Man's innate divinity, what of the records? Were those Teachers and Helpers unable to adopt measures to preserve them? And if the sacred mysteries were withdrawn, in the West, in the fourth century of current chronology, does it therefore follow they were extinguished? Said Max Müller:

The science of religion is only just beginning. During the last fifty years the authentic documents of the most important religions in the world have been recovered in a most unexpected . . . manner. (*Chips*, i, 373)

Is it so strange that the custodians of "Pagan" lore, seeing that the proper moment had arrived, should cause the needed document, book, or relic to fall as if by accident in the right man's way? In 1839, Perring the archaeologist, offered the sheik of an Arab village two purses of gold, if he helped him to discover the entrance to the hidden passage leading to the secret chambers in the North Pyramid of Dashûr. But although his men were out of employment and half-starved, the sheik proudly refused to "sell the secret of the dead," promising to show it *gratis*, when *the time came for it*. Is it, then, impossible that in some other regions of the Earth are guarded the remains of that glorious literature of the past, which was the fruit of its majestic civilization?

One of the things we must reconcile with the truth that the world

is wisely guided in spite of humanity's constant mistakes, is the deplorable disaster which befell the Alexandrian library. It contained priceless records of the past.

But what are the facts? To begin with, we find Moses Chorenensis saying in his *History of Armenia* that

the ancient Asiatics, five centuries before our era — and especially the Hindûs, the Persians, and the Chaldaeans — had in their possession a quantity of historical and scientific books. These works were partially borrowed, partially translated in the Greek language, mostly since the Ptolemies had established the Alexandrian library and encouraged the writers by their liberalities, so that the Greek language became the depository of all the sciences.

Therefore the greater part of the literature included in the 700,000 volumes of the Alexandrian library was due to India, and her next neighbors. But that is not all, for according to a curious tradition, set forth in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. ii, p. 22, Theodas, a scribe in the museum, narrates that while the Library was being repaired in 51 B. C., hundreds of thousands of the choicest rolls which were not duplicated, were safely stored in his own house and in those of other scribes, librarians, students, and philosophers. And he indulges in a joke at the expense of Cleopatra, for believing that nearly all the library was burned. As to the burning by Caesar, there was sufficient time after the burning of the fleet commenced, for the librarians aided by several hundred slaves attached to the museum to save the most precious of the rolls, which were, moreover, at least partially fireproof. Most of them are now in Tartary and India. Furthermore, out of the library founded by Attalus I of Pergamos, presented by Antony to Cleopatra, and which then contained 200,000 volumes, according to Plutarch, not a volume was destroyed, according to sundry very learned Copts. Because from the moment the newer religion began to gain power in Alexandria, the pagan philosophers and learned theurgists adopted *effective* measures to preserve the repositories of their sacred learning.

We need have no fear that the records of the past have been destroyed. It was owing to the materialistic and other influences that vast stores of learning and of real knowledge had perforce to be withdrawn, not only in the west, but in the east as well, until such time as a sufficient number of the sons and daughters of men should prove themselves worthy and well qualified to receive. Thus the true commentaries on the *Tao-te-King* of Lao-Tse, who is said to have written nine hundred and thirty books on ethics and religions, and seventy

on magic, have long since disappeared from the eyes of the profane. The keys to the *Brâhmanas* are not extant, and hence the mantram hymns of the *Rig-Veda* cannot be properly understood. But the keys are not lost, nor are they in the keeping of the present Brâhmans of India.

Similarly, of the sacred Buddhist Canon, which comprised originally some eighty thousand tracts, but six thousand are extant.

Why Asiatics should have the unparalleled boldness to keep their most sacred records out of the reach of foreigners, and to preserve them from the profanation and misuse of races even so "vastly superior" — is a problem which may find its solution one of these days, possibly after some heavy Karmic accounts have been partly adjusted.

The following refreshing little anecdote ought perhaps to be better known. At Meerut (Mîrat) in 1880 a well-known native Sanskritist was told that Professor Max Müller had declared to the audiences of his "Lectures" that the theory "that there was a primeval revelation granted to the fathers of the human race, finds but few supporters at present." The learned man laughed. His answer was suggestive. "If Mr. *Moksh Mooller*," as he pronounced the name, "came with me, I might take him to a secret crypt near Okhee Math, in the Himâlayas, where he would soon find out that what crossed the black waters of the ocean from India to Europe were only the *bits of rejected copies of some passages from our sacred books*. There was a 'primeval revelation,' and it still exists; nor will it ever be lost to the world, but will reappear; though the Mlechchhas (white races) will of course have to wait." Questioned further, he would say no more.

Nor is the east the sole repository of ancient records, as will have been noted. Why so much of importance belonging to these records of the past was brought to the west by H. P. Blavatsky, was dealt with at the outset of the previous article. Comparatively few are prepared to accept the immense antiquity of man and the existence of high civilizations in remote epochs as facts. Discoveries made since *The Secret Doctrine* was written are only now preparing our minds properly to appreciate the true significance, *and the dignity*, of records so ancient. As to records connected with the perceptive mysteries of Being, and of Nature, they may almost be said automatically to guard themselves, because the final keys to their interpretation are ever within Man himself. He has voluntarily to enter *the path* first,

as every world-savior or Teacher has distinctly and compassionately repeated. It is no arbitrary matter, for no Teacher can help us, if we do not help ourselves. Teachers are those who have attained to a considerable knowledge of Nature's inner laws, and those who would acquire such knowledge must travel along very much the same road as they did. (See the third basic proposition of the esoteric philosophy.) No climbing over a vicarious side-wall will avail — as Talkative tried to do in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The road has to be traveled — not merely read of, believed in, or talked about.

The fragments extracted from the archaic Book of Dzyan are of such a nature as to tax the highest mental and intuitional powers we have, for their comprehension, mainly because we lack proper training. The true meaning of concentration — the power of inner attention which develops through selfless devotion to the great Cause of human perfectibility — we can scarcely be said to have attained in these days of unrest, gold-greed, and general selfishness. Broad, calm, and impersonal must be the mind when seeking to fathom and realize the grandeur and majestic sweep of the Dzyan stanzas.

Fortunately there is a rapidly increasing number of those who as the result of conflict with themselves and with the trammels of dogmatism of one kind or another, have gained sufficient insight to understand the true drift of what has been given out; while a new generation is rising still better equipped.

In presenting the first seven Stanzas of Dzyan, which form the main theme of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, a brief outline of the general character of each is given. Commentaries thereon, and a general summary will follow, before taking up the further Stanzas connected with Anthropogenesis, which are adopted as the text of Volume II.

The history of Cosmic Evolution, as traced in the first seven Stanzas, is, so to say, the abstract algebraical formula of that Evolution. Hence the student will not find therein an account of all the stages and transformations which intervene between the first beginnings of “Universal” evolution and our present state. It is stated that to give such an account would be as impossible as it would be incomprehensible to men who cannot even grasp the nature of the plane of existence next to that to which, for the moment, their consciousness is limited.

The first seven stanzas, therefore, give an abstract formula which can be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to all evolution: to that of our tiny

earth, to that of the chain of planets (invisible to physical sense) of which that earth forms one, to the Solar Universe to which that chain belongs, and so on, in an ascending scale, till the mind reels and is exhausted in the effort. These Stanzas represent the seven terms of this abstract formula. They refer to, and describe the seven stages of the evolutionary process, which are spoken of in the Purânas as the "Seven Creations," and in the Bible as the "Days" of Creation.

The Stanzas are given in their modern translated version, being rendered for the first time into a European language from the Chinese, Tibetan, and Sanskrit translations of the original Senzar Commentaries and Glosses on the Book of Dzyan. Only portions of the seven Stanzas are given, and untranslatable terms, the meanings of which are, however, explained, are rendered in their Sanskrit form, a language which pertains to the Fifth Root-Race alone.

The First Stanza describes the state of the ONE ALL during Pralaya, before the first flutter of re-awakening manifestation. A moment's thought shows that such a state can only be symbolized; to describe it is impossible. Nor can it be symbolized except in negatives; for, since it is the state of Absoluteness *per se*, it can possess none of those specific attributes which serve us to describe objects in positive terms. Hence that state can only be suggested by the negatives of all those most abstract attributes which men intellectually *feel* rather than conceive, as the remotest limits attainable by their power of conception. It runs as follows:

STANZA I

1. The eternal parent wrapped in her ever invisible robes had slumbered once again for seven eternities.
2. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration.
3. Universal mind was not, for there were no Ah-hi to contain it.
4. The seven ways to bliss were not. The great causes of misery were not, for there was no one to produce and get ensnared by them.
5. Darkness alone filled the boundless all, for father, mother and son were once more one, and the son had not awakened yet for the new wheel, and his pilgrimage thereon.
6. The seven sublime lords and the seven truths had ceased to be, and the Universe, the son of Necessity, was immersed in Paranishpanna, to be outbreathed by that which is and yet is not. Naught was.
7. The causes of existence had been done away with; the visible that was, and the invisible that is, rested in eternal non-being — the one being.
8. Alone the one form of existence stretched boundless, infinite, causeless,

in dreamless sleep; and life pulsed unconscious in universal space, throughout that all-presence which is sensed by the opened eye of the Dangma.

9. But where was the Dangma when the Alaya of the Universe was in Paramârtha and the great wheel was Anupâdaka?

The stage described in Stanza II is, to a western mind, so nearly identical with that mentioned in the first Stanza, that to express the idea of its difference would require a treatise in itself. Hence it must be left to the intuition and the higher faculties of the reader to grasp, as far as he can, the meaning of the allegorical phrases used. Indeed, it must be remembered that all these Stanzas *appeal to the inner faculties rather than to the ordinary comprehension of the physical brain.*

STANZA II

1. . . . Where were the builders, the luminous sons of Manvantaric dawn? . . . In the unknown darkness in their Ah-hi Paranishpanna. The producers of form from no-form — the root of the world — the Devamâtri and Svabhâvat, rested in the bliss of non-being.

2. . . . Where was silence? Where the ears to sense it? No, there was neither silence nor sound; naught save ceaseless eternal breath, which knows itself not.

3. The hour had not yet struck; the ray had not yet flashed into the Germ; the Mâtripadma had not yet swollen.

4. Her heart had not yet opened for the one ray to enter, thence to fall, as three into four, into the lap of Mâyâ.

5. The seven sons were not yet born from the web of light. Darkness alone was father-mother, Svabhâvat; and Svabhâvat was in darkness.

6. These two are the Germ, and the Germ is one. The Universe was still concealed in the Divine thought and the Divine bosom. . . .

Stanza III describes the Re-awakening of the Universe to life after Pralaya. It depicts the emergence of the “Monads” from their state of absorption within the ONE; the earliest and highest stage in the formation of “Worlds,” the term Monad being one which may apply equally to the vastest Solar System or the tiniest atom.

STANZA III

1. . . . The last vibration of the seventh eternity thrills through infinitude. The mother swells, expanding from within without, like the bud of the lotus.

2. The vibration sweeps along, touching with its swift wing the whole universe and the germ that dwelleth in darkness: the darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of life. . . .

3. Darkness radiates light, and light drops one solitary ray into the mother-deep. The ray shoots through the virgin egg; the ray causes the eternal egg to thrill, and drop the non-eternal germ, which condenses into the world-egg.

4. Then the three fall into the four. The radiant essence becomes seven inside, seven outside. The luminous egg, which in itself is three, curdles and spreads in milk-white curds throughout the depths of mother, the root that grows in the depths of the ocean of life.

5. The root remains, the light remains, the curds remain, and still Oeaohoo is one.

6. The root of life was in every drop of the ocean of immortality, and the ocean was radiant light, which was fire, and heat, and motion. Darkness vanished and was no more; it disappeared in its own essence, the body of fire and water, or father and mother.

7. Behold, O Lanoo! The radiant child of the two, the unparalleled refulgent glory: Bright Space Son of Dark Space, which emerges from the depths of the great dark waters. It is Oeaohoo the younger, the * * *. He shines forth as the son; he is the blazing Divine Dragon of Wisdom; the One is Four, and Four takes to itself Three, and the Union produces the Sapta, in whom are the seven which become the Tridaśa (or the hosts and the multitudes). Behold him lifting the veil and unfurling it from east to west. He shuts out the above, and leaves the below to be seen as the great illusion. He marks the places for the shining ones, and turns the upper into a shoreless sea of fire, and the one manifested into the great waters.

8. Where was the germ and where was now darkness? Where is the spirit of the flame that burns in thy lamp, O Lanoo? The germ is that, and that is light, the white brilliant son of the dark hidden father.

9. Light is cold flame, and flame is fire, and fire produces heat, which yields water: the water of life in the great mother.

10. Father-Mother spin a web, whose upper end is fastened to spirit — the light of the one darkness — and the lower one to its shadowy end, matter; and this web is the universe spun out of the two substances made in one, which is Svabhâvat.

11. It expands when the breath of fire is upon it; it contracts when the breath of the mother touches it. Then the sons dissociate and scatter, to return into their mother's bosom at the end of the great day, and re-become one with her; when it is cooling it becomes radiant, and the sons expand and contract through their own selves and hearts; they embrace infinitude.

12. Then Svabhâvat sends Fohat to harden the atoms. Each is a part of the web. Reflecting the "Self-Existent Lord" like a mirror, each becomes in turn a world.

The next Stanza shows the differentiation of the "Germ" of the Universe into the septenary hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers, who are the active manifestations of the One Supreme Energy. They are the framers, shapers, and ultimately the creators of all the manifested Universe, in the only sense in which the name "Creator" is intelligible; they inform and guide it; they are the intelligent Beings who adjust and control evolution, embodying in themselves those

manifestations of the ONE LAW, which we know as “The Laws of Nature.” Each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine. This stage of evolution is spoken of as the “Creation” of the Gods.

STANZA IV

1. . . . Listen, ye Sons of the Earth, to your instructors — the Sons of the Fire. Learn, there is neither first nor last, for all is one: number issued from no number.

2. Learn what we who descend from the Primordial Seven, we who are born from the Primordial Flame, have learned from our fathers. . . .

3. From the effulgency of light — the ray of the ever-darkness — sprang in space the re-awakened energies; the one from the egg, the six, and the five. Then the three, the one, the four, the one, the five — the twice seven the sum total. And these are the essences, the flames, the elements, the builders, the numbers, the arûpa, the rūpa, and the force of Divine Man — the sum total. And from the Divine Man emanated the forms, the sparks, the sacred animals, and the messengers of the sacred fathers within the holy four.


4. This was the army of the voice — the divine mother of the seven. The sparks of the seven are subject to, and the servants of, the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh of the seven. These “sparks” are called spheres, triangles, cubes, lines, and modelers; for thus stands the Eternal Nidâna — the Oeaoohoo, which is:

5. “Darkness” the boundless, or the no-number, Âdi-Nidâna Svabhâvat:

I. The Âdi-Sanat, the number, for he is one.

II. The voice of the Lord Svabhâvat, the numbers, for he is one and nine.

III. The “formless square.”

And these three enclosed within the  are the sacred four; and the ten are the arûpa universe. Then come the “sons,” the seven fighters, the one, the eighth left out, and his breath which is the light-maker.

6. Then the second seven, who are the Lipika, produced by the three. The rejected son is one. The “Son-suns” are countless.

In the fifth Stanza the process of world-formation is described: First, diffused Cosmic Matter, then the fiery “whirlwind,” the first stage in the formation of a nebula. That nebula condenses, and after passing through various transformations, forms a Solar Universe, a planetary chain, or a single planet, as the case may be.

STANZA V

1. The Primordial Seven, the First Seven Breaths of the Dragon of Wisdom, produce in their turn from their Holy Circumgyrating Breaths the Fiery Whirlwind.

2. They make of him the messenger of their will. The Dzyu becomes Fohat, the swift son of the Divine sons whose sons are the Lipika, runs circular errands.

Fohat is the steed, and the thought is the rider. He passes like lightning through the fiery clouds; takes three, and five, and seven strides through the seven regions above, and the seven below. He lifts his voice, and calls the innumerable sparks, and joins them.

3. He is their guiding spirit and leader. When he commences work, he separates the sparks of the Lower Kingdom that float and thrill with joy in their radiant dwellings, and forms therewith the germs of wheels. He places them in the six directions of space, and one in the middle — the central wheel.

4. Fohat traces spiral lines to unite the sixth to the seventh — the crown; an army of the Sons of Light stands at each angle, and the Lipika in the middle wheel. They say: This is good, the first Divine world is ready, the first is now the second. Then the "Divine Arûpa" reflects itself in Chhâyâ Loka, the first garment of the Anupâdaka.

5. Fohat takes five strides and builds a winged wheel at each corner of the square, for the four holy ones and their armies.

6. The Lipika circumscribe the triangle, the first one, the cube, the second one, and the pentacle within the egg. It is the ring called "Pass Not" for those who descend and ascend. Also for those who during the Kalpa are progressing towards the great day "Be with us." Thus were formed the Rûpa and the Arûpa: from one light seven lights; from each of the seven, seven times seven lights. The wheels watch the ring. . . .

The subsequent stages in the formation of a "World" are indicated in Stanza VI, which brings the evolution of such a world down to its fourth great period, corresponding to our own present period.

STANZA VI

1. By the power of the Mother of Mercy and Knowledge — Kwan-Yin — the "triple" of Kwan-shai-Yin, residing in Kwan-yin-Tien, Fohat, the Breath of their Progeny, the Son of the Sons, having called forth, from the lower abyss, the illusive form of Sien-Tchang and the Seven Elements:

2. The Swift and Radiant One produces the Seven Laya Centers, against which none will prevail to the great day "Be-with-Us," and seats the Universe on these Eternal Foundations surrounding Tsien-Tchan with the Elementary Germs.

3. Of the Seven — first one manifested, six concealed, two manifested, five concealed; three manifested, four concealed; four produced, three hidden; four and one tsan revealed, two and one half concealed; six to be manifested, one laid aside. Lastly, seven small wheels revolving; one giving birth to the other.

4. He builds them in the likeness of older wheels, placing them on the Imperishable Centers.

How does Fohat build them? He collects the fiery dust. He makes balls of fire, runs through them, and round them, infusing life thereinto, then sets them into motion; some one way, some the other way. They are cold, he makes them hot. They are dry, he makes them moist. They shine, he fans and cools them. Thus acts Fohat from one twilight to the other, during Seven Eternities.

5. At the fourth, the sons are told to create their images. One-third refuses — two obey.

The curse is pronounced; they will be born on the fourth, suffer and cause suffering; this is the first war.

6. The older wheels rotated downwards and upwards. . . . The mother's spawn filled the whole. There were battles fought between the Creators and the Destroyers, and battles fought for space; the seed appearing and reappearing continuously.

7. Make thy calculations, Lanoo, if thou wouldst learn the correct age of thy small wheel. Its fourth spoke is our mother. Reach the fourth “fruit” of the fourth path of knowledge that leads to Nirvâna, and thou shalt comprehend, for thou shalt see. . . .

Stanza VII continues the history, tracing the descent of life to the appearance of Man; and thus closes the first Book of *The Secret Doctrine*.

STANZA VII

1. Behold the beginning of sentient formless life.

First the Divine, the one from the Mother-Spirit; then the Spiritual; the three from the one, the four from the one, and the five from which the three, the five, and the seven. These are the three-fold, the four-fold downward; the “mind-born” sons of the first Lord; the shining seven.

It is they who are thou, me, him, oh Lanoo. They, who watch over thee, and thy mother earth.

2. The one ray multiplies the smaller rays. Life precedes form, and life survives the last atom of form. Through the countless rays proceeds the life-ray, the one, like a thread through many jewels.

3. When the one becomes two, the three-fold appears, and the three are one; and it is our thread, oh Lanoo, the heart of the man-plant called Saptaparna.

4. It is the root that never dies; the three-tongued flame of the four wicks. The wicks are the sparks, that draw from the three-tongued flame shot out by the seven — their flame — the beams and sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of earth.

5. The spark hangs from the flame by the finest thread of Fohat. It journeys through the Seven Worlds of Mâyâ. It stops in the first, and is a metal and a stone; it passes into the second and behold — a plant; the plant whirls through seven changes and becomes a sacred animal. From the combined attributes of these, Manu, the thinker is formed. Who forms him? The seven lives, and the one life. Who completes him? The five-fold Lha. And who perfects the last body? Fish, sin, and soma. . . .

6. From the first-born the thread between the Silent Watcher and his Shadow becomes more strong and radiant with every change. The morning sunlight has changed into noonday glory. . . .

7. This is thy present wheel, said the Flame to the Spark. Thou art myself,

my image, and my shadow. I have clothed myself in thee, and thou art my Vâhana to the day "Be with us," when thou shalt re-become myself and others, thyself and me. Then the builders, having donned their first clothing, descend on radiant earth and reign over men — who are themselves. . . .

The development of "Man" from his first appearance on this Earth in this "Round" to the state in which we now find him forms, as already said, the subject of the second volume.

PENTRE CILCEN, NEAR MOLD, FLINTSHIRE, N. WALES: by Carolus

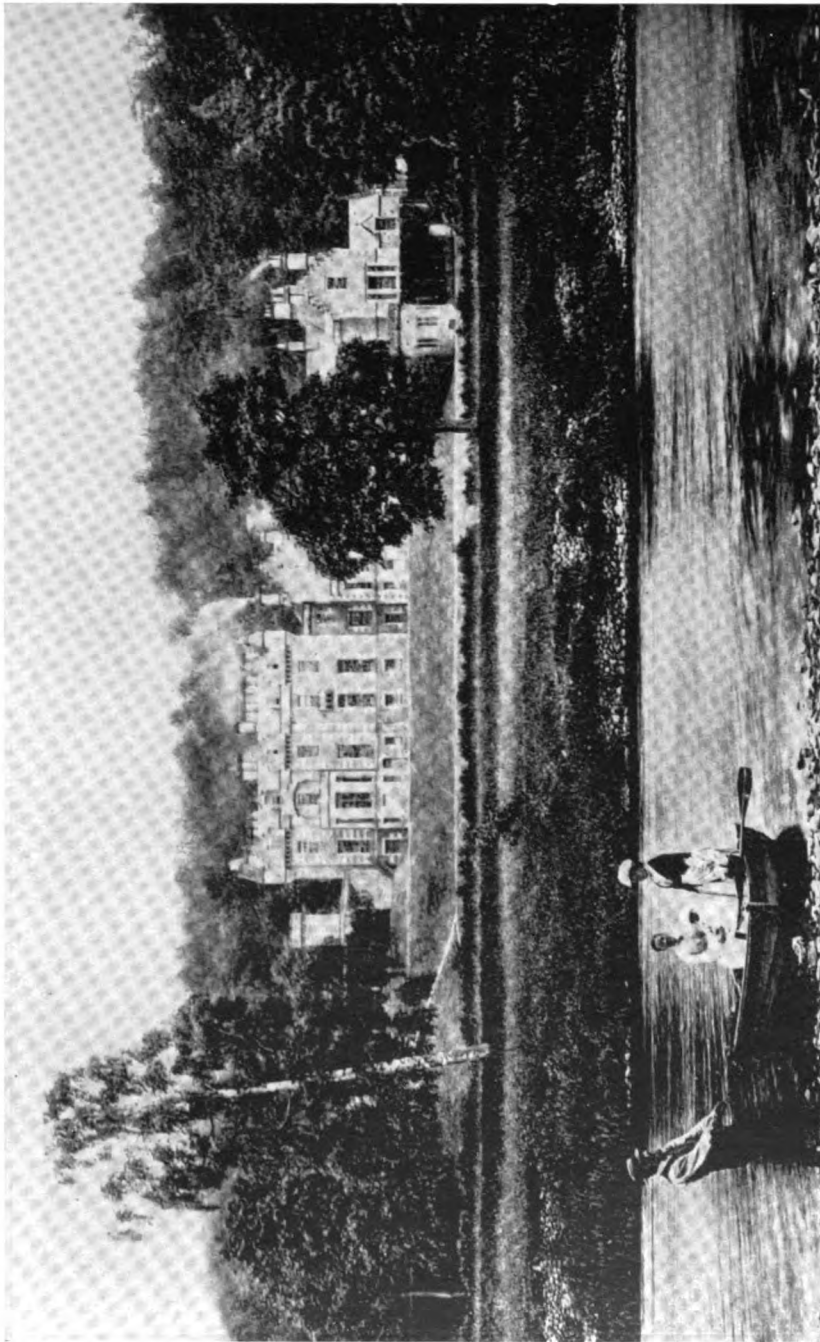
THE illustration represents a characteristic bit of Welsh scenery of the more low-lying part of the country. Mold is a fair-sized town on the Alyn, in the southeast of Flintshire, the smallest of the Welsh counties. Maes-y-Garmon, about a mile from Mold, was the scene of a bloodless victory of the Britons over the Picts and Scots in 430 A. D. It was called the "Alleluia" victory because the losers were driven off by the shouts of their enemies.

Mold is the birthplace of one of the most famous Welsh novelists, Daniel Owen, who died in the latter half of the last century. He wrote chiefly about the miners of his native district, and it is a very strange and unaccountable fact that his works are not yet translated into English. *Rhys Lewis* is his best-known novel, and Wil Bryan, one of the characters, is as well known and popular amongst all classes of the Welsh people as any one of Dickens' favorites is amongst English readers. A statue of Daniel Owen has been erected in Mold.



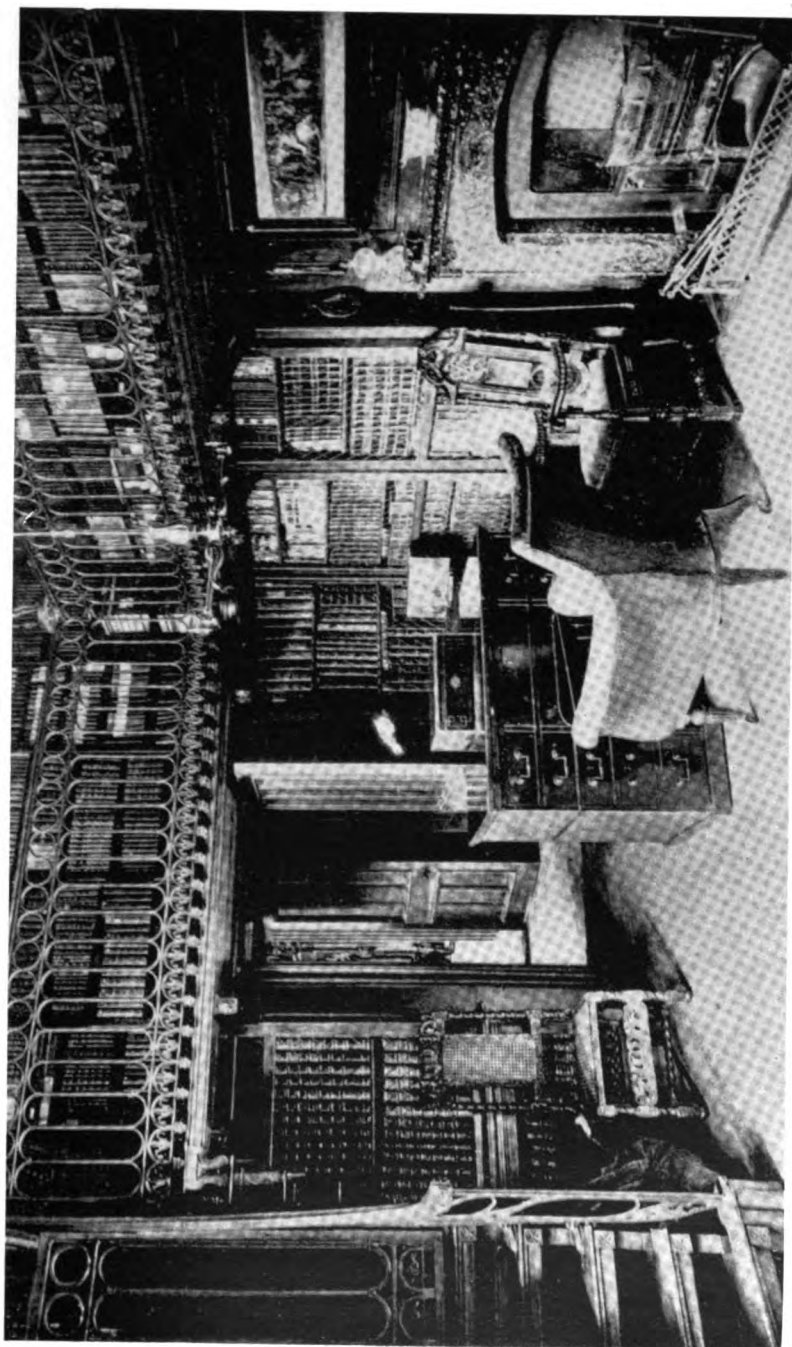
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PENTRE CILCEN: NEAR MOLD, FLINTSHIRE, NORTH WALES



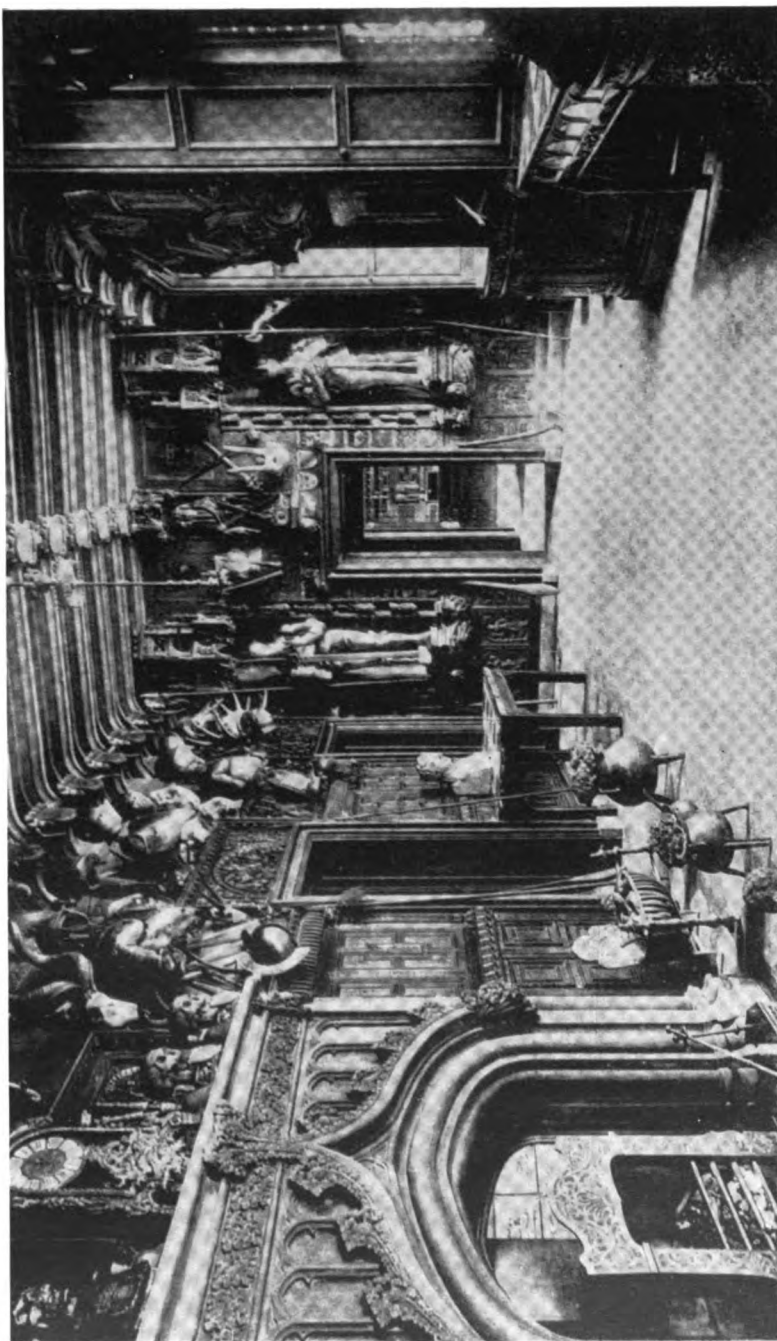
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ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE TWEED. THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT



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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S STUDY, ABBOTSFORD



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THE ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND ABBOTSFORD:

by Kenneth Morris



ABBOTSFORD remains a place of pilgrimage, and the memory of the man who made it and made it illustrious is probably held higher and dearer than that of any other novelist in the English language, except Dickens. Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, and Smollett, creators of the English novel, have passed from the popular memory; but the Wizard of the North is a fixed star; he supplanted them, and overturned all their canons; where they have one reader, he can count his thousands and hundreds of thousands, and that age will be sordid indeed, beyond even our present ideals of sordidness, that will cease to read and honor Scott, or to make pilgrimage to the house he built and lived in, and made in many ways such an expression of himself.

That is because he knew that the real is not the actual; believed that we taste most reality in those moods which are most alive, most vivid, eager and heroic; and catered not for stale disillusionment and the squalid shell of life. Your so-called "realism" is not real at all, but a mere depicting in art or literature of the husks that the swine do eat, an outer and worthless rind, a line of spume and broken shells and seaweed whence the great ocean tides have receded. What we call commonly to be disillusioned, is in fact to be hoodwinked by circumstance and the external; to be blindfolded by our own mistakes and weaknesses, losing sight of the dancing waves, the mighty billows of real life. As things are, it is childhood and youth that see most of reality, and the grown man does not become disillusioned, but the shades of the prison house close down about him. But Scott was one of those great ones for whom the prison house had no shades, for whom there was no prison house indeed; he carried his youth triumphantly into old age, and died young although full of years, because the Gods loved him.

We may call him a benefactor, because he poured out that great tide of prose and verse to feed the fires of youth, and to feed them cleanly. Fate could not cozen him at hoodman-blind; beneath the bludgeonings of chance his head remained unbowed. He, a great Gael from of old, came into this world and age straight out of Tir-nan-Oge, the Land of the Ever Young, and dominated them; flooded them with the spirit of youth. So we all read and worship Scott at some time, before the shades of the prison house are quite descended upon us; and it is likely that our youthful and heroic age is thereby extended,

in the greater number of cases, for a few years at least; and indeed, that some glimmerings of it will remain with us throughout life, that would have quite waned long since, but for our memories of Marmion and Ivanhoe and the rest. Zola played the man, and helped to reverse a great wrong; Ibsen and Tolstoy, Fielding and Richardson, were artists, no doubt; but the world would be a much worse place, if any one or all of them, could usurp the place of Sir Walter.

Scott's heredity was all in his favor as the Apostle of Romance. He was of the Clan Scott of Buccleugh, of unlimited fame in Scottish history. Two young men came out of Gaeldom and Galloway in the tenth century, and made their home in the Forest of Ettrick. There King Kenneth the Third was hunting one day, when one of the young Gallowegians saw the buck at Cakra Cross hard pressed by the hounds, and followed. At Rankilburn the stag was brought to bay, and the youth rushed in and seized it by the horns:

Alive he cast him on his back,
Or any man came there,
And to the Cakra Cross did trot
Against the hill a mile or mair.

This exploit so pleased King Kenneth that he caused the youth to be brought before him, and made him Ranger of the Forest of Ettrick, a high position in those days; and afterwards, according to the story, rewarded him with the lands of Buccleugh. Thus was founded the clan of the "Bold Buccleughs," which produced many an illustrious man in after times, rulers and regents of Scotland; and this one most illustrious of them all, who made himself Regent of the realms of Romance.

If Abbotsford had not been the home of Sir Walter, and were not the shrine of Scottism, it would still be a romantic and beautiful place. On the banks of the Tweed, in the heart of the wild Border country, every acre of land for miles on all sides is redolent of raids and skirmishes, deeds of the Scotts, the Douglasses, and the Percys, of Kinmont Willies and Johnny Armstrongs; many a bold and midnight ride, many a tragedy:

Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

But time, that makes beautiful all that we make ugly, that at last ruins our most garish building, and clothes it with decent ivy, has a way, too, of deriving beauty out of all old historic sorrow; and those

places are the loveliest and have most attraction for us, where human action has been most intense and dramatic, even if its drama was tragedy. So there is a certain light and glamor over the Scottish border, that tame, unhistoric places know nothing of; old-time happenings have woven a web of romance there that one can sense. Abbotsford is a Waverley Novel in stone and mortar; the whole country-side is a Waverley Novel expressed in terms of hill and woodland, stream and valley.

ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT: by H. Travers



THE word "light," which formerly was restricted to visible radiation, acquired an extended meaning when physicists began to study optical phenomena and to elaborate the undulatory theory. It was found necessary to include under the name certain radiations which are not visible (to the ordinary sight); for these radiations, the infra-red and the ultra-violet, do not differ essentially from visible light. And this extended use of the word is in accordance with what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* about light; especially about light being a creative force.

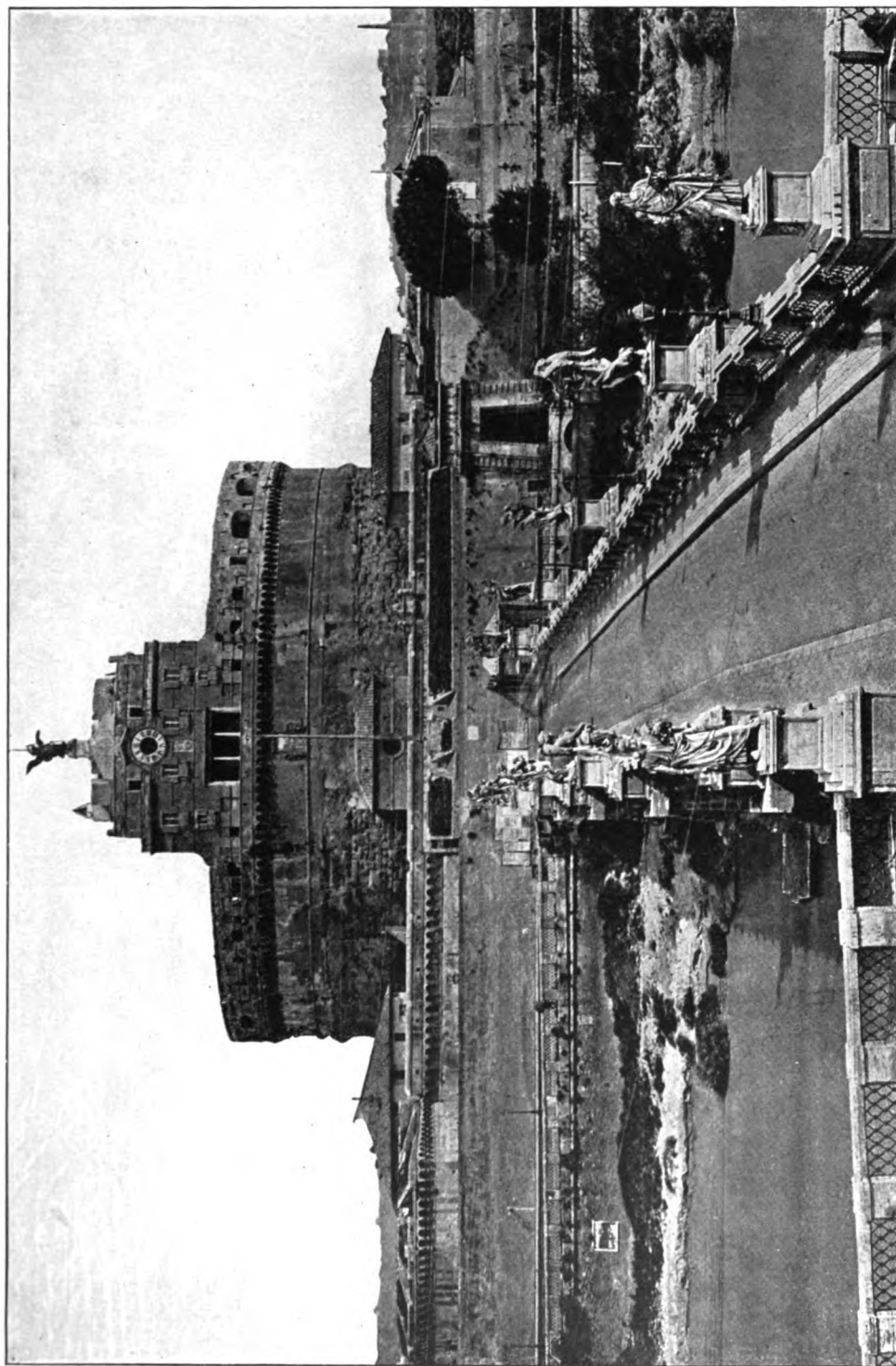
The ultra-violet rays are now being much studied from a practical point of view, and seem destined to play a very important part in the economics of the future. Their influence seems to be of a healthy nature, and the force they exert is of a refined type. Their influence on the constitution of man has been compared with that of strychnine; that is, they are tonic in moderation, but deadly in large doses. In short, they illustrate the aphorism, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, that "too much life may kill." Light and life are closely associated, so that the proverb might well run, "Too much *light* may kill." Sunlight abounds in ultra-violet rays, and its beneficial influence is attributed thereto. Things which shut off the rays are glass, fog, and the cloud of smoke over cities. Ultra-violet light is death to disease germs and the microbes of putrefaction. It has been used effectively for curing skin diseases, purifying water, sterilizing milk and other foods, purifying air. It is the ultra-violet light from the sun which generates ozone, the life-giver; and a similar influence is exercised on water, hydrogen peroxid being produced. Hydrogen peroxid is very like ozone, having an extra loose atom of oxygen in its molecule, which

it is ready to impart to any health-germ needing a stimulus or any disease-germ needing a death-blow.

It is the ultra-violet rays of sunlight that promote the assimilative powers in plants, enabling them to absorb carbon food from the atmosphere. Electric arcs give off many of these rays, especially metal arcs; and as they are dangerous to the eyesight, people should not expose themselves to naked arcs. Glass globes, however, shut off nearly all the rays; which is not the case with quartz globes. For experimenters there are special kinds of transparent screens and spectacles which are opaque to ultra-violet rays. Photographs taken with non-visible rays represent the lights and shades in unusual ways. Owing to their greater refrangibility, ultra-violet rays can be used in the microscope to obtain higher magnifying power than ordinary light gives; but the results have to be ascertained by photography. It has been pointed out that a window is a black shutter for these radiations, and the same is true of the ordinary telescope, so that, in a sense, we have been pointing to the skies instruments with opaque lenses. But now the full moon has been viewed through a telescope with quartz lenses, and new details about her surface found out.

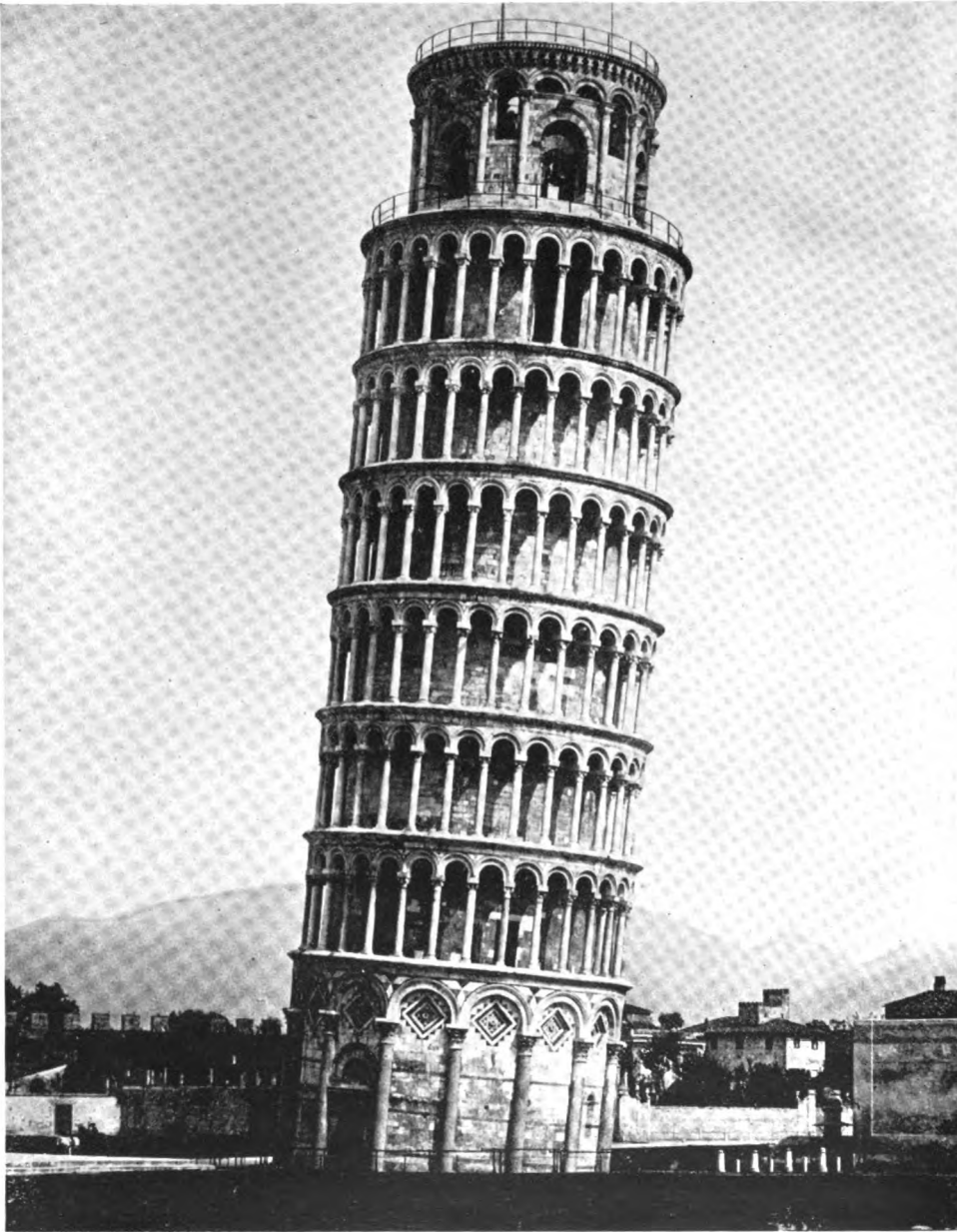
The references to light in *The Secret Doctrine* are far too numerous and widely diffused to lend themselves readily to a summary. As said, the word includes much more than the ordinary meanings; it is used generally to denote one of the primary cosmic powers, together with its numerous differentiations and modifications, all the way down to physical light. The familiar use of the word light metaphorically to denote wisdom and illumination is more than an elegant fancy; it is based on the fact that there is a real connexion between light and wisdom. In cosmogonies, including the one in the Bible, we find that light was about the first thing created — the first emanation from the Supreme. The question whether light is a material (*corpus*) is discussed in *The Secret Doctrine* and shown to be meaningless and therefore unanswerable until we can define what we mean by a material on the one hand and a force on the other. The word “force-matter” is adapted to express the mode in which those inscrutable entities, light, heat, electricity, etc., reveal themselves to our perceptions; and we are unable to separate force from matter without destroying the reality of both.

All these forces must have causes which subsist outside visible space, and it is useless looking for the cause where its effects are.



CASTLE OF SANT' ANGELO, ROME (SOMETIMES CALLED "HADRIAN'S MOLE")

Built by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum, it was partly remodeled, and much damaged architecturally by it, during the Middle Ages. The Bridge is the Ponte Sant' Angelo, also built by Hadrian, and slightly changed since.



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PISA'S LEANING TOWER

This campanile is 181 feet high, and $51\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter at the base.

It leans southward 13 feet 8 inches out of the perpendicular.

THE FAIRIES' FIDDLER: (Welsh Air) Ffarwel ned Puw

By Kenneth Morris (International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California)

A SONG comes breathing on the breeze,
And down around the mountain;
It rose behind the alder trees,
And died beside the fountain.
The dragonfly that darted by,
A flame among the rushes,
He heard the phantom crwth, in truth,
Five bars above the bushes:
*I wander the hills through the long summer day-time,
When the dog-roses bloom through the laughter-loud hay-time,
And the tall foxgloves wave in their beauty.*

A rumor ran along the trees,
And roused the dreaming heron;
It's dear knows what he hears and sees
When the moon is o'er Cilgerran;
Nor what wild wisp of song should come
At midnight down the river,
To set the vicar's hives a-hum,
His ivy-leaves a-quiver.
*And it's sweet in the moonlight, when fairies are roaming,
To dance the long nights by the wild waters foaming,
With the deathless young Children of Beauty.*

A fiddler strayed away one day
Where the Tylwyth Teg were dancing;
And now he keeps the heather gay,
Its diamond-dews a-glancing.
At Mwnt he set the warren-folk
With long ears listening, listening;
The last green, tumbling wave that broke
He held a moment glistening.
*By the long sands of Teifi in sunlight a-glimmer,
I pass like a dream through the June noonday shimmer —
Ah, the soul of this wild world is Beauty!*

Oh, gold would grow the gorse and broom,
And bells would bloom in the woodland,
But where'd be half the glory and gloom
And glow of Gwalia's good land,
Were no wild music midst her hills
To enchant the stars above her,
And keep a-dance her daffodils,
And make the lone sun love her?
*It's the fire in the mountains would grow cold without me,
And the wandering song I'll be squandering about me
Till the world is burnt up by its Beauty.*

OCCULTISM, THE A B C OF LIFE: by a Student



IN an account of the meeting of a scientific society, the observer accords much praise to a foreign speaker, whose English was so good and delivery so perfect that his address was both pleasing and instructive; while two English speakers come off with the criticism that their papers were doubtless very interesting, but as they were inaudible it is impossible to say. The observer goes on to remark that such inaudible speaking is becoming commoner, and that the speakers give the impression that they are not interested in what they are saying.

Speaking is one of those arts which people seem to think it unnecessary to study and learn; and the probability is that most speakers of the kind mentioned are blissfully unaware of their inaudibility. Doubtless their voice resounds comfortably in the empty spaces of their own chest and head, and this prevents them from knowing that it does not penetrate to the auditory apparatus of other people. To be a lecturer, it is not only necessary to know your subject, but the art of enunciation and audible delivery needs to be learned also. And the sound of one's voice in one's own ears is a most misleading guide. Such people ought to be trained by being made to read or speak from one end of a large room to somebody teaching them at the other end; when they would soon find out that tones which will pass muster in a conversation are useless in a public speech. In conversation we carelessly slur half our syllables, leaving our interlocutor to guess them from the context; but this will not do in a public speech, where people are too far off to catch the signs. Again, a word pronounced in the ordinary English way — of throwing a strong accent on a single syllable and slurring the other syllables, becomes reduced to a mere monosyllable when said in that manner in a large room.

However, this is not intended to be a lecture on elocution, and the above points are touched merely for the sake of introducing the subject. That subject is the vital importance of attention to what are too often considered minor details, but are in reality essentials, in the conduct of life and in education. It has often been alleged that our college products are deficient in the A B C of education, such as spelling, general knowledge, ciphering, and speaking. But what a serious charge this is! What a jerry-built varnished structure must our edifice be if such is its composition! Surely we need to give our teachers a freer hand, so that they can form the curriculum as they know it ought to be formed.

Speaking is a principal art of self-expression; writing is another; and conduct in general may be added as a third. How absurd it seems for an erudite person, with something really interesting to say, to get up and mumble inaudibly, so as to vex the audience without informing them. And how many people there are who write books without ever having studied the art of writing, which is an art and has to be learned by hard work. The result is a confused and obscure style which often consigns their work "to the mercy of a rude stream that shall forever hide it."

Most thoughtful people realize these things, but the difficulty is to put them in practice. That difficulty arises from the fact that we do not begin our efforts far enough back. We cannot change education unless we at the same time change several other things in our individual and collective life that need changing. Nor can we effect in our own person the needed reforms in particular details without first effecting a reform in general. Thus education is seen to begin very far back, and it will be found to have its roots, not in the mental faculties only, but in that moral region wherein lie the springs of conduct.

The watchword of Theosophy, as regards education, may be said to be "Thorough." And if we may use the much-abused word "Occultism" without suggesting anything spooky, we would say that the same word is a key-word in Occultism. For as soon as we really begin to try and make Occultism practical in our life, we find that our obstacles lie just before our feet, and that we must clear them away before we can begin to think of advancing. In short, Occultism is the greatest of the Arts, being the Art of right living; and it consists in being able to perform rightly the simplest and most ordinary actions. Any person having the power to do this will *ipso facto* have the power to do a great deal — he will necessarily be a very forceful and influential person.

The impatience of the lower nature continually urges us to seek the heights before we have mastered the lowlands; and this is equally true of study and of Occultism. Both the badly-trained pupil and his unwise and ambitious parent desire immediate visible results and try to skip over the necessary drudgery. Drudgery is even scoffed at, and all kinds of ideas introduced to force knowledge into pupils in sugar coats and capsules. Memorizing, the faculty *par excellence* of childhood, is slighted, and mental discipline in general goes into the waste-basket. And those ambitious to attain knowledge and power

ask for the higher instructions when they have refused to learn the elementary course; and of course no teacher, however willing, can possibly grant their foolish prayer.

At the root of all attainment stands the *Man* himself — a thing which the world is waiting to be introduced to; and which it fails to see when a speaker gets up and gives an exhibition of inefficiency. And at the root of the Man stands Faith in his own Divinity, giving the true pride and expelling vanity and egotism, which are weaknesses. Let us form in our mind our best ideal of true Manhood or Womanhood, and then have faith that it is not beyond our reach.

THE SCATTERING OF RACES: by T. H.



THE evolutionary hypotheses characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century seized upon the scientific mind with the force of religious dogmas, nor is their force by any means spent even yet. The most repressive effect these dogmas have had upon the discovery of truth lies in the fact that they endow the mind with a preconceived idea, and into this idea all subsequent investigations must be made to fit. Thus these evolution theories have been applied to everything, like a Procrustean bed, and everything must be shown to have evolved in a particular manner and along a particular route.

Anthropology has suffered a good deal from this cause. In accordance with certain biological theories of evolution it is deemed necessary to show that humanity has evolved along a single line of ascent from rudimentary and even bestial conditions to the present (and presumably highest) point of civilization. The facts, however, do not always show a desirable alacrity in adapting themselves to this exigency; and so the action of the Procrustean bed results in a mutual adaptation of fact and theory whereby considerable violence is often done to both. When facts are very obstinate and refuse to give way, then the theory has to be stretched till it wears thin and the light begins to show through the crevices. A case in point is a theory which has been used in order to account for the well-known similarity, and in many cases identity, of legends and folklore among all the peoples of earth. How did people so widely sundered as the natives of America and those of Asia come to have Flood and Creation stories so alike in the essential

features? How do such stories as Jack the Giant-Killer and Cinderella come to be virtually world-wide?

Now, since the theory requires that these various peoples have nothing behind them but successive stages of less and less culture, going back to barbarism in their own respective lands, the only conclusion left is that they *evolved* these myths and this folklore; and to account for the identity of the legends it is deemed sufficient merely to restate the fact in the form of a law, and to say that "Different peoples, evolving under similar conditions, will invent the same Creation and Flood stories, the same nursery legends, the same symbolism." In short, in default of an explanation, the fact is bolted bravely without even a wry face.

To show that this extraordinary theory still holds ground in some quarters, we give a quotation from a scientific magazine. This quotation not only states the theory but seems to imply that the theory was forced upon a reluctant mind *by* the facts. It says:

Nothing is clearer from the results of anthropological research than that the different races of men, separated by the whole length of the globe, have evolved almost, if not quite, the same myths and folklore, independently of one another.

This looks as though the anthropologists had set out with the idea that men had derived the legends from one another, but had been led by the facts to the opposite conclusion, namely, that the men invented the legends independently. But so far as we have been able to estimate the results of actual research, these tend more and more to confute the theory. Facts are always turning up which interfere with the notion that races evolved from savagery in the supposed way. Every day we get more facts in support of the idea that these so-called aboriginal races are the remote offshoots of much larger races which were civilized and much more homogeneous. The teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, relative to Atlantis and its Fourth-Race occupants, are daily gaining more favor. In the same number from which the above is quoted (*Knowledge*, London, December, 1911) we find an article on "A Scandinavian Tribe in the Arctic Northwest," analysing Villijmar Stefanssen's discovery, in the Arctic regions north of British Columbia, of a race of men Scandinavian in type, two of them red-bearded. These cannot be survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition, as that is too recent, and memories of it would have survived. The fact must be considered in connexion with many other discoveries of blond types among dark races, and with the fact that the natives of North America

differ from one another widely in color and complexion, and that many of their legends tell of a time when the Arctic climate was warm. This writer, evidently familiar with some of the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, takes us over the familiar ground of the Atlantis story and its evidence, the changes in the position of the earth's axis, the universal cosmic myths, and so on.

It is to conclusions in harmony with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky that science will have to come, if it is to remain faithful to the truth. Meanwhile it is natural that there should be a reluctance to leave familiar moorings to tempt a wide sea where one will no longer be regarded as a pilot; so the body of scientific opinion will go slow. Just now, too, the subject is in the stage of being exploited by quacks, who, like the early voyagers to these shores, get up their own individual expeditions and gold-rushes in the newly-discovered realms. But when this stage has passed and the subject has attained that of serious investigation, science will be able to bury old biological theories in the dirt of its excavations. We shall no longer be under the necessity of accommodating our views on moral and social questions to the theory that the universe is ruled by a sort of scientific god Pan, a god of instincts and tendencies. We shall be able to admit that even in human evolution the source of the stream may be at least as high as its present channel.

The present distribution of races over the globe is the result of a breaking-up and scattering that took place long ago; or, rather, of various scatterings major and minor. Science traces the derivations and migrations of races in some cases, but in general it does not seek far enough back into the past, preferring to take its chronology from the Hebraic Bible rather than from the book of nature. To find the point of divergence of peoples now so remote as the American, African, and Asiatic native races, we must go back to Atlantean and early Aryan times, long before the admitted periods of history. But, if we have so far no written records, we have the book of nature, studied by geology, and the book of archaeology; and these, if interpreted without prejudice, can tell us much. And no doubt the future progress of discovery will bring other and stronger proofs, as has happened before in the history of discovery.

But before we can receive such proofs we must have climbed a little farther up the sides of our little valley of speculation, so that we can catch glimpses of the prospects that stretch behind and before.



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THE ÎLE DE SALAGNON, LAKE GENEVA, NEAR CLARENS, SWITZERLAND
It was at Clarens that the scene of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* was laid; Byron's
"isle of three trees," in his *Prisoner of Chillon*, refers to the Île de Salagnon.

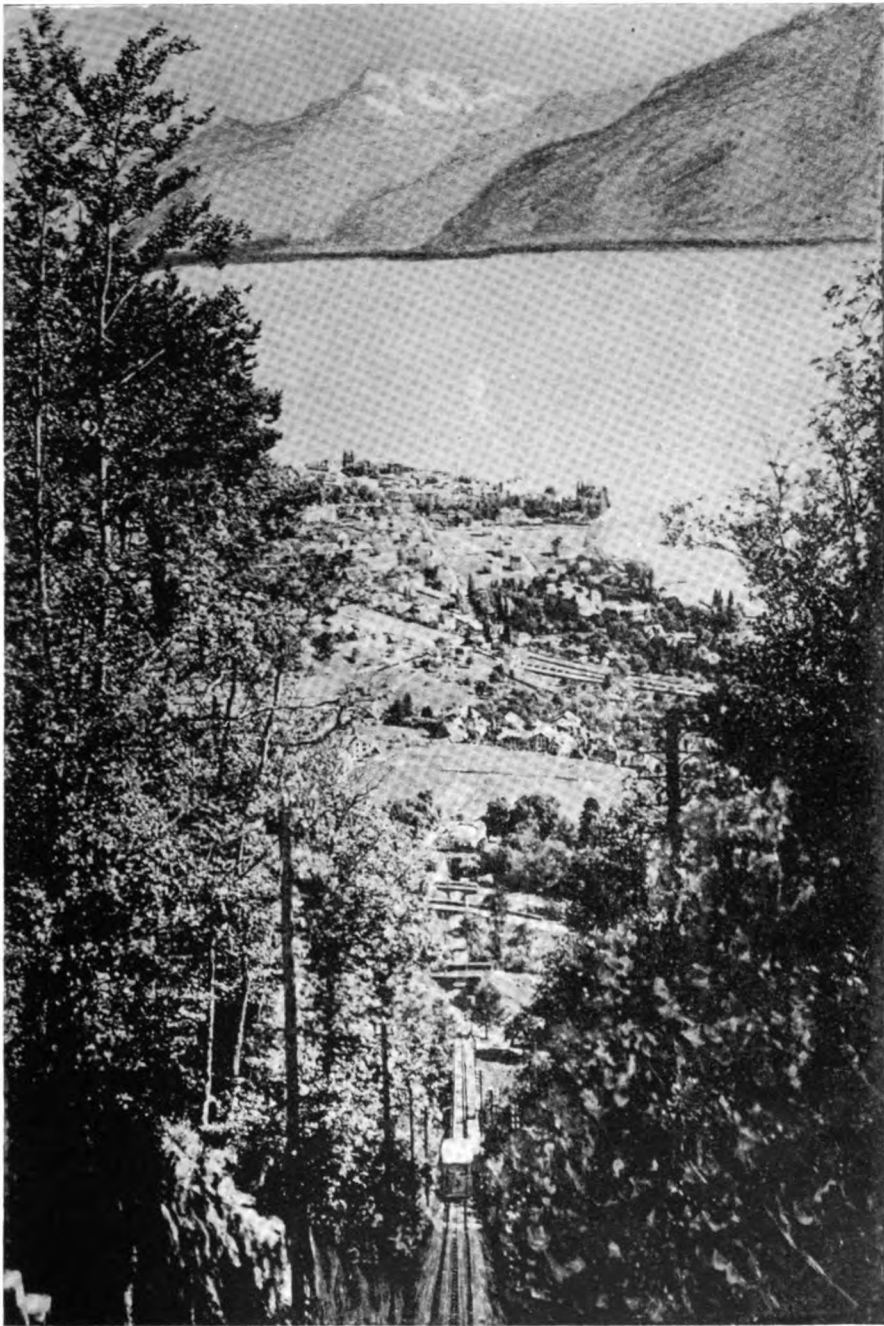
Chillon is not distant.



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A VIEW OF MONTREUX, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA
CANTON OF VAUD, SWITZERLAND

This is one of the most famous health-resorts and tourist-centers in Europe. The scenery surrounding Montreux is of exquisite beauty. The "barque" in the foreground is noteworthy for the curious triangular sails. These barques are found at only three places in the world: on Lake Geneva, on the Nile, and on the Mediterranean.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW FROM MONT PÉLERIN, OVER THE LAKE OF GENEVA
ALSO SHOWING THE FUNICULAR TRAMWAY



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE FUNICULAR (OR CABLE) TRAMWAY FROM TERRITET, LAKE OF GENEVA,
TO GLION, A HEIGHT OVER MONTREUX

The view from these little vehicles as one climbs the mountain, is of indescribable charm.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

Theosophy for the Aged: by T. B. Marriott



YOU old people sitting by your fireside have a most wonderful opportunity to work a bit of magic. You have the experiences of a long life to look back upon, mostly of sorrows and disappointments perhaps, but with some glimpses of happiness. Would you turn all the past into Peace, and look into a future full of Joy? You can do all this, and more, if you will call Magic to your aid and use it wisely.

What is the Magic? Where is it to be found?

It is the magic of the realization that you are Souls, and it can be found in your own hearts.

Don't stop to consider what a Soul is, or what it does or feels, or what it is made of. The knowledge of all these will spring up within you in time. Forget yourselves for a moment. Live in the highest, most fervent, and best that you are able to feel, and you will realize that there *must* be an eternity behind and an eternity before you with your friends and comrades as members of the great Human Family, all living with one purpose: that of unfolding and growing to a state of absolute Perfection and Joy.

Standing thus apart from your smaller selves, as spectator Souls instead of human actors, look into and consider the scenes of the past and learn their lessons and meanings, and look forward into the future with confidence.

The picture of a Soul's struggles comes before my mind.

One of a large family living in a tiny hamlet, miles away from a town or even a church, as a child she had no contact with the outside world, no outlook, no pleasures beyond those of healthy youth amidst woods and moors. The parents were both descended from old cultured stock which had sunk into poverty in the preceding generation, but they retained a certain amount of refinement and culture which expressed itself chiefly in the acquirement and production of instrumental and vocal music of the highest order; and a somewhat didactic and dogmatic manner with others through the sense of their mental and physical superiority to all around them.

The children had these qualities as much as their parents, together with the ambitions and restlessness of healthy youth, but their ambitions were necessarily of a narrow kind on account of the lack of acquaintance with other conditions.

Such the environment. Ruled with a rod of iron in the style of the

times the great possibilities of this young life were stunted and crushed until the time came when she was sent away, at about her second decade, to a neighboring family. But here again the conditions were rural and narrow, and the opportunity for understanding other phases of life or of developing her good and strong innate qualities were almost nil.

Though good-hearted and conscientious, her hard and stern upbringing showed through in her efforts when helping others, as there was no soft and gentle touch in her methods.

About the age of thirty-five she was called to take charge of a consumptive sister and family of husband and six children. These were in moderately good circumstances but the husband was even narrower in mind than his wife's people, having had a similar youth; he had no ambitions outside his office and was content with the daily routine.

Her sister died. Years passed. During this period her strength of will and persistence in doing what she believed to be best led to frequent quarrels, mostly relating to her efforts to raise the standard of living and for the betterment of the children; but these efforts were often mistaken and caused much misery and suffering to them as they grew up.

As the family circumstances improved, these efforts to rise into superior surroundings naturally led to ostentation and incongruities of many kinds. Every few years she forced her brother-in-law to take a step upward in the social world, and this went on until the children had grown up and left home and he had passed away.

Now she lives in retirement, with no real friends, doing a considerable amount of good to those around, but feeling the loneliness and despondency of a hard old age.

Does the picture of this tragic life recall too poignantly incidents of the past? Does it make you miserable and sad?

If so, stop! Apply the magic touch of SOUL, and you will be able to make of the experiences of the past such a power for good that your loved ones, and it may be thousands of others, will shower blessings on you in the future time.

Remember that you are a Soul, full of love and courage; that you will have many lives in the future in which to adjust previous mistakes, and in which you will be able to help others knowingly and wisely.

Ponder well on all the incidents, and see how and where a little

extra knowledge would have helped you to do just the right thing. Think of the real needs of the children; how they want so badly to be active and doing things; how they can be guided, and their minds and sympathies unfolded and drawn into right channels; how ardently they desire to know of the realities of life!

Does this not bring a great influx of Love and Strength to your heart? To be sure it does, and you will return after your period of rest with all the strength and wisdom you now draw to your heart from the clear insight you gain from pondering over these things, and in the time yet remaining you will better understand the hopes and conditions of those around you and will give them something of the peace and wisdom you now possess.

Many of the mistakes we make are due to the mis-translation of the urge of the Soul. We want to be always progressing to better conditions, and in our ambition we often take the wrong path.

Is not the effort to keep up appearances and to appear in better circumstances than our means warrant one of the mis-translations of the Soul's urge to higher things?

The mind in lacking any knowledge of the true laws governing evolution has little or no basis on which to build. Yet, behind it all we learn many lessons from the people we meet, through these mistakes, and it may be that Karma put them in our way in order that we might not fall into grooves, for the consideration and sympathy we often receive from chance (?) acquaintances keep alive in us our longings for better conditions, and the wish to emulate their external modes of life is but the unfortunate effect of ignorance of the higher states to which we are journeying.

Strong characters are never satisfied with existing conditions, but if high ideals and a real philosophy have not been held in the mind from early youth their energies and strength tend to lead them into wrong paths, or their valuable qualities are put to inadequate uses.

It is to point out these side-tracks and to show the way to obtain a true philosophy that Theosophy is in the world today. Its teachings of Karma, Reincarnation, and the ultimate Perfectibility of Man, bring hope and peace to many sorrowing hearts and enable them to understand many of the difficult problems which confront them.

After looking back and studying our own needs and longings in the past we must see that others were and are in the same position. When this is realized, we are in a better position to help those around,

and while we may feel diffident about advising, yet there are ways by which just a word, a touch, or a little help at the right time may change the whole of the future life for the better.

Shall we not then make use of our added knowledge to lead the lives of those about us into the right direction? We *dare* not perpetuate the wrong methods which helped to make our lives so crushed and purposeless. We *must* help as much as we are able; but above all, we must tell them where and how they may find out for themselves the true solution of their difficulties.

Five minutes daily study of the Theosophical books published by the Theosophical Publishing Co. at Point Loma, will give such an insight into the realities of life, its problems and difficulties, its meaning and beauty, that a new start will necessarily follow, for they are written with just this object and the Truth thrills through them.

Theosophy gives us courage to face ourselves, and while overcoming our weaknesses, to step out boldly away from the limitations of the past, and to advance steadily and surely along the path which leads to ultimate perfectibility together with the rest of humanity, in the bonds of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

FEAR AND THE WARRIOR: by R. W. Machell

FEAR is a traitor that unbars the portals of the House of Life, leaving it open to the enemies that lie lurking round its citadel.

Like water through a broken dam they stream through the unguarded opening, issuing from the secret places of the mind, ghosts of old sins and half-forgotten deeds of shame. Pale phantoms of the inglorious past, they cry their soundless menaces; they whisper doubts that sink into the heart, they bring despondency and paralyse the will, making it impotent. Fear is the child of selfishness, born of the mis-used powers of the soul and man's deadliest enemy, the arch-traitor that in the guise of wisdom, caution, or experience, betrays the mind, chilling the bold heart's courage, hindering action with suggestions of delay, till the time is past for action. Fear kills the will like a slow poison breathed into the mind and filling all the chambers of the House of Life with vapors fatal to all noble thoughts or deeds.

Beware of fear. Beware of self-mistrust. Respect yourself. Summon the Warrior who is Thyself. He is the sunlight and the joy of Life: the ghosts of old evils fade before the light in which he lives.



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"FEAR"
Painting by R. W. Machell.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THE WARRIOR."

A symbolic painting by R. W. Machell.

He is thy true Self, and will come to be thy champion if thou canst make thy voice heard in the innermost recesses of thine own heart. There he dwells apart waiting and listening for the call to action that shall end his long imprisonment within the sanctuary of the human heart. Let him come forth and take his rightful place as regent and ruler of the will, the Self divine, the Warrior, the King enthroned within the House of Life, the perfect Man, the flower of the Tree of Life.

. . . In one topmost blossom that scales the sky,
Man equal and one with me, Man that is made of me,
Man that is I.

(Swinburne's *Hertha*)

YOUR INSTINCT OF GREATNESS: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



WID it ever occur to you that in dreams you are, in a way, always the central fact or figure to which all things and people and events have certain secondary relations? Your interest centers upon the bearing which all these things have upon your thought and feeling. Even as a mere spectator of unknown actors, vigorously engaged in strange activities, in some unfamiliar place, the scene always appeals to something in you which gives it a personal meaning and interest.

The same kind of feeling runs through the waking dream of everyday life. It is always by something within oneself that the human interest in every event that is presented is understood. However limited and humdrum the personal career may happen to be, each one feels a certain share in whatever experience is met with, or can be imagined. Of course there is a petty conceit in man's lesser nature which always pushes for first place, and blames others when finding itself in a narrow or unpleasant position. It is this counterfeit sense that often assumes an indifferent bluff about things which it feels unequal to doing or being. The real Dreamer has that genuine instinct of greatness which feels that he is a part of everything that has been, or is, or is to be. So deeply rooted is the desire to be complete, there is something natural in the wish to be the whole thing.

It is the quality of greatness or pettiness acting through thought and feeling which decides whether our dreams — both day and night — are pleasant ones or hideous nightmares. There is always the free-

dom of will with which to choose the *quality* of dreams and the *kind* of dreamers that makes up our world. Each one decides what characters he will play, and Life provides him with the cues and his costumes.

It is from self-confinement in the small compartments of the lesser nature that one suffers, no less than from the locks and bars. Suppose that by some magic your prison doors tomorrow were opened wide and every inmate was free to go where he wished. But always he would find his world peopled only by those who were no better or worse or more complex than his former set of fellow prisoners. Wouldn't that be an unsatisfactory prospect for all time? Would anyone be content to have the characteristics of even two thousand picked men set as the limit of all that he could ever become? Probably not. True, we do not consciously expect to attain to all that others have already done; but deep within is that intuitive feeling that there is no limit to our power as Souls. It is a common error everywhere to underestimate the real Man, and, too often, to switch the current of the living dynamo on to the worse side of our human nature.

Any member of a prison community — many are counted by hundreds, some even number thousands — can see daily that each one of these men is a special combination of qualities, good and bad, great and petty. Breathing a common air and eating the same kind of food, they build up different bodies; given the same cut of clothing they wear their stripes differently; living the same dull, narrow life, yet each takes it according to his make-up. No two of them look or act or feel or think or *are* just alike personally; yet they are all human, closely linked by the common tie of their humanity, and destined some day to know their own essential greatness.

Every institution has its own tone of feeling. A certain individuality marks the collective qualities of the inmates, just as a composite picture averages many faces. Imagine the strength and keenness of a two-thousand-man power to feel love and hatred, honor and disgrace, courage and fear, generosity and selfishness, nobility and degradation, purity and perversion, will and weakness, truth and error, skill and stupidity, charm and repulsion, health and disease! Of course the opposite traits of character would modify each other when they both were acting, *but not otherwise*. A two-thousand-man power for courage and cleanness and generosity would be an irresistibly strong current of influence for uplift — a healthy nerve-center in the social system. But if the force of the human dynamo were switched over to

the lines of fear and vice and selfishness, the outgoing quality would be stifling and tainted.

When you sum up all the best things in your fellow-prisoners, and multiply the total many times for the good stored away, inactive, in them, you get a hint of the divinity that is mixed up with the animal in man. The worst side of human nature has all the instincts and passions of the unthinking animal, *plus* the power of mind and the skill of hand. As you stand off and study the animal in others, it does not seem like anything that you want to make part and parcel of yourself. Yet, doubtless, you have got impulses which, under similar conditions, would work themselves out in you as they are doing in others. Now, if a man has some evil traits and the capacity for all wrong things, there is also something equally strong in him working for his perfection, as fast as he will permit it.

If you allow the greatness of your nature to act it will show itself in your thought and feeling, in your face, in your walk, in your work. Your life, however hidden, will be a strong, silent challenge to the greatness in every fellow-man to come forth and claim its kin. The Peace that men seek at any price will freely follow you everywhere. Try it!

IS "THE PATH" ALL IMAGINATION?

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE front cover-page of a copy of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* has been received back from one to whom the magazine was sent, with his impressions inscribed in ink across the picture. He is pleased to describe the beautiful and inspiring painting of *The Path* as a mere revel of the imagination. And he brackets together, as examples of this indulgence of futile imagination, the names of "Milton, St. John, Dante, Blavatsky, *et alii*." Under the expression "*et alii*" we may be allowed to include all great geniuses and teachers who have used the imagination as a means of interpreting life symbolically.

This critic is not alone in the apparent desire to disparage the name of H. P. Blavatsky; but he would find few among her detractors prepared to disparage her in such company as "Milton, Dante, and St. John." Hence he is more courageous and more consistent than they. They are not logical enough to admit that it is impossible to disparage

the author of *The Secret Doctrine* and initiator of the modern Theosophical Movement on any grounds which would not also condemn the above-mentioned and many other great names. He is willing to go the whole length required by the logic of his position. Much as Theosophists regret that the name of H. P. Blavatsky should be disparaged, it will be some consolation to them to think that in order to disparage it, it is considered necessary to condemn all geniuses and genius itself; that, in order to remove one star from heaven, it is necessary to tear down the firmament.

We need not dwell too much on this extreme case of a man who has centered himself so much in one corner of his mind that the great world of thought around him is as strange and unreal as the blue sky of the bird might be to the gopher in his hole. Let us rather consider the general case of which it is an extreme instance. And, as the critic in question claims the right to be esteemed a man of science (in which respect we think he does scant justice to the name of that pursuit), let us confine ourselves to hard facts, so that he may have no excuse for imputing too much license of imagination.

We forbear, then, to speak of the Soul; for to do so might lay us open to the above charge. Let us speak of the critic's *being*; he will scarcely deny that; we can surely assume that we are agreed with him in accepting for a solid fact the fact of his *existence*. Whatever theories he may hold as to the origin of man, the nature of man, or the destiny of man, the hard fact remains for him, as for the rest of us, that he is here, that he lives, and that he has to solve the problem of life practically, in some way or other. As he is not a purely instinctual being — not an animal or idiot — he must have some plan, method, or philosophy by which to regulate his doings. We speak not of the philosophy about which he writes and talks, but of the practical philosophy which, though perhaps unformulated and unrecognized, nevertheless exists for him as for the plowboy.

This critic, then, has his life to lead, and he interprets it in his own way. At the present stage of his mental development, his intellectual conceptions take the form of what is familiar as “scientific scepticism,” or some such name. As to his more intimate and secret philosophy of life we can, of course, know nothing. Theosophy, Theosophists, and THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, have to deal with people who are studying the facts of life. These people have to be appealed to, catered for. In the magazine are a number of printed articles dealing

with all kinds of subjects, calculated to suit various tastes and needs. There are also many illustrations — to appeal to other kinds of requirements. Now it happens to be one of the dry facts of life that a large part of the human race is susceptible to such things as music, graphic art, poetry, and other phases of culture that would come under the condemnation of our critic. These readers have to be met.

It is characteristic of the order of mind represented by our critic to regard all works of the imagination as a kind of sauce to life, not to be taken seriously, but to be tolerated as an amusement. But art and imagination are among the *essentials* of life. What would life be without them? Fancy a world ruled by the conceptions of material science alone. Take music as an instance. One of the underlying principles of all life is harmony and order; we see it manifested in all the works of Nature which the man of science is supposed to study. Music is the means of interpreting to the outer sense and the outer understanding the meaning of the harmony that rules behind the scenes of nature. By the power of music we are elevated for a time to a realm which we feel to be full of beauty and harmony, but which lies beyond the power of the ordinary mind to interpret; but we can nevertheless allow some of the spirit of harmony to filter into our nature, so that we may make our lives more harmonious. Thus music, rightly understood, is seen to be more than a mere sauce to life, and to represent one of the essential facts of life itself. In the same way with other arts. The true purpose of painting is to convey to the understanding lessons that cannot be conveyed verbally.

But there are some people who are at present in a stage of their evolution at which they are not susceptible to such appeals. They have to learn in other ways; and experience will teach them.

The imagination can be abused, of course; just as the ratiocinative faculty can be overdone. We do not wish to extol the unbridled license of the imagination. But why must man necessarily hop through life on one leg, and not use all his faculties each in its right place and due measure? The imagination is a steed to be curbed — Pegasus, if we may be allowed to use a symbol. There are some who cannot curb their steed and prefer to walk rather than incur the danger or trouble of riding. But we need not throw away our best gifts because others misuse them.

"The Path" is designed to appeal to those — and they are many — who are susceptible to such appeals. It is an allegorical picture

of the pilgrimage of life. Our critic — whatever he may say — is a pilgrim on the path of life, with the same ambitions, the same dangers, as other pilgrims. No doubt his case is duly represented among the symbolical figures seen groping their several ways toward the one goal. That we are alive is no flight of the imagination but a hard fact. That we are all striving towards the light is another hard fact. It is equally true that we follow false lights, tarry in pleasure-grounds of sense, heed sweet voices of illusion, step over brinks in our prideful star-gazing, and so forth. All this is beautifully depicted in the painting; and while some minds prefer cold print, others find more light in a picture.

Need we go out of our way to defend Milton, St. John, Dante, *et alii*? They all interpreted life in their several ways, expressing their own intuitions and finding glad auditors in multitudes of people in their day, and since. The world is indebted to them, and even the most satisfied exponent of the physical conception of the universe will some day reach a point of appreciation.

The message of Theosophy is one of general all-round regeneration. It is more practical than the so-called practical, yet it leads the van for imagination and art. Both art and the homelier interests of life need an uplift. The inner meaning of life must be interpreted in all possible ways. We all have our life to lead; and beauty is certainly an essential. The universe is ruled by harmony and beauty, order and intelligence, as its form shows in every detail. Our lives are implanted mysteriously in the common soil wherein all life is rooted. How can we interpret the universal life and our own life? Only by developing to the utmost every faculty with which we find ourselves endowed, rejecting none, suffering none to lead us, but mastering and directing all.



PYTHAGORAS and his followers firmly maintained that the human soul is a detached part, or emanation, from the great universal soul of the world. I am further confirmed in my belief of the soul's immortality, by the discourse which Socrates, whom the oracle of Apollo pronounced to be the wisest of men, held upon this subject just before his death. — *Cicero*

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by Helios



NEW theories of the Universe are cropping up like mushrooms; new explanations of the "canals" on Mars catch the eye in every magazine; even the daily papers find their readers are interested in the controversies about the age of the world and the origin of the Solar System, and supply reading matter on those subjects. The discovery, comparatively recent, that there are myriads of spirally-formed nebulae in the regions of space farthest removed from the circle of the Milky Way, and the knowledge we now possess that there is some kind of structure or design in the vast Universe of stars and nebulae around us, are bringing astronomers nearer to the teachings of Theosophy. A noteworthy change in the point of view of the most eminent scientists is seen in the modern position on the subject of the "running down" of the universe of suns. Instead of pessimistically asserting that every particle of energy and heat will ultimately be dissipated and everything be reduced to a state of cold, stagnant, motionless, eternal death, a really barbarous notion, we are now told by various prominent authorities, such as Arrhenius of Sweden, See of the United States, Bickerton of New Zealand, etc., that eternal *transformation* is the law of nature; that forms perish, suns grow pale, planets freeze, but that new suns and new planets arise from their ashes, and that the universe is a self-winding clock. This is admirable in comparison with the illogical "running down" theory, but there is a great want of agreement among the scientists as to the method of perpetuation. Nothing is of course positively *known*; all is surmise, conjecture, and deduction from comparatively few facts. From the Theosophical standpoint there is an appalling deficiency in the argument; none of the acute minds who have dealt with the subject seem to have suspected that behind the material plane upon which the ebbs and flows of manifested activity take place, there is an inner plane, or many inner planes, of causes, without which the *Manvantaras* and *Pralayas*, as the periodic manifestations and withdrawals of the worlds and universes are called in the Oriental philosophies, would have no proper explanation. The Western scientist sees only a change of conditions in material matter, the appearance as individual bodies of suns and planets, and perhaps of vast aggregations of such, their development into complex and organized conditions, and their decay and resolution into finely divided matter—nebulous matter—and then the rebuilding, by methods which are hotly disputed. The student of Theosophy, however, goes much

farther than this, and realizes that there is a withdrawal of energy from the physical plane at the times of the greater *Pralayas*, and that the Universal Consciousness withdraws more or less into Itself at such times. To quote from H. P. Blavatsky:

The Secret Doctrine affirms:

(b) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically "the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing," called the "manifesting stars," and the "sparks of Eternity." "The Eternity of the Pilgrim" is like a wink of the Eye of Self-Existence. (*Book of Dzyan*). "The appearance and disappearance of Worlds is like regular tides of flux and reflux."

. . . . An alternation such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.

Herbert Spencer speaks of rhythm in the totality of the changes in the Universe manifesting in

now an immeasurable period during which the attracting forces predominating, cause universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period, during which the repulsive forces predominating, cause universal diffusion — alternate eras of evolution and dissolution.

H. P. Blavatsky discusses this subject very fully in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, as it is the basis of much of the Esoteric Philosophy. Once modern science frankly admits the existence of inner planes of matter, invisible and intangible to our physical senses, beyond the reach of our spectroscopes or other testing instruments and only to be explored by powers which are at present latent in most men, a much clearer understanding of the great cycles of manifestation and withdrawal will force itself upon the investigators of the cosmic problems. Then we shall see Theosophy freely accepted as the Key to real knowledge. Already the researches of such original and sober scientists as Dr. Kilner, late of St. Thomas's Hospital London, upon the human aura, are exploding the crude materialism of orthodox physiology by proving that organized matter can exist in unseen and unsuspected forms.

For some years astronomical observers have been speculating as to the possibility of there being dark nebulae in space — cloudy substances giving off no light and only perceived by their power of blotting out more distant objects. The existence of such has now almost been proved, and, if established, will add another most remarkable and

interesting factor to the ascertained conditions of the external universe. Intensely dark "lanes" or "holes," as they were called, have been carefully watched, both in some of the bright nebulae and in the general background of stars. Not a single star, however faint, is to be seen in some of these, and the idea is growing that instead of these being holes into outer space, an improbable explanation, they may really be black cosmic clouds floating in front of the nebular or starry background, and shutting out the light. Professor Innes of the Transvaal Observatory has lately announced that a patch of sky rather more than three quarters of the Moon's diameter has been found near the Southern Crown constellation, in which no star can be seen. On the border of this region there is a small star which fluctuates in magnitude and which was even invisible for three years. The suggestion is made that the dark material, whatever it may be, that covers the blank space, extended itself during those three years sufficiently to hide that star, and that it has now withdrawn again. We do not really know what is the cause of the luminosity of the bright nebulae, and it seems perfectly reasonable, and in fact probable that non-luminous nebulae should exist in great numbers. Yet there may be some entirely unsuspected cause for the singular black "holes in the sky." We are only taking the first hesitating steps in the exploration of the mysteries of the stellar universe.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, compared the Solar System to the human body, the Sun being the heart and the planets the limbs. She said that the Sun contracts and expands just like the human heart, and that the solar vital fluid takes about ten years to circulate and a whole year to pass through the auricle and ventricle before it is purified in the solar "lungs." The sunspots appear in greatest numbers during the time of the contraction of the solar heart.

At the time H. P. Blavatsky wrote this in *The Secret Doctrine* such ideas were quite heterodox; few facts were known to support such wild notions; but now, what a change! For, some years ago, suspicion was aroused among astronomers that there was some hitherto unobserved change going on in the shape of the Sun, and careful measurements were made of its diameters directly through the telescope and by means of a series of large telescopic photographs. Until lately, photographs covering a sufficiently long period of years have not been available. The result of these measurements showed periodical changes taking place in the shape of the Sun, which till

then had always been considered a perfect circle. Quite lately the results of a further research have been published which completely corroborate the first investigations and demonstrate that the polar diameter of the Sun is longer at the time of the maximum of sunspots and that it shortens gradually during the sunspot minimum. The Sun, therefore, is *pulsating* in *heart-beats* of about eleven years, precisely as H. P. Blavatsky stated nearly twenty-five years ago — long before such a thing was suspected by science, and before it was possible to ascertain its truth, because the series of photographs which have demonstrated it were only then being commenced. The new measures, published in the *Bulletin Astronomique*, which have confirmed the previous ones are as follows:

Excess of Sun's Polar Diameter in seconds									
1905	0.07
1906	0.17
* 1907	0.31
1908	0.29
1909	0.13

(* 1907, year of sunspot maximum)

The results for 1910 are not complete, but as far as they go they indicate that the falling-off is continuing according to expectation. Every precaution was taken by the observers to eliminate errors and to allow the corrections for refraction, diffraction, tilt of photographic plate, etc. As one second of arc at the distance of the Sun represents four hundred and fifty miles, the change in length of the Polar diameter amounts to more than a hundred miles. Many new facts are being discovered, such as the eleven-year period of the wheat-rust in India, discovered by an Indian scientist; the appearance of magnetic storms, auroras, etc., which fully support H. P. Blavatsky's statements about the periodical outbreathing or outflowing of the solar circulating life-forces.

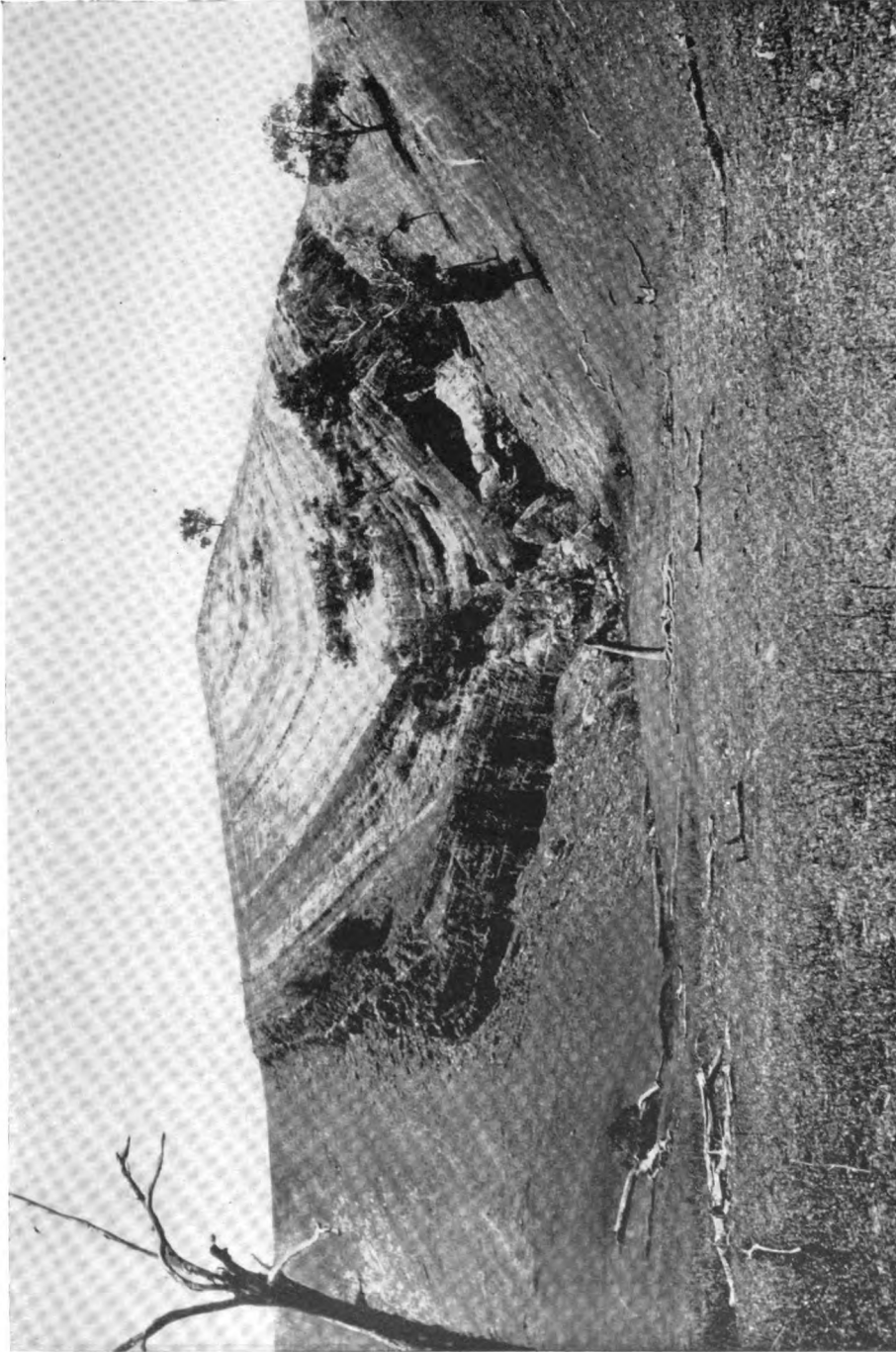
Mars is leaving us for a year or so, without having allowed astronomers to settle the question of the "canals." Professor Lowell is still satisfied with his theories; the observers at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, claim to have many confirmatory proofs. In one case it is claimed that two "canals" were detected in the process of doubling, the westernmost streak being the most clearly developed in each case. Some good photographs have been taken of Mars, showing more detail than has been photographically recorded before.



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SILURIAN LIMESTONE CLIFFS NEAR HATTON'S CORNER, YASS RIVER,
N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA

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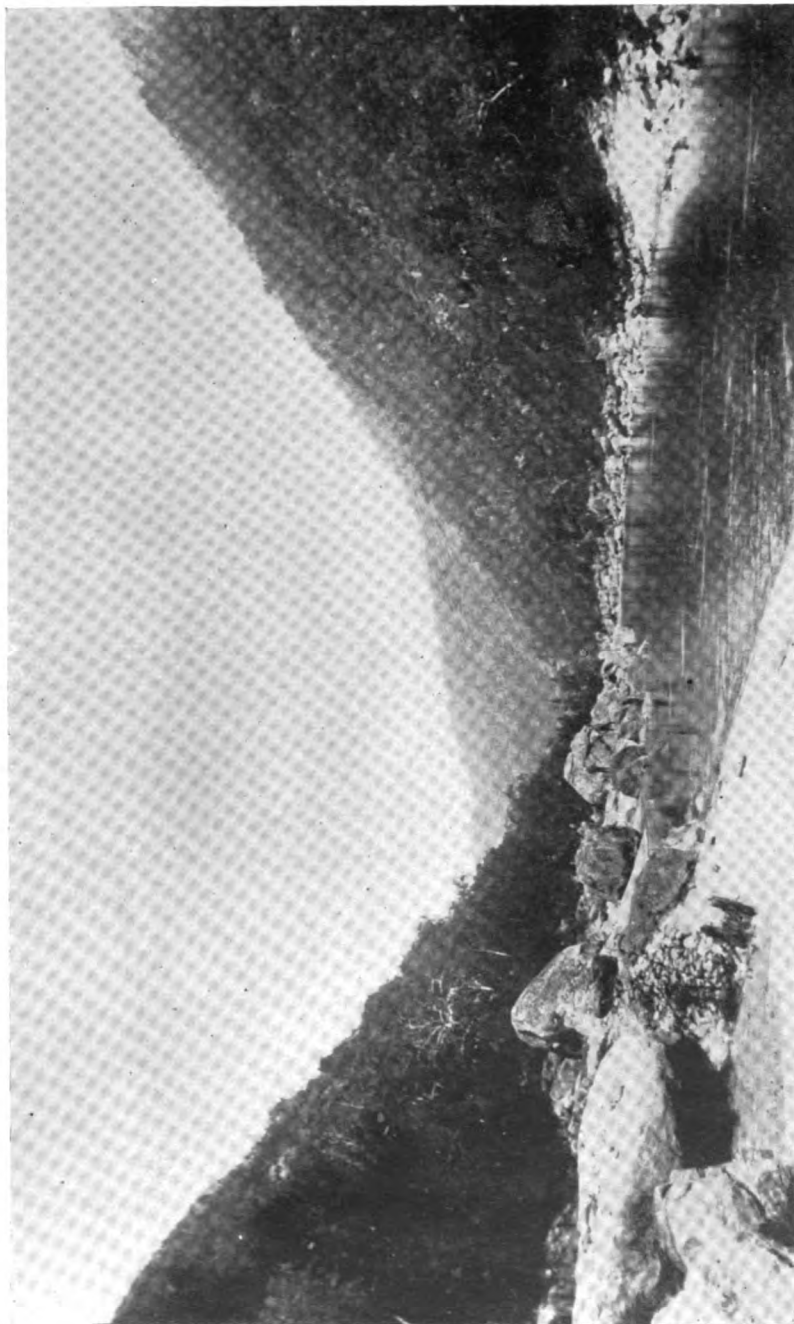
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THE "SYNCLINE," CAVAN CAVES, NEAR YASS, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA
(Copyright photo by Howard and Shearsby, Yass. Reproduced by permission)



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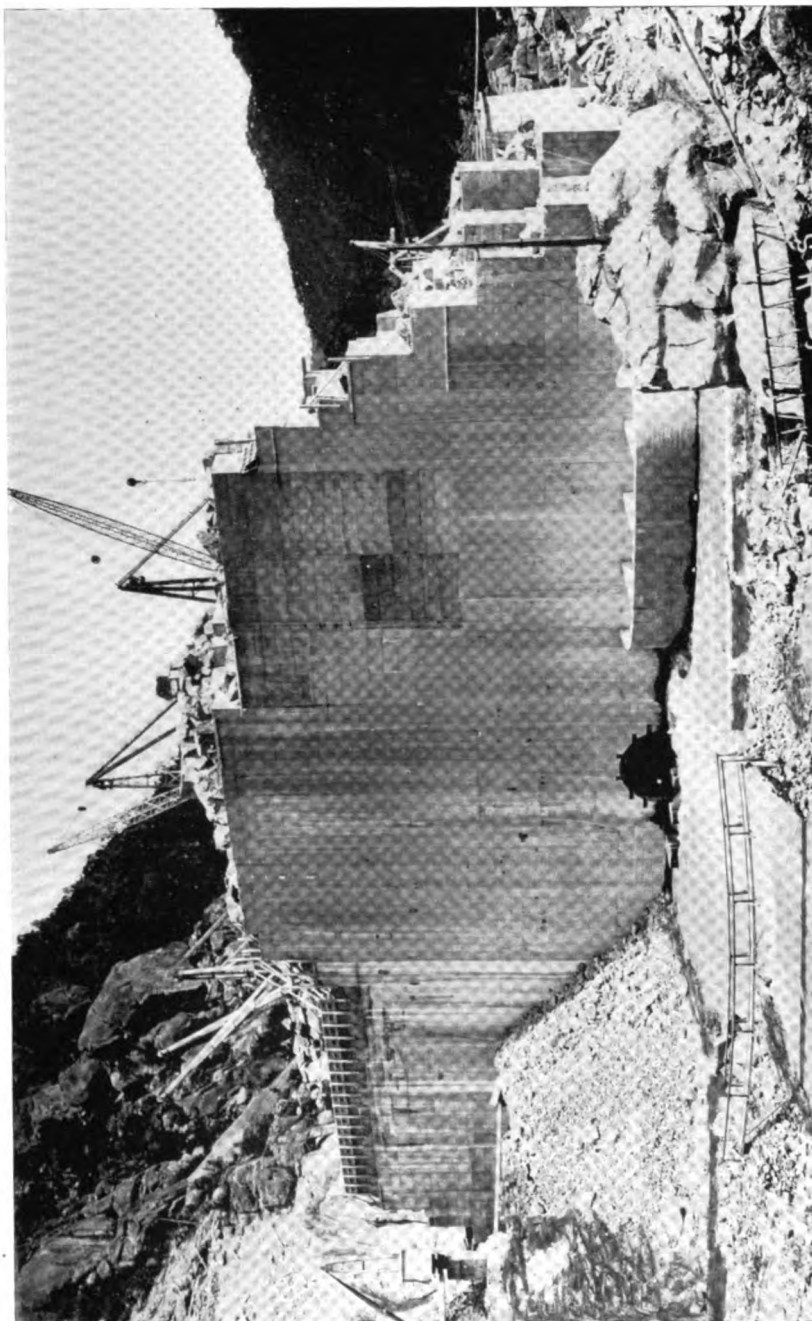
"BURRINJUCK" (AN ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN WORD), N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA
One of the largest irrigation dams in existence; built across the Murrumbidgee River.
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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MURRUMBIDGEE RIVER; "BURRINJUCK" HILL ON THE RIGHT

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"BURRINJUCK": THE FACE OF THE DAM

(Copyright photo by Howard and Shearsby, Yass. Reproduced by permission)



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"TERRACE FALLS," HAZELBROOK, BLUE MOUNTAINS, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA
These falls are 2910 feet above sea-level.

**A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF "HATTON'S CORNER,"
AND OF THE "SYNCLINE"; from lengthier ones by
A. J. Shearsby, Yass, N. S. W., Australia**

HATTON'S CORNER

THE district around the town of Yass is noted all the world over for its fossil beds of Silurian age, which are interbedded with a series of beautiful porphyries which have for many years puzzled geologists as to their origin. These porphyries have lately been investigated by A. J. Shearsby, who states that they are Silurian lava flows and not intrusions of granite masses.

The fossil beds are best studied at Hatton's Corner in the Yass River. Here are thick beds of limestone alternating with shale, both giving evidence of former coral reefs, which are now about two thousand feet above the sea. In the illustration a massive bed of limestone is seen in the foreground, with a perpendicular face to the Yass River over eighty feet in height, a typical illustration of a Silurian coral reef, almost entirely composed of *corals*, *crinoids*, and a fair sprinkling of shells. The chief fossils in this limestone are *Favosites*, *Heliolites*, *Spongophyllum*, *Tryplasma*, *Orthoceras*, Crinoids, and sponges.

The Smithsonian Institute of America has a fair number of fossils from this locality, so it will be seen that the name of Hatton's Corner is familiar to the scientific world of America.

"SYNCLINE" AT CAVAN, YASS

THIS beautiful example of earth-folding is one of the many geological points of interest to be found at Yass, N. S. W., the district where deposits of Silurian and Devonian formation are found. This particular feature is in the Devonian area and the "fold" extends for some miles, although this is the most picturesque portion to be seen. The structure is chiefly limestone, the lower beds being of a massive nature, while the upper layers are "rubbly." The fossils are not so numerous as in the Silurian deposits of Hatton's Corner, and are of a much more recent age. The chief fossils are *Corals*, *Favosites*, *Heliolites*; and more *Stromatoporoids*. Shellfish are represented by *Spirifera Yassensis*, *Chonetes cullenii* *Zeptaena*; remains of the bony plates of Devonian fishes are also found.

One of the most interesting features of this "Syncline" is the

occurrence of a beautiful limestone cavern, known as the Narrengullen cave, which is entered at the back of the fallen mass of limestone in the center of the picture. This cave extends right through the hill, the opening being about three quarters of a mile away. In wet seasons a small river runs right through the cave, adding much to the surrounding beauty. The cave contains many magnificent formations, including some very large fluted stalactites, and in places the height of the chamber reaches over one hundred feet, the scene, with the aid of magnesium light, resembling a vast cathedral. E. H.

THE LIVING SOIL: by H.

IT has been shown, says a scientific contemporary, that soils which have been treated with certain volatile antiseptics and afterwards prepared again for plant growth show a great increase in fertility. The soil bacteria are reduced in numbers by the first process, but afterwards they increase greatly. Why should this decrease in the bacteria be followed by such an increase? It has been suggested in explanation that the antiseptics kill off "the protozoa of the soil," some of which feed on the bacteria, and that thus the bacteria are permitted to multiply. A recent investigator into the protozoa of the soil names about thirty kinds, of which eighteen exist in an encysted state, not in an active one, and so, as he says, cannot act as the limiters of bacterial activity. As to the other twelve we find nothing said. But however the case may be, we come to this: that the soil is no longer regarded as so much dirt but as teeming with life.

This is one more instance of the growing tendency to find living beings everywhere; a change upon which one often finds occasion to comment as being a fulfilment of forecasts made by H. P. Blavatsky as to the course of scientific discovery. That teacher asserts that every atom in the universe is a life, and science is rapidly nearing an admission of that truth. Even the most "inorganic" substances we can examine, exhibit, when we analyse them with our most powerful instruments, active forces moving in an ordered manner — exhibit what one may scarcely deny to be characteristics of living beings.

BY THE OCEAN: by R. W. Machell



HERE do the great waves come from?" asked the child.

"Oh, from far away," said the elder vaguely.

"Who starts them?" continued the persistent seeker after knowledge.

"The wind stirs them up and sets them going, and then they keep on till they sink or break against the shore." This was said with more assurance and a hope that it would prove satisfactory, but the hope was vain, for the small voice continued without a pause:

"Where are the waves when it is calm?"

"There aren't any waves then, there's only the sea." The elder was feeling uneasy and foresaw trouble. It came, sure enough.

"Is the sea made of waves?"

"My dear, it is time to go home."

"But —"

"Put on your shoes and stockings now and come along, we shall be late for dinner."

That settled it. But oh, the shame of it! It was disgraceful to appeal to the animal nature to come to the rescue of established authority in order to avoid a confession of ignorance.

The elder, however, gained time, and meant to think out a suitable answer to a question that was sure to come up again before long.

The same remorseless inquirer had recently asked where the dark went to when the light was turned on, and a similar "exit in case of emergency" had been employed as a means of escape from the terrible persistence of the inquiring mind. But the elder was anxious to be honest with the child and tried hard to find an answer.

What is a wave? Is it a moving mass of water? No, that will not do, for see, those floating bits of wood and weed stay pretty much in the same place; they rise and fall as the waves pass under them; so it is evident the water of which the wave is made does not go forward with the wave, and yet the wave is made of water and it moves. What moves; the wave? Can a wave made of water move independently of the water of which it is made? It seems like it; and yet — what is it that moves?

The elder kept asking these questions mentally and got no answer. The popular science of the day provided no answer that would satisfy a child.

There seemed to be an analogy between this problem and another

that occasionally came to the top and demanded in vain an explanation. This was the question as to where we come from and what were we before we were ourselves. This subject was a perfect nightmare to the elder, for it came up in a new form continually, and regardless of the rebukes that came from outraged orthodoxy, when the very bulwarks of faith tottered beneath the attacks of the dread child.

It was a fact that orthodoxy felt ashamed in the presence of intuition, and the elder was afraid of the infant.

Something must be done. Karma did it. The child was asleep and the elder was looking into a book-store in search of some source of inspiration that might provide a means to stem the torrent of inquiry. The title of a book on the shelf caught the eye of the troubled elder: *The Ocean of Theosophy* — the ocean — perhaps that might help. Orthodoxy shrank from a recourse to Theosophy, but then the ocean was the subject of immediate anxiety, the ocean and its waves, and — well — “any port in a storm.” So the book was bought, and smuggled home to be studied privately.

There was a wreck on the coast: when the storm was past the shore was strewn with wreckage, and the child and the elder stood looking at something the fishermen were taking out of a boat; the child ran up to see what it was before the elder could interfere, and the result was a series of questions on the nature of death. But this time the subject seemed almost welcome and no rebukes were called out by the searching character of the questions that followed one another with the persistence that knows no pity. On the contrary the elder got so much interested in expounding the complex nature of man that the child sat silent with open eyes fixed on the speaker's face. At length the newly-acquired wisdom ran short and the child took up the theme.

“Of course, we are ourselves all the time whether we are alive or dead and we aren't really dead at all but gone away, and then we come back and nobody knows us because we've changed our bodies and by the time we can talk properly we have forgotten where we came from; but we know we are ourselves the same as before, and then we grow up and forget some more and get like the grown-ups who never understand — oh — I mean —”

“Yes, my dear, you are quite right, but remember you too will grow up, and unless you try hard to keep on remembering who you really are, you will forget too, and have to learn all over again.”

"That's what the waves do when they break on the rocks; I don't think they can know they are themselves next time."

"They are not people," said the elder. "We have lived so many lives that we have learned to know we are something more than they are; some day we shall know ourselves better than we do now; then we shall not make mistakes and get into trouble, I hope."

The seaside town turned out in force for the funeral of the victims of the wreck and many of the attendants indulged in excess of woe, which astonished the child.

"What are they crying for? It's only the bodies that are dead, not the people."

The elder was slightly shocked, but more because some one might hear what was said, than because of the want of solemnity in the child's remarks. The fear of death had been so habitual that it was not easy to jump at once into a full realization of the freedom from that dark shadow of superstition that comes with a knowledge of the truth about life and death and rebirth. The satisfaction of being able to answer the child's questions was great, but the triumph was short-lived as the waves, for the irrepressible infant now wanted to know where all the dead people were, and how soon they would come back, and would they be born in the same place next time, and so on.

There was no escape, and the elder took the wisest course, that of ordering a supply of Theosophical literature and of making a serious study of the teachings that, as said by the author of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, are as profound as the ocean yet so shallow at the borders that the waters will not overwhelm the understanding of a child, for the elder recognized the child's right to knowledge of the essential truths of life so long as such knowledge was procurable.



It is a satisfaction to a man to do the proper works of a man. Now it is a proper work of a man to be benevolent to his own kind, to despise the movements of the senses, to form a just judgment of plausible appearances, and to take a survey of the nature of the universe and of the things which happen in it.

— *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*

THE WORK OF THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE: by a Member of the League



THE members of this woman's League occupy an unusual position both at home and in public. They are, many of them, women who years ago exhausted not a few of the possibilities for culture and helpfulness that were afforded by the activities of conventional social intercourse and of women's bodies organized for literary and philanthropic work, and who have seemed temporarily to have turned aside from these in order to readjust their lives on broader educational lines. Here at the International Theosophical Headquarters, in these charming environments, of which the earlier years of womanhood however delightfully placed contained no vision of attainment, they are living very close to their ideals.

Even the briefest outline of the work of this League should include these points:

Having been offered by Katherine Tingley an opportunity to undertake certain lines of effort that were planned by her to be of a nature that thoughtful women could and would follow, the pioneers of this League organized with considerable enthusiasm.

Now we feel sure that the League was based on an enduring foundation and that we shall build artistically and in truth. It is doing women's work in womanly fashion. It is a broad work and thoroughly international. It is, above all things, Theosophical; that is to say, it is based on profound ethics. It has already accomplished some remarkable results; but contrasting the present with other days and ways of work, and knowing the power that wise women may everywhere wield, its members are looking forward, with imaginations stirred, to a future for which they have made as yet but the beginnings of preparation.

We consider that our League has a work to do in reminding women of duties that are in danger from neglect. We feel, too, that while holding our home-life sacredly untouched by the many disintegrating influences that often sweep in upon homes less carefully guarded than ours, we have stepped out rather daringly into public work.

By this is meant that this League recognizes that a woman's work is first of all things home-work, from cradle to grave. It is a woman's crown and scepter, we believe, her throne and imperial garments; because she is a woman, when she knows her place and strives becomingly to fill it, we believe it to be womanly. Woman is the home's heart,

its center, its vital pulse. She is the first teacher, the rebuilder. Unto her come the members of her household as come those that thirst unto the fountains. She presides over the august mysteries of birth and death as one who rightfully assumes an inherited office. She is the guardian of the temple of life. She is the replenisher of the holy fires — the true woman, there where she stands garlanded before the altar of her own home.

Inasmuch as no one may light his habitation and conceal the fact from those who pass by in the darkness, the League women who have taken this forward step in earnestly declaring themselves ready to strive for the elevation of womanly standards, have found themselves before the public. In challenging themselves to practise the truths they know about woman's duties, they have challenged others. There is a cry sounding over the hills of Lomaland that issues from the souls of many women the world over, the wives, the mothers with their young children, the helpless uninstructed girls facing their futures, and also even from old grandmothers who look back on that which need not have been.

Thus, though a contradiction may seem to crop out in the words, there is none in the fact that the Woman's International Theosophical League, though holding its members close to the home problems, gives them most responsible positions before the world.

This body is international in character; its work world-wide, and unifying. Perhaps the American element in it may seem to predominate, but that is scarcely more than in the seeming. We are women gathered here in the name of the womanhood of all lands; and the membership roll includes the names of distinguished women living in distantly separated places.

Leaving our personal demands, is it not certain that the needs of our sisters everywhere closely resemble our own needs? That what we all lack is something that can neither be bought in a shop nor found in the encyclopaedias? Do any of us feel so keenly the want of any other possessions whatsoever, as enlightened instruction in the duties of our present positions? We League women think not. Indeed, we are convinced that the unrest among twentieth-century women all over the world is due to this prime deficiency in women's lives.

There is an education and a basis for culture in simply getting away from local interests, including personal ambition aiming at preferences and privileges; and in beginning to understand the needs of

others; first of all, in taking the needs of those who are nearest us, those whom women are in duty bound to make their dearest.

Indeed, the demands of our own little children are the demands of other little ones across the mountains and seas; to be cradled and raised up and set safely on the way towards their high destinies! The requirements of our own fathers and brothers and husbands are those of all the menfolk of the world: to be given a chance to live in the warmth and glow of life's bright guiding star! Providing for these needs constitutes the duty of women everywhere, surely. Many ways there are of executing the tasks, but it seems to us international work on broadest lines, this upbuilding of the homes of the nations.

"Theosophical" applied to the work of women may have a curious effect upon some minds. This word embodied in the name of our League stands for high principles of rectitude.

We women know — in all deference to others — that we are a little different from many women elsewhere organized, because in our search for higher education, for wider culture, and for deeper understanding of life, we came long ago to accept certain simple yet profound teachings which had been given this name, "Theosophical." They are teachings about an exact law that governs the thoughts and acts of human beings as well as the evolution and secrets of solar systems; teachings about a perfect justice that balances each result with a cause that went before; teachings about the perfectibility of every human entity, through natural change and growth.

At first, grasping these ideas mentally, we began tentatively to apply them to our lives. Then we each, individually, had the joy of seeing them work out successfully. They did not, like so many theories we had tried before, turn to ashes or vanish with the dawn of each work-a-day Monday after each sabbath-day Sunday; but they were *ours*, applicable to *our* perplexities, ours to practise and hope in and grow strong under, according to the intelligence and heart and ability we had.

These are matters that must be experienced to be known; but the testimony of the women of this League will be found to be, that without this Theosophical basis our organization would differ only in the magnitude of its scope from many another well-intentioned one. Theosophically instructed we have been able to lay aside personal limitations of many sorts and to move forward together, sisters all, toward our womanliest duty, from hour to hour. Theosophically united, we

are determined upon the recognition and evocation of humanity's inherent divine character.

Many are interested enough to inquire as to what has been accomplished by the Woman's International Theosophical League.

The work of this organization differs at many points from others; and in many respects, too, there is obvious similarity; as, for instance, that we work from a woman's standpoint. Our *unity*, again, is not often duplicated elsewhere. The best work that the League members ever expect to do is that done in the silence and on the interior lines; that is, on the individual characters. In this respect, too, it perhaps differs from others. Considering what has been done along these lines by those who were, as has been intimated, women of strong social prejudices, perhaps skeptical, trained under the world's standards of competition, ambition, prestige, and so on, their present work ought to and does in fact attract much attention.

Letters come in from many parts of the world telling stories of women who have found their true places through the League's influence. Perhaps a breach in family life has been happily closed again because of the determination of a woman to recognize her own soul's force and the divine capabilities of those whose exterior personalities, possibly, might fast become unendurable.

Judging from its membership-list the Woman's International Theosophical League has had a phenomenal success; but knowing well, as Katherine Tingley has often told us, that the world has been waiting for just such an organization as this is, we consider its successes not more remarkable than natural. The trouble has not been ever that women have been ignorant of their powers. They have known always of those possessions, but they have not know how wisely to use them.

Reaching numbers of women throughout the world in its appeal to the deeply underlying instincts of true womanhood, the League has touched the husbands and fathers and sons and brothers of the women. Many interesting and touching surprises have come to us in enthusiastic expressions of congratulation upon the work of the League, from those in whom woman's organizations usually arouse anything but sympathy.

As was said at the beginning, the aim of the League is towards large results. Its first duty is home-encircled; its last duty will have been performed when men and women have all come home to their fit and proper positions in life. Too great an undertaking! is the exclaim-

ation of some; but it is wise to be optimistic, and we have the best reason in the world for our happy outlook. Under our eyes we have seen changes take place in the lives of women and in their families, and we know that education proceeding on right lines will bridge the gaps that threaten the social fabric.

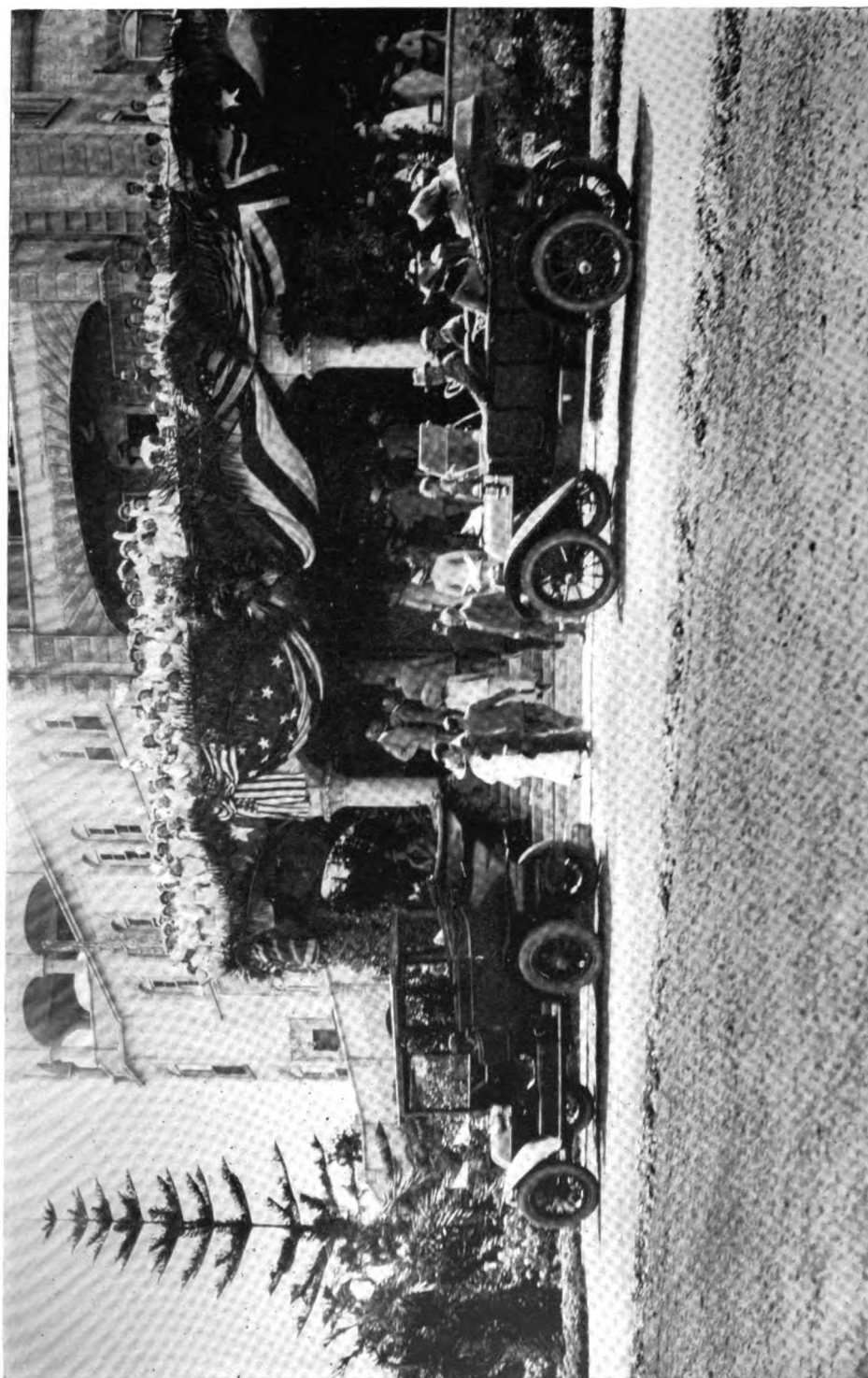
Woman must go to school again, learning out of the book of her own experiences the lessons she has long neglected, in order that she may fit herself to teach truly. To teach, to hold fast to her old prerogatives as teacher! To live her lessons! To illustrate by all she does the noble purposes of life! *This* is woman's work; and it is international work, for all women are capable of understanding it and carrying it out; and it is also truly Theosophical, though it may go by many another name. To point out the better way is the end, aim, and fullest scope of the Woman's International Theosophical League.

And wherever a woman, or a body of women, sets out with an honest determination towards reaching the higher lights of life, to right what is wrong, to lift a burden, to help — somehow just to help on right lines — the W. I. T. L. considers itself akin to that woman or to that organization, and it sends its heartfelt greetings of Good Will! and God-speed-you-on.

UNDISCOVERED GENIUS: by F. J. D.

A REMARKABLE discovery has recently been made in France, of an unknown composer, of genius. According to the *Musical Times*, M. Ernest Fanelli, now over fifty, began about thirty years ago to write symphonic works of the highest originality, but never succeeded in having his music produced. He was living in the utmost poverty, and recently, having applied to M. Pierné for work as a copyist, he submitted a specimen of his own work, with the result that M. Pierné had the work — a series of tone-pictures entitled *Thèbes* — produced at the Concerts-Colonne. It was received with enthusiasm! Others of his compositions are, *Impressions Pastorales*, an orchestral suite; four *Humoresques*; and a *Suite Rabelaisienne*.

Many cases of true, but submerged, genius abound in domains of art, literature, invention, and music. When penury coexists they are especially sad; but there is one thing to be glad of. However hard the lot, the true genius expresses the higher self which laughs at death.



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THE GUESTS BEGINNING TO ARRIVE

Showing the front entrance of the Râja Yoga College building, young folks welcoming the guests from the balcony, and members of the reception committee receiving at the perron.



Lanaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

KATHERINE TINGLEY WITH ONE OF THE GROUPS OF GUESTS, ON THE WAY FROM
THE ACADEMY TO THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE GUESTS WERE SERVED WITH REFRESHMENTS IN THE GARDENS OF THE RĀJA
YOGA COLLEGE, AMONG THE TREES AND SHRUBBERY

This illustration is one of several corners where similar scenes were repeated.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY, DRESSED IN DIFFERENT
NATIONAL COSTUMES, WHO ASSISTED IN SERVING REFRESHMENTS TO THE
NUMEROUS GUESTS



Visit of the Southern California Editorial Association to Point Loma

FRIDAY, June 21, was an eventful day in the annals of the Southern California Editorial Association, and a very notable one in the memory of the students of Lomaland; for it was the date of the visit of upwards of a hundred of the members of the Association to the Theosophical Headquarters on the invitation of Katherine Tingley.

The day was a perfect one from the weather standpoint, a grand Lomaland day, all sunshine and glory; Point Loma itself again after the somewhat cloudy weather of the previous few weeks. The guests arrived early in the afternoon, in a great array of motor cars; and the first item in their entertainment consisted of a musicale in the Rotunda, when they had the opportunity of hearing something by which to judge of the powers of the two orchestras and of musical life in Lomaland generally. At this meeting Madame Tingley spoke, welcoming the editors; and was followed by Mr. Charles P. Jones, the president of the Association, who spoke in evident appreciation of the hospitality extended to the editors. Other speeches then, from others of the guests; all marked by the surprise and enthusiasm one hears from intelligent visitors; one from Mr. Richardson, of Oakland, the State Printer, and also an editor of prominence in Berkeley; another from a gentleman who stated that at the time of his entering the gates of the Institution, he was unacquainted with the work done at the Theosophical Headquarters. No one could have been more sincere in appreciation.

The pleasure of the guests greatly increased when they found what thorough measures had been taken for their entertainment. Lists of names had been made; they had been divided into four or more parties in order to see all to best advantage, each of which should set out under competent guides in one direction or another, so that all might see everything in an adequate manner. Mr. Jones, the president, with one party first visited the Headquarters House, where they were welcomed by Katherine Tingley, and shown her collection of rare and valuable objects gathered on her various Crusades around the world, her splendid set of Mr. Machell's and Miss E. White's fine paintings, while the second party went north to the Athletic Grounds and saw the girls and boys of the Râja Yoga College at basket-ball, drill, club, and wand exercises; and thus the visitors were able to see for themselves how thoroughly Râja Yoga cares for the physical development and well-being of its charges. Then there were glimpses of the Forestry Department from the top of the hill, and the Aryan Press buildings, etc., at a distance; everywhere they went, new surprise and delight were expressed by all the visitors. They were presented with a beautiful Souvenir-Program of the visit, printed for the occasion by the Aryan Theosophical Press: a masterpiece of the printer's art

which the recipients knew well how to appreciate. Each party in turn visited each point of interest.

There followed refreshments *al fresco* in the garden of the Râja Yoga College, where tables had been set out, beautifully adorned with flowers; those who best know those gardens were perhaps most surprised at the fairylike scene they presented. Some of the Râja Yoga girls, dressed in the national costumes of various countries — a beautiful touch that emphasized fittingly the international character of the work at Lomaland — were in attendance at the tables.

After the refreshments, the whole party proceeded to the Greek Theater for what was to be the crowning glory of the day, the presentation of the Greek drama, *The Aroma of Athens*. To this presentation a large number of the most prominent and representative citizens of San Diego had been invited. Never, surely, has the play been presented with such magnificent effect. Not a hitch anywhere; perfect smoothness, perfect dignity in all the parts; wonderful effects of lighting; and all culminating in that last scene, always so impressive, of the chanting and the torchlight procession. A rosy glow over the night sky, from the lights used in this spectacular scene, was visible from San Diego, visible, one would suppose, from the far mountains and from far out at sea; as if the spirit of the play was carried from Periclean Athens into the Elysian Fields, into the inner worlds, down the ages — the high purpose of the Mighty Men of old spanning the centuries, breaking through from the viewless into our time, and bursting into blossom in our own loved Lomaland. Such is the suggestion, the impression, surely, that is left on the minds of those who witnessed that last symbolic splendor of *The Aroma of Athens*; and never was it more clearly and majestically shadowed forth than on the evening of June 21.

After the play, the members of the Editorial Association drove off in motor cars from the Greek Theater; but the festivities of the day were not quite at an end. The representative citizens of San Diego and their wives, who had been invited to see *The Aroma of Athens*, and meet the guests of the day, were conducted to the Rotunda, where a transformation had taken place since the afternoon; and at beautifully decorated tables, refreshments were served.

It was indeed a most memorable day, and an influential section of the public was enabled to partake of the joy, the peace, and the beauty of the Theosophical life at Point Loma.

OBSERVER

BOOK REVIEWS

“A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest”: by John Edward Lloyd, M. A., Professor of History in the University College of North Wales, Bangor.
(London: Longmans, Green and Co.)

THIS is the most important History of Wales that has appeared, and probably the only one in which the attempt has been made to write from anything like a scientific standpoint. It has been claimed — not by the author — that every known fact is to be found here, without admixture of sentiment, prejudice, or preconception. Without personal or national prejudice the

book is, and in that respect, we think, admirable. But there lies a certain lack, a certain danger in the scientific attitude itself: and they will be wise, who take no modern conclusions as final.

A certain danger — for the thing is dual. Half it implies a patient collection of facts, a careful exposition of them; but half, also, the rejection of all evidence that makes no appeal to the logic of the lower intellect. There is an incapacity for dealing with the Higher Values. One sets aside prejudice and its attendant evils, or imagines one does; but one also sets aside intuition and the higher imaginative faculties. Common-sense is far more the result of an alert intuition, than of a brain-mind nourished with logic, and intent upon proof, proof. Brain is a good instrument, but a poor agent; an invaluable servant, but an abominable master. In any well-organized army, that excellent functionary, the sergeant-major, is no doubt indispensable; but you must not therefore give him supreme command. You must not oust the Field Marshal in his favor. The trouble with the present age and its methods is, that Sergeant-Major Brain-mind is wielding the bâton; Field Marshal Intuition, with Common-Sense, his Chief of Staff, having been shelved. The Sergeant, good man, confounded by his own unfitness for the new position, is balked even in exercising the functions of the old. He has more than half forgotten his elementary drill.

Let us say at once that the second volume of Professor Lloyd's book is excellent. Here one walks the level plain of assured history; the time dealt with extends from the reign of Gruffydd ab Llewelyn to that of Llewelyn ab Gruffydd — from about 1040 to 1282. From the pages of Giraldus Cambrensis we are presented with a vivid picture of the life of the people; and if the records of events are not too full or plentiful, at least there is enough for a good outline story. For his collection, presentation, and examination of the whole, Professor Lloyd deserves the gratitude, certainly, of his countrymen. Owing to the fact that until recently only English history was taught in the Welsh schools, what is given will be something of a revelation to many Welshmen. The school-books did, indeed, devote perhaps a paragraph apiece to the death of Llewelyn the Last, and the "Rebellion" of Owen Glyndwr; for the rest, there was a vague picture of a race of uncombed barbarians, in skins or nothing, in whose story there was no fortunate or noteworthy event, except that downfall which in reality left them stranded for centuries without hopes or ideals, one might say without evolution. But here we have the story of great patriotic princes; of a national *epos*, successful almost until the year of its final going out in tragedy; the picture of a people devoted to poetry and music, with a high literary culture and a well-established legal system; most civilized along the more spiritual, and least along the most material lines; coiners of no commercial, but of much fairy gold; among whom the custom of mutual help precluded the possibility of destitution; a people not inattentive to the Latin learning, whom their Norman enemies never made the mistake of regarding as social inferiors.

But all this is of mainly national moment, and must be acknowledged and referred to here, or less than justice would be done to the value of Professor Lloyd's book. There is that in Welsh history, however, which is of universal

as well as national import; a something there, which it concerns the world to know. That is, a certain element of wonder that comes down, a gleam out of the Golden Age; one of many national gleams that may serve us for proof of the Golden Age, and of the glory and being of the Soul. Right at the dawn and threshold of history, among the Scandinavians, Celts of Britain and Ireland, Gauls, Celtiberians of Spain, Etruscans of Italy, and Greeks, there stands some veiled, glowing, mysterious figure that menaces and flouts the deadly materialism of our modern times. Materialism would deny her being; would pour darkness upon her, and call it light; would do anything to discredit and obscure her; but you that desire a better estate for mankind, do you acknowledge, bring her forward, make alliance with her! The Spirit of the Edda came not from any dark savagery; the Olympians had no stone age ancestry; the Doniaid and De Danaans were bright beings that would put our pigmy materialists to shame. Infect not their light with our darkness; but rather do homage, wherever it may appear, to the shining glory of the human soul.

The light that made "the glory that was Greece" is not to be set aside by historians. Where and when was its source? Not in Homer's nor in Pericles' days which did but echo, and that not clearly, voices crying from of old. The accretions of time are disfiguring; wind and wave do not make the carven marble more beautiful. The corruption of the historic Greeks did what it could to mar the pristine glory of the traditions; so the smirch of imputed vices was thrown, even by Homer, on the grand and ample figures of the Gods and heroes. But even so, their "form had not yet lost all its original brightness"; we see the glory even though we only see it through heavy veils. But it is the passing of time that makes the obscuring veils and cobwebs; it is the waves of the ages that have caused the corrosions; the beauty is the permanent and earliest thing; *that* did not grow with the centuries; *that* is no late imputation and imagining — though there be quaint, illogical reasoners in our own day who will have it that it is. What? Was it time and the Goth that carved the beauty of the torso of Ilissus, and was Pheidias responsible alone for its lack of a head? The Greeks were deteriorating from the time history, as we know it, first catches sight of them; whence, then, came the seed and quickening of Homeric and Periclean splendor? Back, we answer, in the days when Saturn reigned in Italy; when little Zeus played on the slopes of Cretan Ida; when Apollo watched the herds of Admetus; when Jason sailed to Colchis, Heracles to Spain and the Hesperides. Through all those golden days the winged seed drifted; and resistance to the Persian, in after ages, caused it to sprout anew.

Another thread of culture, more mysterious and magical than the Greek, and at least potentially as beautiful, comes down to us with the Celtic peoples. It haunts their whole literature, music, folklore. In Wales it found its bright expression, historically speaking, during the last two centuries of her independence. Something began to stir for wondrous birth, bards became vocal, about the time when Gruffydd ab Cynan and Gruffydd ab Rhys returned from Ireland and Brittany, to a Gwynedd and Deheubarth then both almost completely under the heel of the Norman. Thenceforward until the final downfall, Wales was an evolving na-

tion; her resistance to the invader was growing more splendid and more fortunate, her national consciousness more acute, more poetic, more heroic. The patient labors of Gruffydd ab Cynan in the north gave place to the wisdom and success of his son Owen Gwynedd; the meteoric but unstable career of Gruffydd ab Rhys in the south, to the solid glory of the reign of *his* son, the great Lord Rhys ab Gruffydd. Then came the reign of Llewelyn the Great, actual, though not titular lord of all Wales; and then the culminating glory of the reign of his greater grandson, Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, who won from the English recognition of his sovereignty, and was the first, as well as the last, Prince of Wales. A sunset glory, as it transpired; but it should be remembered that his death was the ringing down of the curtain on what had been, until then, not a tragedy, but an epic of heroism and success; a complete reconquest of Wales by the Welsh from the Normans.

One cannot understand the spirit and secret of this period, unless one studies the literature it produced; the bards, and above all, the prose romances. It was the memory of an ancient and mystical glory that was awakened; quite kindred to that which we find so copiously in the story of Ireland. One might pass in sleep to that inner world where Arthur and his warriors still lived; nay, but one *might* pass to it — and see the ring on the finger of the Emperor, which would give one memory of all that he had seen. They were giants, those unseen watchers over the destiny of the Island of the Mighty — not sixth-century men, but giants out of the prime of the world. But your modern historian turns somewhat coldly from attempting to account for the wonder that was Wales, or for the glimmering miracle of mystery that was ancient Ireland. Is it legitimate to do so? Should not the mission of history be to take note of the great spiritual currents, and to trace them as far as possible to their source? This one produced in Ireland the Red Branch and Fenian Cycles of hero-stories; in Wales the Mabinogi and the Arthurian legend; in both countries, a stream of poetry that does not run dry; that flows through meadows of enchanted flowers, and is deep and deep, here and there, with the waters of fairyland. Are you to ignore it? Are you to juggle up a well-spring for it in the barren wastes of stone-age savagery? Will you argue a lake from the smoke column? — trace egg-shells to their parent apple-tree? — go for figs to the thistle? Will you add two and two together — and brilliantly make the result five and a decimal?

It concerns the world to find this well-spring of magic; as indeed, all other life-giving fountains, of whatever race or region. Here is an enchanted land, a Land of Youth glimmering up over the boundaries of the world and waiting for us to conquer it, that we may dwell therein in great delight and glory. But we have called our grand dreaming Admiral a madman, and put him in chains; we have clapped to the prison doors upon our mighty adventurer, Intuition, our Conquistador of El Doradoes; and set up a pettifogging, promoted Sergeant-Major Brain-mind to shuffle the work only Intuition could accomplish. We prefer to dwell half-starved in barren regions than to set sail for the sunset and the treasure. Unprejudiced? Scientific? Nothing of the kind. We are not merely prejudiced, but infatuated with a fiction, a weird, profitless flapdoodle. I mean, what we are pleased to call "primitive man." Where you should look for Gods, heroes, and

fairies, we have set up for our worship a prognathous, hairy, huge-armed hooligan. This is the ancestor that Brain-mind materialism has faked up for us, and points to, yelling: Behold your God, O Israel! We of the laity (scientifically speaking) are apt to be deceived by the clamor and to-do; we do not stop to remind ourselves that the whole thing is a proofless imagining — and not even an artistic one. Gammon, my dear sir! — your “probably arboreal” homo is a preposterous bore and humbug; he is the very Mrs. 'Arridge of your schools, and shame on you for so playing Gamp to the credulous!

In other words, the beauty and glamor that come down from unknown antiquity, do not come down to us from savages, or from men and times inferior to our own. Rather they come from a race, for a pennyweight of whose imaginative consciousness our Keatses and Shelleys would give thousands upon thousands of pounds. Some one — was it Macaulay? — maintained that poetry belongs to the savage, and that civilization is the doom of it. We answer, that poetry is the soul, the seed, the hallmark and first essential of any true civilization; that to be without it, to be destitute of intuitive imagination, is to be sunk in sunless and starless savagery. Your true savage is a dull prosaic creature, whether he dwells in Bushmanland or the Bowery, among the Hottentots or the Hooligans. But those ancients, who have left us a literature dewy with the loveliness of natural magic; in whose relics we see so often the footprints of the soul, wise, magnanimous, lofty — they were neither so dull nor so prosaic as we are ourselves; and they were farther from savagery than we are. That is to say, at the time when these things had their real origin.

Rightly or wrongly, we feel that it is with misgivings and some distaste that Professor Lloyd bows the knee to modern prejudice; that he would not have omitted the Soul and the Beautiful, had not the *zeitgeist* been too strong for him. One has to do it, or learning and ability will count for nothing. As it is, he presents us with a somewhat barren and profitless Ancient Britain, with at best a rather crass Brythonic civilization, planted in the southeast by late-comers from the more polished continent — elsewhere, barbarous Gaels and Silures roaming the primeval woods. He ignores the outstanding marvel of the whole island — great Stonehenge. He ignores the fact that there is not one whit of evidence that the Gaels were less civilized than the Brythons; that, on the contrary, it is from Gaelic Ireland that we get the best and most beautiful relics of Late Celtic (pre-Christian) Art, the fullest and most magical accounts of the ancient culture. He mentions, but fails to draw the obvious conclusion from, the fact that of the three peoples inhabiting Britain, the Brythons, Gaels, and Silures, it was the last named, admittedly the most ancient of all, that formed the strongest and best organized state, and were able to make the most effective resistance against the Romans. What is the obvious conclusion? Why, that the farther back we go in time, the better conditions we meet with; that civilization was not a late and partial importation from Gaul and Belgium, but a native light that traveled eastward; that, roughly speaking, the Gaul got his learning — as he claimed himself to have got it — from the more ancient Brython; the Brython from the more ancient Gael; the Gael from the more ancient Silure — or, to put it in Irish terms, the Milesian from

the Danaan Gods. And what is the synonym for this age-traversing, slowly-waning splendor? Druidism. This is an important point to remember: Professor Lloyd, and with him the latest "authorities," admit that Druidism arose in Britain, among a pre-Celtic people, and spread from Britain to the Continent. This is in accord with the Welsh tradition.

But generally speaking, all that the modern "authorities" have concluded about Druidism is profoundly unsatisfactory. They make the prime mistake of dealing with human beings as if they were dead butterflies pinned on a sheet of cardboard, or metallic specimens in a case. They have their catch-words — animism, totemism, and the like; and in such corroding and adulterated vinegar, seek to pickle — the human soul. What do they care for poetry, mystery, the unquenchable grandeur of day and night? Clap an -ism on 'em, and thank God *that's* off your mind! But the Soul and the Gods are about the only things you cannot pickle, padlock, or pin down; there never was a Solomon could get these genii into a bottle. You have stuck your pin through nothingness, and the mighty wings are still fanning the flames of the stars. Here is the Soul of man, an august, divine thing, a secret and potent enchanter; and there is the mighty universe without, flaming and irradiant with divine enchantments. What do *we* know of the subtle links and connexions between these? You must *be* the Soul first — which is also a possibility. But there is something in the old traditions which suggests a knowledge of those inner connexions. "With false kings ye shall have failure of crops," says an old Welsh poem, "and evil days and years." The three waves knew when the King of Ireland fell, and mourned. The King of Connaught must not in variegated dress ride on a gray-speckled steed to the heath of Dal Chais, nor sit in the autumn on the grave of the wife of Maine, nor run a race between two stations at Ath Gallta with the rider of a gray, one-eyed horse; the High King of Ireland in Tara must not be in his bed when the sun rises. Natural common-sense, we would say, leaps with love to such statements, for the sake of the humor, the mystery, the poetry they contain; for the sake of an imponderable suggestion of truths of the wizard unity of Universal Life. But your Sergeant-Major will look wise, whisper some such blessed word as *tabu*, and congratulate himself on having "settled the hash" of the universe. *Cui bono?* What are we the forrader? — as they say.

Matthew Arnold — who went upon his poetico-critical intuition, and set not aside what we may call *spiritual*, in favor of the merest abominably circumstantial, evidence — suggests that the beauty, wonder, and magic of Celtic literature and legend, are but the relics and fading glory of a much vaster, lost something, more wondrous, more beautiful, more magical. Peasants' huts, he says, built of the stones of some marvelous forgotten Ephesus, whose magnificence we can only conjecture from the beauty of the carvings that remain. We will go further, and say that Wales (like the other Celtic countries) is strewn with the remains of a sunken spiritual and intellectual splendor; relics of a dim philosophy, a grandiose mysticism that embraced knowledge of that wonder of all the ages, that fountain of philosophies, poetries, mysteries and mysticisms, the Human Soul. We fearlessly class the Gorsedd, the Welsh Bardic institution, as one such relic, infinitely

worn and corroded though it be; and care not for a thousand critics and a world of cogent brain-mind arguments to the contrary. Trace the streams of poetry, mysticism, symbolic romance, back to the place where they emerge from the ground; then go to your history, and look for a stream that left the sunlight some few hundred years before, and suddenly plunged underground, you may say undiminished in volume. What do you find? The answer is again, Druidism; in full vogue when the Romans came to Britain; then suddenly, under the stress and weight of Roman proscription, disappearing from sight.

We will not attempt here to examine in detail the classical references to the Druids. Some of them tell us they were philosophers, moralists, the possessors in an unusual degree of mysterious spiritual wisdom; lawgivers, learned in the sciences, wielders of powers beyond the commonplace, an august class whose prestige was rumored even in far lands. (Pythagoras himself, says Iamblichus, was taught by them.) Others again would have us believe that they were quacks and charlatans, bloodthirsty savages, even cannibals. At one time we read that they punished their criminals by burning them in wicker cages; at another, that the utmost punishment they ever inflicted was excommunication. We suggest that even in our own days, prejudice is great against the far and foreign, and men are eager to exalt themselves at the expense of their neighbors. Favorable reports about the men of distant countries have still to make their way uphill by the force of their inherent truth; derogatory rumors will still travel on every wind. Not so long ago, in the imagining of the English peasant, the Frenchman *probably* had horns. We, heaven be thanked, are a great moral people; but our neighbors across the Channel, across the Atlantic or Pacific, across any frontier whatsoever — !

We are thankful to Professor Lloyd for this:

Behind this prosperous Brythonic foreground, Caesar reveals to us in dim and shadowy tints, a background of savage life of which, in all probability, *he knew nothing from actual observation.*

The italics are ours; how illuminating is the suggestion conveyed! All that our witnesses saw was civilization; the savagery they imagined. But we cannot but feel that there are one or two questions that should be asked, and one or two comments that should be made, when Professor Lloyd writes thus of the Druids:

But it will not do to assume, without trustworthy evidence and against historic probability, that . . . their lore was cast into the triadic form, and that it is represented in spirit and scope by the documents put forward in their name by the bards of Glamorgan in comparatively recent times. . . . "What may be considered as the foundation of the Order was the Doctrine of *Universal Peace and Good Will*." When William Owen Pughe writes thus in his *Sketch of British Bardism*, he is under the influence of the idea to which Locke gave expression in the words — "the woods and forests, where the irrational untaught inhabitants keep right by following nature, are fitter to give us rules than cities and palaces." All ancient testimony is against them: Druidism, in short, represents, not the high-water mark of early British civilization, but a survival from a less civilized past.

As to "the documents put forward by the bards of Glamorgan in compara-

tively recent times," it will be sufficient to say here that these represent themselves as having, in substance, come down from Druid days, traditionally, orally; how, it matters little; that they speak of the teachings as having been preserved in secret by the Glamorgan school of bards, who published them about a century ago. Now what has "historic probability" to say about it?

What is this "historic probability"? Ask the Sergeant-Major, and he will show you a neat Procrustean creation; the head of it materialism, the tenet that there is no Soul and no divine Wisdom-Religion of the Soul; the foot of it vain-glory, the brag that *We are the people*, and all that came before us contemptibly our inferiors. Now sir, he says, you must stretch or cram your facts into this framework, rack them or lop them to fit, or they shall never pass *me*. But we do not mean that kind of historic probability at all. Here are a few facts: Druidism passed from public view in the first century A. D.; but we know that it was still practised in Gaul, *in secret*, long after the Romans proscribed it; and that it had had a much stronger hold and influence in Britain than in Gaul. Many references survive in Welsh poems and stories traditionally attributed to the fifth and sixth centuries, to such pre-Christian and Theosophical doctrines as Reincarnation — which tradition and the classical authorities agree was a cardinal tenet with the Druids — the sevenfold constitution of the inner man, etc. The Celtic peoples are notoriously retentive of ideas and customs; the Welsh language lived through the Roman occupation of Britain with only a comparatively small increment of Latin words; and it has lived through six centuries of English rule, during most of which time there was a persistent effort on the part of the rulers to stamp it out — again, with but a small increment of words from the English. The Welsh legal system that ceased to have force at the Edwardian conquest, was ancient British, and had survived the Roman occupation unaffected by Latin law. Is it likely then that the Celtic religion, which had such an immense hold upon the people when the Romans came, governing and entering into every relation of their lives, inwoven in their patriotism, the very head and front of their resistance to the legions — and for that sufficient reason alone, we suggest, proscribed by the Romans — is it likely that where law and language survived, this one element of religion alone should have vanished and left no trace? We venture to put this view forward as the "historic probability": that it did, and could not have failed to, survive; in secret, necessarily, jealously guarded, not wholly understood by its custodians in later ages, and therefore often modified by them with the hebraico-Christian teachings of the orthodoxy of their day. The strength and weakness of the Celtic peoples is, that they can hardly let go of anything, good, bad, or indifferent; a Welsh audience may be moved to tears now over the death of Llewelyn Llyw Olaf; wounds from six hundred to a thousand years old still ache, and the thrill is still potent from triumphs as ancient. A Welshman achieves great prominence in the present day, and we hear other Welshmen, thoroughly orthodox men, preachers and politicians, suggesting seriously if cautiously that here is perhaps Glyndwr or Llewelyn returned; that old teaching of Reincarnation still lingers, and puts forth its head when orthodox ideas are dozing. Is it likely then, that Druidism of all things would have been allowed to vanish, when the

whole subconsciousness of the race had been steeped in it so long? We maintain that if there were no evidence at all for its secret survival, such survival would still be in the highest degree historically probable; although such arguments, being based rather on humanity and common-sense than on materialism and purely circumstantial evidence, will certainly be scouted by your serjeant-major schools of thought.

“ . . . The foundation of the Order was the Doctrine of Universal Peace and Good Will,” says Dr. Owen Pughe, representing that suspect Glamorgan school of bards on which Professor Lloyd and the authorities of today are so severe. A *reasonable* study of the world-religions would show that at any rate every other religion, from Shintoism to Nahualism, was based originally on such a doctrine; so we should say that the historical probability is that Druidism was too. In the classical writings we have just one Druidic axiom preserved; their ethics taught men “to be pious towards the Gods, to do wrong to no man, and to practise fortitude” (Diogenes Laertius, Proemium, 5). If that triad was considered sufficiently representative to be put forward as their principal purpose, why should we reject the statement of Owen Pughe as due to the influence of eighteenth century ideas? The documents of the Glamorgan school show the druidic teachings cast in the forms of triads; it is no less than probable, since this one classically attested maxim is a triad, and since in Wales one triadizes everything. Are we to suppose that the whole habit of triadizing — and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of triads of one sort or another, preserved in Welsh literature, wholly indefinite as to date of origin — are we to suppose that this entire practice took its rise from some one who had read Diogenes Laertius, and determined upon a career of wholesale forgery with his quoted druidic triad for plausible excuse? And who was it in medieval Wales, or in later times there, discovered a great part of the Theosophical teachings which have been esoteric in almost all parts of the globe since the decay of the Sacred Mysteries of Antiquity? Such teachings formed the basis of every religion, as a little unprejudiced study of Madame Blavatsky’s writings will show. Was Druidism the exception, the sole exception, among all the great national and philosophic religions of the world? The classical evidence tends to prove that it certainly was not exceptional in this respect. And if indeed Druidism had died out utterly and been forgotten, what genius possessed the bards of Glamorgan, so that they succeeded in re-inventing it, and *re-inventing it right?*

Or at any rate, as nearly right as would be natural, supposing that it had come down secretly among guardians jealous to preserve, but not fully understanding it. For the system put forward by the Glamorgan school will not stand as complete by itself; there are gaps on the one hand, and on the other, accretions from Biblical lore. What would you expect? Would not such gaps and accretions be additional proof of the fundamental genuineness of the tradition? But correlated with the esotericism of the other great religions, examined in the light of Theosophy, what a noble philosophy of life it becomes!

And if Owen Pughe, Iolo Morganwg and their compeers were under the influence of a class of ideas current in their day; are not we under the influence of a class of ideas current in our own? If they bowed the knee to a supposed philo-

sopher leading the "simple life" in the woods and wilds, was their idol so ridiculous as ours is — our *homo primigenius* with his long teeth and arms? We think we have freed ourselves from superstitions and prejudices; but this pet theory of ours is the silliest superstition of them all. We do not find civilizations arising from such beginnings. Wherever you get a stone-age people, you get a people decaying and making towards extinction; wherever you get a young nation arising, you find it composed of civilized colonists from older civilized countries. Wherever you find the stone-age savage coming into contact with civilization, you find that that civilization does not uplift, but merely hastens his decay. Ages and ages ago, the ancestors of the stone-age man were also civilized; he retains some few dim traditions of it; and his language, generally, has a most intricate, evolved, and perfected syntax. But every generation is bringing him nearer to extinction; he cannot take from his civilized neighbors anything but vice and disease. So that, while there may be some foundation in fact for the forest philosopher — munis, anchorites of the jungle in India, and the like — there is absolutely none for the stone-age savage evolving into the civilized man. We have hypnotized ourselves into the idea that the course of human history mainly runs up from an imaginary primeval savagery to the foot of that pedestal of civilization on which we have set up the image of our own age to be adored. But the fact is, of course, that civilization, in the west, was at its lowest ebb somewhere in the middle ages — or, in larger terms, from the decline of the Mysteries a few centuries B. C., till the Revival of Learning. Go back from that, and wherever history records anything, we find the light steadily increasing as we go backwards in time, just as, perhaps, it has been increasing again since the Renaissance. Here is the secret of it: human progress is cyclic. Nature abhors a straight line.

Professor Lloyd gives many facts for which we cannot be too thankful; wherever the brain-mind does its own work of collecting facts, it is useful and excellent. But it has its own prejudices; this age has the prejudice of materialism, the deadliest deceiver (almost) of all. We find the influence of such a prejudice in the work under review; and therefore for all its great learning, for all its array of facts, it is not to be taken as final, is calculated to give a wrong impression of the earliest ages, and above all, misses the one point where Welsh History becomes of general, as well as of national, import.

That point is the Celtic glamor, the Celtic mysticism. The Arthurian legend, taking its rise among the Welsh (whether of Cornwall, Wales, or Brittany, it matters little, they were one people), spread itself over Europe, profoundly modifying thought, till the cult of Arthur almost, at one time, threatened to rival the cult of Christ. And the Arthurian legend is but representative of a whole stream of sunbright, beautiful nature-magic and mystery; the great gift of the Celtic peoples to universal culture — a gift by no means half given yet. English literature, especially in its poetry, has been strewn with this. Here it raised up chivalry to be the redemption of the darkest age; there it made Milton boom and thunder; opened for Keats certain magical casements. Its eternal enemy is materialism; in any and every form it makes war on materialism. I maintain that if you will but read those two lines of Keats' about the *casements opening on the foam*

Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn, until you have got the pith and marrow out of them, your materialism will be maimed for life.

And this glamor, this insight into natural magic, this contempt for materialism and materialistic ideals, is too important a thing to have its origin just nowhere and in nothing, among barbarians. We suggest that it is the faint remaining glimmer from a time when men understood the relations and links between the human soul and the great life running through the veins of the Universe. We maintain that such a knowledge and understanding of the deep, golden, sunbright truths of Theosophy was in possession of the early Druids, and was still in possession of their successors in the day of the Roman conquest — impaired perhaps, grown somewhat dim, with accretions and impurities gathered, very possibly. And that the reason why the Celtic people of Wales were able to hand down this feeling of magic, was because they maintained some touch with the ancient Theosophy of the Druids right through the middle ages; and let us boldly assert, do maintain it, more than half unconsciously, even now.

Finally, let us say that the above is no narrow upholding of one nation; what is said of the Welsh might also be said of the kindred Celtic peoples in varying manner and degree; and what is true of the Celts is also true, somewhat differently, of the other races. It is a defense of antiquity that is intended, and of the glorious, soul-uplifting mysteries that underlie all life.

KENNETH MORRIS

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, price list, etc., see *infra*, under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke, London, England

"HARMONY: or Inter-relation on all Planes," is the opening subject of the June number. "Humanity is like an immense choir. . . . When there is the desire to work in harmony and sink the personality for the benefit of the whole, there is a wonderful blending, and minor imperfections are lost in the noble volume of sound which rises and falls, ebbs and flows, in sweet cadences as the theme develops." The general recognition of the need for reform in our treatment of criminals is next dealt with, and the added light which the Theosophical philosophy throws on the obscurities of our punitive system, is made evident.

The message of Theosophy to women is very plainly set forth in the next article. "Many happy comrades are stepping into that path. They have listened to the message of Theosophy; they find a new joy in learning to serve Humanity; they see with great gladness that having extended their hearts' desire to cover Humanity's children they are learning at last the way to truly serve their own."

An interesting note on Jacob Boehme points out that, like other untrained mystics, he mistook the spiritual Ego in man for God. "Temple-building in ancient Greece" is reproduced from *Den Teosofiska Vägen*; while the next article, "Notes on the Antiquity of Spanish Civilization and Iberia," is from *El Sendero*

Teosófico, and is of exceptional value. Other excellent essays are, "The Search for Happiness," "Theosophy and Eugenics," "Does Nature Change Her Laws?" "Should the Sick be Killed?" and "Gratitude."

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden

VALUABLE as an illustration, one of many, of the way in which scientific thought and speculation is gradually approximating to the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky (outlined nearly thirty years ago), is the introductory article in the June number, "Influenza and Ozone." A brief notice of Katherine Tingley and her work, taken from the *Denver Express*, follows. "'Katherine Tingley should be rector of some great university in the eastern states,' was the remark of a business-man who had graduated at Harvard. And many think as he did."

"Lagging behind — a sin against the race," is a topic which Dr. G. Zander handles with his customary force. "When we now know," he concludes, "that every genuine upward effort helps not only ourselves, but likewise all others, while to stand still or to fall back is a positive hindrance to others — is it not a sin against the race, by an over-prizing of the sensuous and material aspects of life, to paralyse those spiritual qualities which should liberate us and help to liberate others?"

"Misused Powers" draws attention to the manifold dangers besetting the younger generation; among them a certain pernicious literature and false art which subtly suggests that nearly anything is permissible, so it be only surrounded by a shimmer of beauty or romance. Professor Sirén presents a further delightful contribution anent Swedish architecture. "The New Life for Women" is an article which should have far-reaching influence. Christian Science is treated of in a reprint of W. Q. Judge's most telling article on this subject.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany

WE notice at once an improvement in the appearance of this magazine, excellent though it was before, due to the use of a finer grade of paper for covers and pictures; and the whole, with its magnificent typography, forms a fine specimen of craftsmanship. Heinrich Wahrmund writes on "Theosophy for Christians," and after pointing out the necessity that Theosophists should realize more closely the state of mind of those who have not yet stepped out from the dogmatic atmosphere into the larger mental sphere, he draws a comparison between the work of Christianity and that of a machine. In technical language the "efficiency" of a machine is designated by the ratio between its possible and its actual achievement; what shall be said of the efficiency of Christianity during the centuries? That it has done so little in comparison with what it might have done is due to the false interpretation of the doctrine of the Christ, whereby Jesus is made *sole* savior and the efficacy of man's own efforts is depreciated. An article by H. C. on R. Machell's pictures is reprinted from *The International Theosophical Chronicle* and accompanied by excellent reproductions of three of

the paintings. Illustrations of the children and grounds of the Râja Yoga School at Point Loma are introduced by an article on the realization of the true ideal of education, by Amende. The number contains many other interesting articles, reviews, etc., which we regret that we have not space to notice.

HET THEOSOPHISCH PAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: A. Goud, Groningen, Holland

Het Theosophisch Pad for May opens with the first part of Mrs. Tingley's inspiring address on New Year's Eve, "The Nobility of Man's Position in Life," of which a full report by Charles Maxon appeared in the *San Diego Union*. In "Sign-Posts along the Path," a fragment is given of H. P. Blavatsky's article "The Babel of Modern Thought," which though written as a magazine contribution some five and twenty years ago, is as alive as then, showing a fearless masterhand.

In the Theosophical Forum, W. G. R. discusses the question whether there be blind chance in life or not. Then follow some fragments of *The Voice of the Silence*. Further the interesting article about Theosophy in Welsh legends is continued.

"Advantages and Disadvantages of Life" is an article by Mr. W. Q. Judge from his periodical, *The Path* (1895).

A tribute translated from the Swedish is given to the useful and strenuous life of the late Madame Scholander.

On the Children's Page we find the story of Pwyll concluded from the last issue.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California

THE bases of the Râja Yoga system of education form the introductory theme of the July number; and it is shown that they consist in the practical application of Theosophy in daily life on the part of the teachers. Of absorbing interest is the account of the life of Marie Antoinette in her home at Versailles, which traces the causes, from a Theosophical standpoint, which led inevitably in her case to the final disaster — an object lesson for the thoughtless and the pleasure-loving. A timely article, in these days of psychic fads, is entitled "H. P. Blavatsky, Reincarnation, and Spiritualism."

A translation is given of a notable and enthusiastic article in the Italian review, *La Donna*, describing the works of the "artist of the Polar Seas" (Mrs. Ana Boberg), now on view at the International Exposition of Venice. She is the gifted daughter of an equally gifted mother, the late Madame Karin Scholander, one of the pioneers of Theosophy in Sweden. The instructive series of essays on the life and teaching of Pythagoras is continued.

A grand story out of ancient Wales, called "The Chief of the Unknown World," will delight the young folk. An account of Women's Work in Lomaland ends the number, which is adorned with numerous views in Italy, Spain, France, and the English Lakes.

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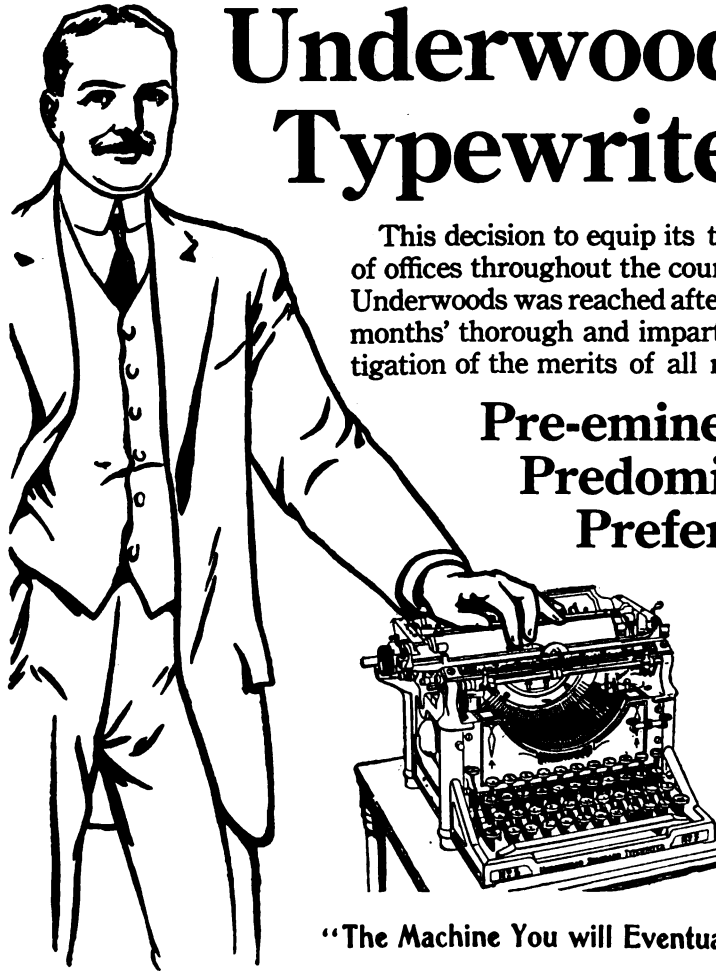
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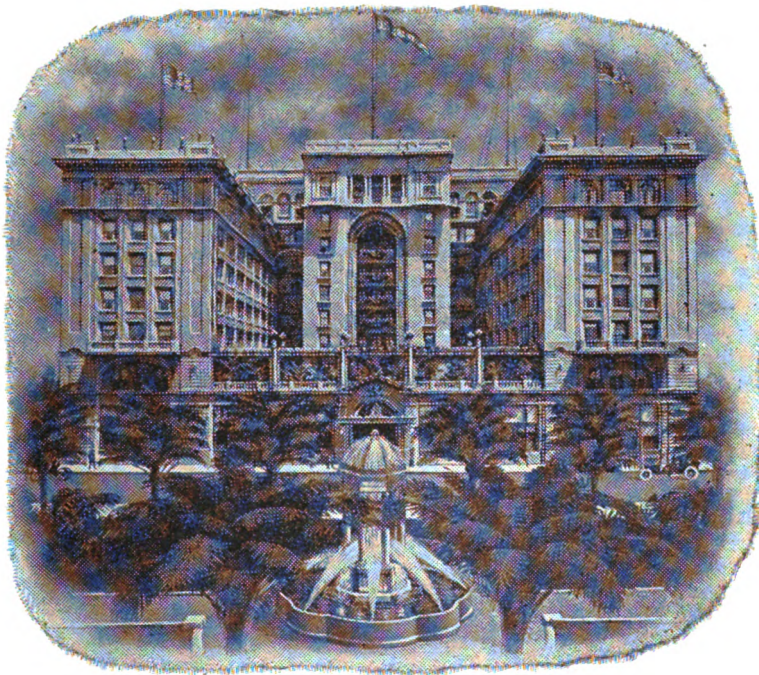
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The Theosophical Path



THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, mind, and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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THE WESTERN VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
The Pacific Ocean in the distance.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1912

NO. 3

Strength comes only through trial and exercise. — *William Q Judge*

WESLEYAN MINISTERS AND THE HIGHER SELF:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



ACCORDING to a report in a London paper, the newly elected President of the Wesleyan Congress said that "It was their duty to help all who were striving to realize their higher self."

We imagine that the expression "higher self" is characteristic of Theosophy, and that it was H. P. Blavatsky who introduced it. How times have changed since she did her pioneer work! How the very terminology of Theosophy, let alone its ideas, has forced itself upon the world! Think of the dynamic force with which the great Theosophical Teacher labored to get that phrase and its meaning implanted in the thought-soil of this civilization; and see now how she has succeeded.

Yet surely there are many even today, who, claiming to be Christians, would condemn that phrase as a heresy; there are bishops even who would write long and learned treatises against it. It would not be difficult to supply line and text in support of this last statement; but our readers can do that as well as we can.

Would not many say that the injunction to realize one's higher self is a subtle temptation to allure us away from trust in Jesus? Theosophy has no quarrel with Christianity, but on the contrary has sought to help Christians to the better appreciation of their own religion. Read H. P. Blavatsky on "The Esoteric Character of the Gospels," for instance; and consult her works *passim* for more to the same effect. But dogmatism and intolerance and cant have always been opposed by Theosophy, whether found sheltering under the name of religion or any other name.

Theosophists therefore welcome this sign of a broadening spirit, so different from what they have frequently had to expect in the past. Religions are many; but there is one UNIVERSAL RELIGION that binds in a secret masonry of souls all who truly seek the Light. And surely the existence of such an inward union is bound to show itself in outward signs of mutual recognition; and the outward signs may be taken as evidence of the inward spirit.

It is true that there is still much confusion about the use of the word "self;" and Theosophists know how this confusion is avoided by the lucid teachings of Theosophy as to the distinction between that which it denotes "Individuality" and that which it calls "personality." We observe in the above newspaper report of the President's address that the words quoted are preceded by these: "Turning to the present social unrest, the president said that under present conditions it was impossible for many to realize their personality." Whether or not these are the precise words of the speaker, they are at any rate those of the newspaper, so they supply fair material for comment. We admit that the words "personality" and "self" are not defined in ordinary parlance with the desirable practical precision with which they are defined by Theosophy. But while conceding to speakers and writers the liberty to use them as they will, we must regret the fact of the obscurity. As said, the significance is highly practical; for the verbal confusion is at once the sign and the cause of confusion in thought and confusion in act.

It seems evident, however, that on this occasion the speaker meant by his words "self" and "personality" the better part of man's nature; all the more reason, though, why he should avoid words that have other meanings, for there are people and writers who understand by these words something that is certainly not our better self but more like our vanity and self-will. Much of the very social unrest spoken of, turns on this confusion between higher and lower self, or, as said, between Individuality and personality. People feel an urge but interpret it confusedly; they want something but do not know what it is. Selfishness is the perpetual breeder of strife and unrest — that we all know, preacher and congregation, writer and reader alike. But if the self that we are to try to realize, the personality that we are to express, is simply our self-will, we shall only breed more selfishness. How important, then, to be sure that the thing we are developing is the right self, the real self, the actual self, the Individuality,

whose self-expression burns not with the destructive flames of desire but sheds a warming and enlightening glow on all around. And here is where the ministers of religion should come in with their interpretation to man of the mysteries of his own nature. And they feel it too; they know that they ought to do this; we feel it in their earnest words.

But we do not see how they are to achieve this end unless they undertake a deeper study of their own religion. The signs of the times seem to indicate that the customary methods of interpretation, the beaten paths of doctrinal exposition, are no longer sufficiently fertile in results; as indeed such speeches as the above prove. To the wistful question, "What shall we teach?" the Theosophist therefore answers as above. Study deeper the religion which you seek to interpret to the people; seek first yourselves the light, and seek it in the way your Master shows — by observing his precepts. In short, let each one who feels the urge to help the people to realize their higher self — let him try to realize it himself.

It will be helpful at this point to consider briefly the main points in the Theosophical teaching on this subject; bearing in mind, however, that they are not to be regarded as dogmatic statements but as intended to interpret to the student the actual facts about his own nature — for such was the spirit in which H. P. Blavatsky wrote her expositions of the One Universal Religion which she had studied so deeply and which she sought to help others find.

If we try to analyse self, egoity, the sense of I-am-I, we find ourselves lost; for in the attempt we must whittle away function after function of our minds until nothing remains but an unseizable phantom. In the ancient teachings, Egoity or selfhood is a universal principle called in Sanskrit *ahamkâra*. Its relation to man may be explained by the following quotation from *The Key to Theosophy*, relative to the three highest principles in man, which are:

I. *Âtmâ*, the Higher Self, is neither your spirit nor mine, but like sunlight shines on all. It is the universally diffused principle, and is inseparable from its one and absolute super-spirit, as the sunbeam is inseparable from sunlight.

II. *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, is only its vehicle. Neither *Âtman* nor *Buddhi* separately, nor the two collectively, are of any more use to the body of man than sunlight and its beams are to a mass of granite buried in the earth, unless the divine duad is assimilated by, and reflected in, *some consciousness*. . . . This consciousness or mind is —

III. *Manas*, the derivation, or product in a reflected form, of *ahamkâra*,

"the conception of I," or "Ego-ship." It is, therefore, when inseparably united to the first two, called the spiritual Ego, and *taijasa*, the radiant. This is the real individuality, or the divine man.—Chap. VIII; sub-heading, "On Individuality and Personality."

Christians will doubtless be reminded by the above of what the Gospels say about the "Father," the "Son," and the "Holy Spirit"—sacred archaic teachings which have been all too frequently dwarfed and robbed of their usefulness by sundry doctrinal interpretations. It is understood, then, that the Individuality of man is the divine self produced by the union of these three highest principles. What of the lower self or personality?

This question can be answered in part by saying, as is often done, that the personality is an "illusion." The illusion is solid enough, as we all know, so long as it encompasses us and makes us its dupes; but yet, in the light of knowledge, in the realization of true selfhood, it is as much an illusion as are the characters in some dream that pales into nothingness at the dawn of our waking life. In fact, it seems a misnomer to call it *the* lower self, for its name is Legion. People who try to find out which is their real self find that they have many. There is a constant factor and many variable ones. The latter are our changing moods, ideas, fads, fancies, beliefs, etc., which vary to such an extent that the "I" of a few years ago is not the "I" of today. The explanation is that the notion of selfhood has attached itself severally and successively to one after another of these fleeting fancies, so that we call each one "Me" in turn, but none is the real "I."

The essential teaching of Theosophy as to the nature and destiny of man, a teaching which finds plenty of support in the Bible, is that man is a dual being, partly divine, partly animal. The story of evolution tells of a twofold process—the evolution of lower forms of life, energized by the divine spark that animates all things; and the *involution* or descent of Spirit downwards. There was a time when the former evolution had produced the highest type of animal form possible by that process, and a "mindless" man resulted. This mindless man was "ensouled" through the agency of certain spiritual beings who incarnated in him and endowed the form with intelligence. This very brief epitome is presented here merely for the purpose of introducing subsequent remarks, and further elucidation thereof must be sought elsewhere in the Theosophical works. *Genesis* speaks of this double development of man. In chapter II, man is made a "living

soul" (Hebrew, *nephesh*, "animal soul," see Young's *Analytical Concordance*). In chapter I, we find that the 'Elôhim (translated God, though a plural form, and meaning "gods") gave their impress to the animal soul.

Thus man, from the viewpoint of his real Self, is a pilgrim, temporarily entombed in the clay; and it is this entombment that is signified by the "Fall." Yet we must not regard that Fall as a curse or a punishment, for it is but the fulfilment of the Soul's purpose and destiny. Rather it is a *sacrifice*, undertaken by the Divine Man, and to be crowned by the "Resurrection" which means the rising from the "tomb," the full realization of our spiritual nature while in the flesh. We have to realize, then, that the descent of Spirit into matter has produced a composite mind and nature; so that man has (or is), as it were, *three souls* — animal, spiritual, and the distinctively human soul arising from the blending of the two. The work which man has to perform is to blend the human with the Spiritual and to save it from the animal. And this, of course, cannot be done in a single term of life; therefore the Soul has many such terms, and we see around us people in various stages of experience.

It would be impossible to point to any one in recent times who has done more to help people realize their higher selves than H. P. Blavatsky; for she is responsible for the present-day Theosophical movement and the tremendous leavening of thought which has gone on everywhere since she founded it — until now we find ministers using her very words. If we are to help people, then, it is pertinent to consider her example and her teachings. She pointed out the Way or Path, as all Teachers do; and to the luminous help of her teachings she added the immense power of her own Individuality, so that her words were far more than mere words. And that Way or Path is still open to the pilgrim who loves knowledge ardently for its own sake and for the sake of the power which it gives him to fulfil his mission in the world. The general unrest is ultimately due to the force of man's awakening higher nature, and he will realize in time where his true hope lies — in the ancient teachings which make clear the path of life.

SCOTTISH SCENES: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.



PERHAPS no more romantic region exists in bonnie Scotland than that guarded by the mountains Ben Venue, Ben Aan, and Ben Ledi, at whose feet lie the famous Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennacher. The beauty of the scenery and some stirring events of the past were, as all know, immortalized in Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*.

Some features of the district are curiously reminiscent of Killarney, the long winding upper lake amid successions of wild mountain-slopes, the richly-wooded pass — the Trosachs — leading to the middle lake, and the more subdued tone of the lower lake, being characteristic of both places. Indeed, standing on Ben Venue as if on Mangerton, one can while away a few minutes in tracing some close parallels. To the right above the head of the upper lake, between two of "the Reeks," we mean Stoba Choin and Ben Chabhair, is a gap, like the Gap of Dunloe, leading northeast to Balquidder. To the left are Ben Lomond and other sentinels, surely hiding Kenmare Bay. Turning round, Loch Ard is seen; but if it be Loch Guitane, why has it stolen the echo from the Eagle's Nest? To the right is Torc, changed into Ben Aan, gorgeously clad, with the Trosachs beneath, and "the meeting of the waters" at the end of Loch Achray. In vain, however, the eye seeks Muckross, or the unspeakable loveliness of Dinish Island and Glена.

Unquestionably the general scenic beauties of the Trosachs district are of sterner mold, while the air lacks the softer touch of Killarney. But on the other hand, these heights catch the Breath of the Grampians, of which mountains they are the southern ramparts. And that breath is something never to be forgotten. Small wonder that all who can, rush in holiday time from the south to the Grampian Highlands! The air possesses an exhilarating quality, a clearness of texture, a vitality, impossible to believe if one has not tramped over these ranges in summer-time, or when the heather is in bloom. One who would shirk a four-mile walk in the haunts of civilization finds himself doing thirty or forty, day after day across mountains, invariably reaching home fresher than at starting in the morning.

An excellent way to reach Loch Katrine, for those who dislike beaten tracks and prefer invigorating ways of procedure, is to set out on foot from Lochearnhead, pass up Glen Dubh to the head of Glen Finglas, and descend into Strath Gartney at the middle of Loch Kat-

rine. At the upper end to the right, Glengyle is seen, a home of Rob Roy; for beyond was the land of the Clan Gregor, whose fiery war-song, in its musical setting, is a gem:

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Fortunately, the world in general has grown more peaceable, and such songs are sung with a merry twinkle in the eye.

Turning to the left along the tree-shaded road skirting Loch Katrine, an hour's walk brings one to the spot opposite Ellen's Isle, where Fitz-James first beheld the Lady of the Lake: the upper end of the Trosachs, and where in those days no road existed.

The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid,
And thus an airy point he won
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.

Passing on into the Trosachs one realizes the truth of Scott's description, of which we can quote but a few lines:

With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs across the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Talking of fairies reminds one that Scott was great enough to believe in and give expression to truths regarding supersensual realms

of being, and to those hidden in tradition. In this very poem, for instance, occurs the following:

Up spoke the moody elfin king
 Who wonned within the hill.
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlit circle's screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer
 Beloved of our elfin queen?"

The stag-hunt, it will be remembered, began near

the heights of Uam-Var,
 And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
 A giant made his den of old.

By the which token we perceive, as ever, that the poets are invariably centuries ahead; while the "researchers" plod along darkly if unweariedly, but somewhat in the rear.

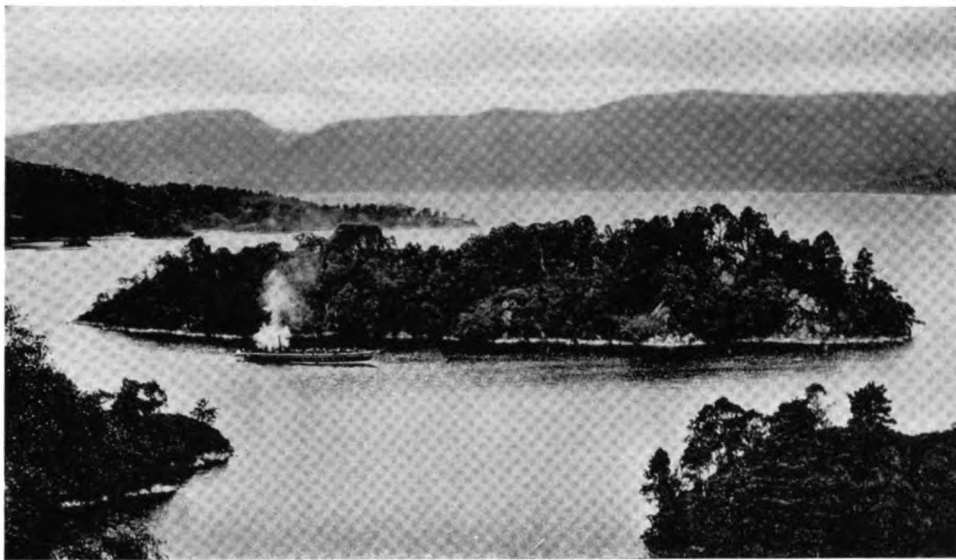
The Trosachs Hotel inevitably brings us back to earth and possibly to the necessity of choosing one's program for a day or two. Splendid drives start from here, and they have their advantages, but reach not to mountain-summits.

We may visit Coir-nan-Uriskin, the wild and strange retreat on the slope of Ben Venue, where Douglas and his daughter fair sought for a space their safety, and where

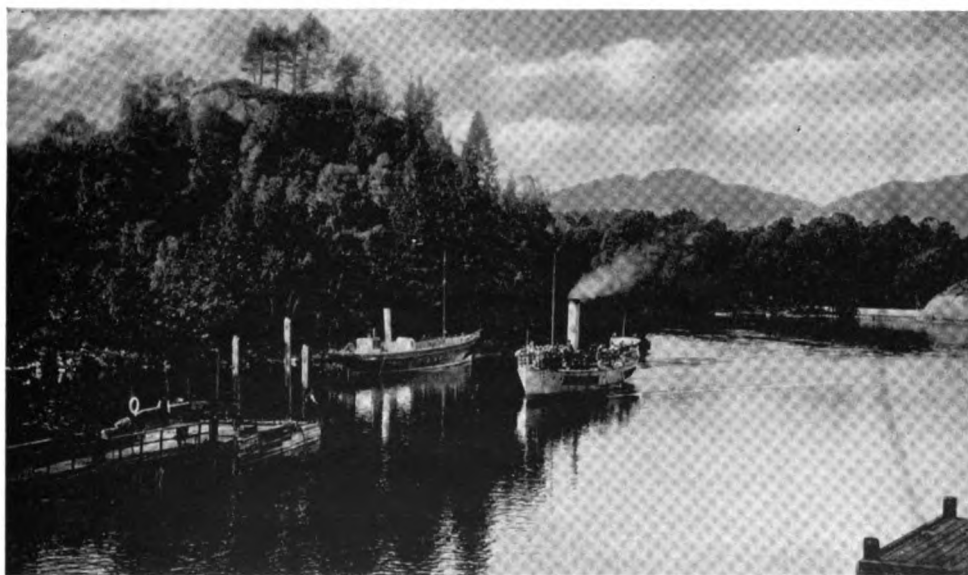
Gray superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread:
 For there, 'twas said, did fays resort,
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

And we shall not miss "Bracklinn's thundering wave," with its giddy-looking and frail bridge across the falls. Along the shoulder of Ben Ledi, Vennacher stretching below, we reach Lanrick Mead, the mustering-place of Clan Alpine, whose magnificent battle-song rivals that of the Clan Gregor:

Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances!
 Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE, SCOTLAND



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TROSACHS PIER, LOCH KATRINE, SCOTLAND



IN THE TROSACHS, SCOTLAND

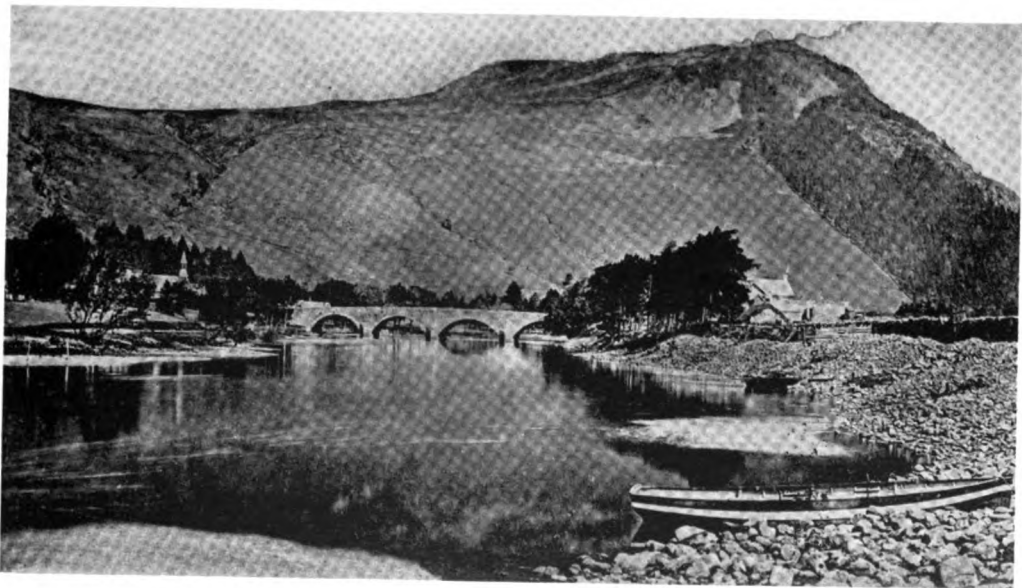


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LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE, SCOTLAND

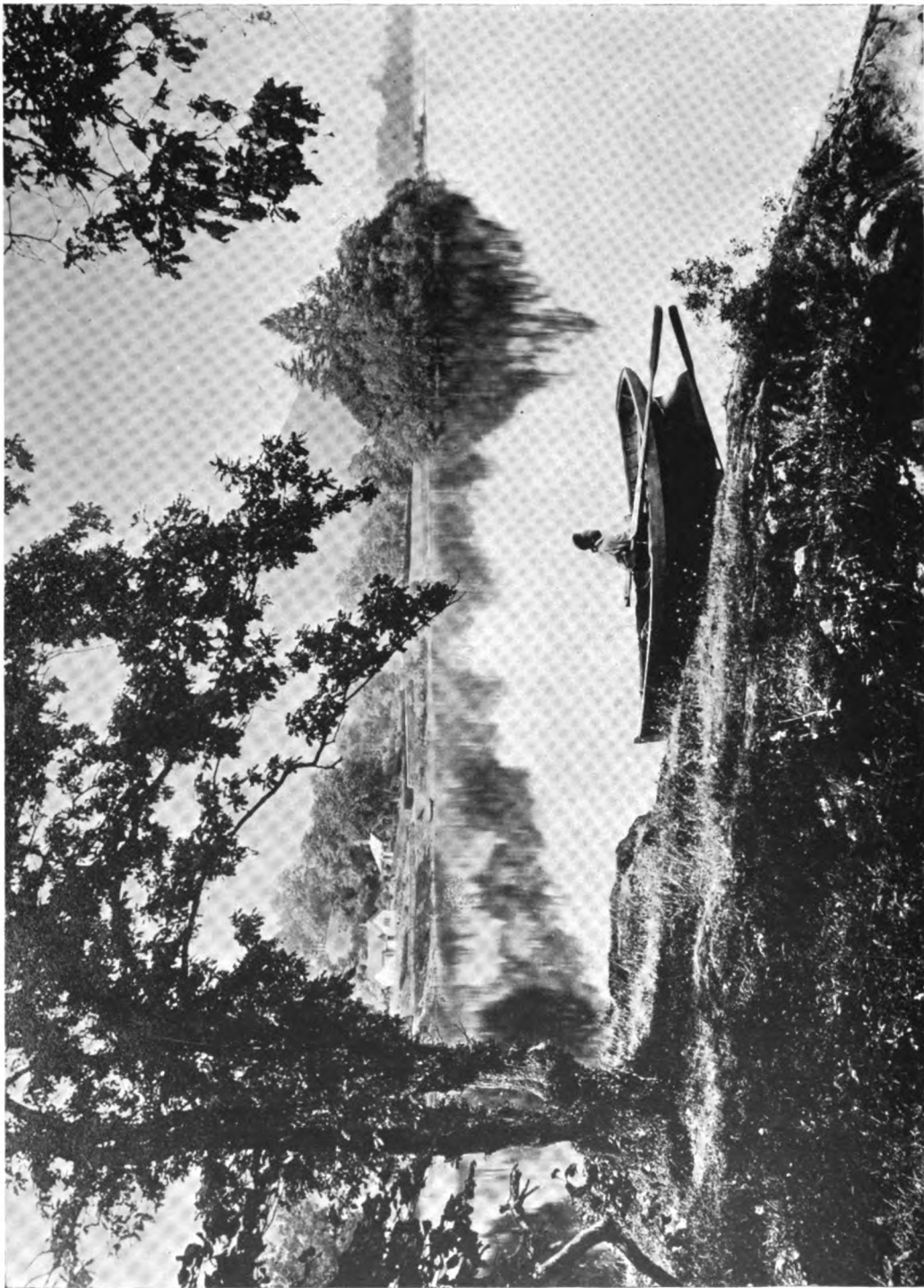


PASS OF LENY, CALLANDER, SCOTLAND



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RANNOCH BRIDGE AND CRAIG VAR, SCOTLAND



SWAN ISLAND, LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND

Long may the Tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow.
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Surely no more dramatic combat was ever described than that which Scott tells as occurring at Coilantogle Ford between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, near the lower end of the Loch; though the incidents preceding the fight were even more dramatic, as when Clan Alpine's warriors suddenly appear along Ben Ledi's living side — perhaps the finest passage in the whole poem.

Fitz-James was brave — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start.
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare.
His back against a rock he bore
And firmly placed his foot before.
"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise. . . .

No greater picture of royal self-control was ever recorded of the mighty Cuchullain.

The pass of Leny belongs likewise to this poetic romance, for through this pass the "fiery cross," signal for the war-assembly of Clan Alpine, was carried by young Angus, from whose hands it was borne on by Norman to distant Balquidder.

If, returning to Lochearnhead, we walk through Glen Ogle to the head of Loch Tay, ascend the shoulder of Ben Lawers and cross Glen Lyon, we come upon the Black Wood of Rannoch, said to be a portion of the primeval forest of Scotland. To the right is Schiehallion, the scene of a famous experiment intended to afford some criterion of the mean density of the Earth, based on the theory of the law of — or the law of the theory of — gravitation.

BE BOLD! by R. W. Machell



UCH, we are told, was the injunction inscribed over the door of a temple or school of philosophy in ancient Egypt; but over an inner door was written: "Be not overbold."

Now what is the happy mode, the middle course between the extremes of dangerous rashness and dangerous caution? There are times when it is dangerous to go slow, when the only safety lies in speed and audacity. We all know this, and we also know that hesitation at such times is fatal. What then is this famous middle course which is called the path of wisdom?

Surely it is a course that is guided by a perception of a higher law. It is a middle course because it is not influenced by either of the opposing rules: "Be bold," and "Be not overbold!" It is not a compromise, such as we are familiar with in ordinary life, when we find men vacillating between opposing interests, and eternally compromising by choosing the path that is most comfortable at the moment. And yet, we know that there is wisdom in choosing the path of least resistance. There seems to be a contradiction, or at least a paradox, in the proposition which it is worth our while to consider.

Some very wise men have been called opportunists because they did what was necessary and right to be done at the moment, and were ready to change their course of action directly circumstances made it wiser to do so. This is also the reason why some really unprincipled people appear so successful. Being unhindered in their choice of action by any fixed principles they are ready to adopt any course that seems to favor their object or facilitate its accomplishment. But if they are not guided by high motives, which are the same as high principles, rightly understood, they will adopt expedients that will bring ultimate disaster as the price of immediate and trivial advantages. So we see men of brilliant capacity suddenly rise as if they were really great, and as suddenly fall into obscurity, though their acts may appear to be guided by the same disregard for rules and systems as the acts of the really wise are.

So we come to the conclusion that wisdom is another name for high purpose.

Wisdom may formulate many rules of conduct for those who have not yet attained to that trust in their own higher nature which enables them to act from high motives, but she is not herself bound by any such rules. Wisdom is the result of consciousness of our own divinity; until this is attained a man must be guided by rules, which are gener-

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ally called principles. But principles are the essential qualities of things and rules are but expedients for the guidance of those who have not yet mastered the principles. Therefore the wise man who is above the rules or lesser laws of life will not encourage others to disregard them; their own vanity will prompt them to this, and the wise man will insist on obedience to law, being himself so absolutely obedient to Law as to be identified with it and therefore able to act as the Law demands at all times.

To be Wise, therefore, means being free from one's own personal limitations, and responsive to the need of the moment as expressed in circumstances; that is to say, being alive to the needs of the world and unhindered by any personal feelings, likes or dislikes, prejudices or preconceptions, theories or methods. Freedom of this kind is the result of absolute obedience to the Higher Law, and is not to be won by violation of law. The wise man does not violate the law even when he goes beyond it altogether; he has already fulfilled it and is now obedient to it still.

Those who profess a love of Freedom, but who only desire personal emancipation from unwelcome control have not yet learned the elements, the alphabet, of human progress. Beware of them; their example is a pitfall on the road; and so long as the darkness wraps your mind it is well to go no faster than you can while avoiding the dangers of the road. As the light in your heart grows brighter the path becomes clearer and you will go faster and with greater safety, till the time comes when caution will no longer be for you, but when the order will be: Be Bold!

THE CONCEPTION OF "FORCE" IN PHYSICS: by a Physicist



IN *Scientia* (May, 1912) M. Abel Rey, of Dijon University, discusses at considerable length the "Ostracism of the Concept of Force from Modern Physics." It may surprise some people to hear that force has been thus banished; but they must bear in mind that the word "force" is used in two senses. First, it is used by those who seek to find the *cause* of phenomena, to denote some actual agent or entity supposed to operate in nature and produce all the effects which we see and which science

studies. Secondly, the word "force" is used by physicists who are occupied in *describing* phenomena and in measuring their qualitative and quantitative relations, to designate a mathematical quantity — the strength of the impact with which a moving body strikes another. The former meaning refers to a (conjectured) reality; the latter is an abstract mathematical term. Of course "force," in its engineering sense, has not been ostracized; the idea which has been banned (as alleged) is the idea that there is any such agent as force operative in matter or alongside of matter. The writer says:

Rational mechanics employs the word "force" to designate, not a thing, a reality, but a relation or a group of relations. . . . Force, in the mathematical sense of the word, is therefore merely a mathematical quantity, a theoretical abstraction and a creation of the mind. When mechanics defines force as a cause of movement (which is moreover not very correct), it does not give the word "force" an objective sense. It indicates thereby . . . that a movement is connected with certain conditions by precise and measurable relations. . . .

We have to determine what corresponds objectively and in material reality to the elliptical expression of mathematics. . . .

Capacity for action, and of action at a distance — such are the fundamental elements of the physical conception of force.*

M. Rey, in reviewing various stages in the history of physics, shows that at one time there was a dualism, which regarded force and passive resistance as the twin primal agents behind phenomena. This, of course, is a familiar idea; we call this duality by such pairs of names as "force and matter," "spirit and matter," "motion and stability," etc. They represent the positive and negative, or active and passive. Subsequently the duality was made into a unity (in a sense), by supposing that force was the only element, and that force had two modes, one positive, the other negative. This is the idea of Boscovich, whose theory the writer gives as follows:

Every material element is in reality but a center of forces attractive and repulsive. By the first we explain attraction, magnetic, and capillary phenomena,

* La mécanique rationnelle se sert du mot "force" pour désigner non une chose, une réalité, mais une relation ou un groupe de relations. . . . La force, au sens mathématique du mot, n'est donc qu'un algorithme, une abstraction théorique et une création de l'esprit. Quand la mécanique définit la force une cause de mouvement (ce qui est d'ailleurs peu correct) elle ne donne au mot "cause" aucun sens objectif. Elle indique par là . . . qu'un mouvement est lié à certaines conditions par des relations précises et mesurables. . . . Il s'agit de déterminer ce qui correspond objectivement et dans la réalité matérielle à l'expression elliptique de la mathématique. . . . Capacité d'action, et d'action à distance, voilà les éléments fondamentaux du concept physique de force.

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cohesion, etc., by the second, spatial extension, impenetrability, the solidity and elasticity of bodies. *

H. P. Blavatsky speaks as follows of Boscovich:

Faraday, Boscovich, and all others, however, who see in the atoms and molecules "centers of force," and in the corresponding *element force* an ENTITY BY ITSELF, are far nearer the truth, perchance, than those who, denouncing them, denounce at the same time the "old corpuscular Pythagorean theory". . . on the ground of its "delusion that the conceptual elements of matter *can be grasped* as separate and real entities." — *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 507

The reference is evidently to Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics*. Stallo shows, as does the late Borden Bowne and other writers, that physicists often allow themselves to forget that they are using words in an abstract sense, and that they consequently erect their concepts into realities, thus giving rise to delusion and confusion. This is true enough, and we started out by saying that the word "force" is actually used in an abstract sense and therefore designates no reality. But apart from this, *there may be a reality*; and this is what H. P. Blavatsky here insists upon. The confusion arises from the dual sense of such words as "force," "heat," or "light"; the phenomenal effects which we designate by those names may — nay, must — have behind them actual entities, which we must perforce designate by the same names. Thus, the fact that abstractions are "reified," as Stallo puts it, does not interfere with the fact that nevertheless there is an actual entity which can be described as force.

We do not propose to follow M. Rey through the details of a careful and lucid review of the subsequent stages in physical theory, but merely to make some remarks on the general question involved, especially as it relates to the Theosophical point of view.

"Action at a distance" is of course the great bugbear all through. Nor can we suppress a smile at the device of those who have sought to get over this difficulty by restricting action at a distance to *very small* distances — as when actions across planetary space are referred to an ether, thus limiting action at a distance to that which is supposed to take place between atoms. It is like an atheist professing his willingness to believe in a God, "provided it was only a very little

* Tout élément matériel n'est en réalité qu'un centre de forces attractives et répulsives. Par les premières nous expliquons l'attraction, les phénomènes électriques, magnétiques, capillaires, la cohésion, etc., par les secondes l'étendue, l'impenétabilité, la solidité et l'élasticité des corps.

one." The truth is that no device, such as trying to resolve a pull into a push, or representing force as merely an effect of motion and mass, will serve to avoid the difficulty. "Distance" itself is an irresolvable element of our conceptual power, and we have to assume it before we can begin to think in physical terms. Consequently we must be content to assume action at a distance. And, if we desire to resolve it further, we must quit the domain of physics altogether and enter upon an analysis of our own mental states.

This brings us to the part of the subject, briefly touched upon by M. Rey in concluding, which refers to the desirability or otherwise of entertaining a physical conception of the universe at all. He frequently admits that the expressions of physicists are but convenient formulae, and that they often forget this fact. What lies beyond he calls "un inconnaisable." He weighs the question whether our appreciation of life has lost or gained by the sharpening of our intellect along these physical lines. He calls the conceptions of physics "une logique industrielle."

But we are living in a very earnest age, and people are calling for knowledge that goes to the root of life. Formulae which merely describe external relations may still prove very useful in applied industry, but we need something more as a basis of philosophy and an interpretation of the universe.

The greatest science is the Science of Being; for what more ultimate fact can we reach than the fact of Being? And, as all other branches of science must be merely parts of this, and relative to it, we must always, in studying these branches, come eventually to the fringing line where we can no longer achieve exactitude and where we must be content to *assume* our data. M. Rey says that it is possible to consider the theories of physicists as simply a stage in the evolution of the human intellect; and so indeed they are, and the scenes already begin to fade, making way for new scenes gradually looming from behind. H. P. Blavatsky says that the "old corpuscular Pythagorean theory" has never been rightly understood; and she says much the same about other ancient theories. This is because we translate the ancient words into words which in our language have other meanings besides the one which they were intended by the translator to represent. The word "atom" is a case in point. Did the ancient philosophers always — if ever — mean anything like what modern physics has meant by the word? The word "atom," on the

contrary, as used in antiquity, has oftener denoted one of those very "centers of force" — or, rather, of life — mentioned above; and the word "soul" might just as well be used. But perhaps the word "monad" is better still. It is obviously a mistake to endow atoms with physical properties, such as mass and spatial extension; for by so doing we defeat our own object, which is to resolve physical properties into something else. The "priority accorded to the tactile and visual representation of the universe," can be regarded, as M. Rey says it can, as "*les simples effets des hasards de l'évolution et des circonstances pratiques.*" The ancient philosophers did not give such priority to externals, but regarded physics as a subordinate branch of the science of life and consciousness. Hence the atom was for them an atom of life, a soul. The causes of phenomena must be sought in the region of noumena, so that physics, in its ultimate resolution, becomes *the science of self*.

DRUID'S SONG IN THE FOREST

Kenneth Morris

I SAW the forest beeches yield and fountain forth in feathery flame
 Their secret glory unrevealed; and lo, from out the fire-sprays came
 The Master of the Shining Shield, Heart of the World's Heart Oriflame.

I saw the trembling leagues of fern and the huge beech-trees bow them down,
 And a thousand dark-green rushes turn and bend their tufted blossoms brown,
 And the whole woodland bloom and burn to yield him golden robe and crown.

And as I passed the marshy mead, I heard a little, peat-dark stream
 Grow vocal; and indeed, indeed, a song that had the opal's gleam
 Went tinkling down from reed to reed, till the whole world was wrapped in dream.

Because of Him, such wild delight hath filled the ousel's bill with tune,
 The cuckoo's far and wandering flight with such lone merriment is strewn,
 And the thrush makes the wood's edge bright beyond the cloudless light of noon.

And still from out the purple hills I hear Him roving down the sky,
 And still the wondering wildwood thrills, His footsteps drop such melody,
 To ripple forth in music rills on all the winds that wander by.

Oh Mightiest of the Mighty Ones, and Smallest of Small things that be,
 Commensurate with stars and suns, and the plumed splendors of the sea,
 Who through the Atom burns and runs — bide thou and shine at heart in me!

*International Theosophical Headquarters
 Point Loma, California.*

THE UPBUILDING OF REAL LIFE:

by Gertrude van Pelt, B. Sc., M. D.



THEOSOPHY, however conceived, brings one face to face with the real issues of life. It may be constructive or (in a sense) destructive; it may be an intellectual guide or an inspirer of song, verse, or pictorial art; it may be an avenging judge, or the gentle companion and friend; but whatever it is, with unerring precision, it leads to the eternal verities. It throws off the husks and reveals the kernel within. It uncovers the vampires of vice and corruption, eating at the heart of national and individual life, and tears to shreds their borrowed garments of purity. It opens up vistas of glory and beauty which awaken the sleeping faculties in the hearts of men. Those who shun the truth, dislike it, and attack it with virulence. Those who hunger and thirst after truth, embrace it, and find in its ever-expanding horizon, in its unfathomable depths, in its infinite heights, those forces which make for the upbuilding of a real life.

Under its searching illumination, Nature throws off her mask, and shows that it is not in any of her outward manifestations that her secret heart lies hidden. All of these may vanish in a night, while that of which they are the flower, remains untouched. And in its light, the accomplishments of man, however great, are lifted from their throne as objects themselves of final attainment, and perceived as instruments through which the goal may be reached. "The universe exists for the experience of the soul."

Nature is infinite in her resources in stimulating to effort. Man struggles to produce glorious monuments of art and architecture, to invent new devices for comfort, to create inspiring works, thinking always to rest content if the ambition is realized, but Nature smiles behind her veil and whispers that in the struggle lay the purpose; in the effort these could induce and produce. For each one dies at his appointed time, or unhappily, before it, and what is it alone that he retains? Whole nations, even races disappear off the face of the earth, and their achievements in matter, however sublime, are, like the crystal palace of ice, wiped away by time. Only enough records of their greatness are preserved by the guides of this planet, to tell their story to future races and keep unbroken the history of man's pilgrimage.

All the phenomenal universe comes and goes, yet man, the eternal,

remains. Stripped of all his accessories, robbed of all his imagined supports, deprived of all his accustomed incentives to action, he stands, just what he has made himself, no more and no less. And when life blossoms again, and again he finds himself on the arena, his power to meet the events which confront him is just what he has made it. One thing alone, of all those which he fancies he ever has or ever can possess, is his — that indefinable yet comprehensive thing, his character.

Nature works upon the lower forms of life. A higher power than the stone has formed it; the trees, the flowers, even the insects and beasts are plastic materials in the hands of the great potter. Through It, in unthinkable time, the bodies are formed for man. He enters the Temple prepared for him, and Nature who has been supreme, now bows before the mystery. She sees before her not alone the world-stuff to be fashioned, but the very creative spark. No longer can she mold unaided. It becomes her office now to furnish the opportunities for the entering man, who has before him the herculean task of evolving the human mind. No outside force alone, can make him. The creative seed is itself within him. Every event, every circumstance, is something to be met and acted upon by *him*, the creator of his own destiny. Whether ignorantly or consciously, he works in the illimitable and exhaustless laboratory of nature, and therein slowly but surely fashions — character. Human laws may be framed and forgotten; temples may be reared and crumble; whole races may pass through their allotment of sorrow, despair, and joy, and be no more; continents may rise and sink; but character, by means of which all these things are formed and colored, character, as part of man, the immortal, endures.

The seriousness of this would be sufficient, were the results only good or negative; but when one reflects that they are potent for evil or for good, words fail to express its import. For the necessity of forming character is something which can be escaped by no one, not even for a moment. Every instant, whether apparently active or otherwise, each one is forming his character. It is one of the inevitable facts of nature. Every thought is leaving its imprint, every breath is carrying its influence, making the personality of today different from that of yesterday. In strenuous as in careless moments, whether apparently striving for self or another, the secret motives are at work behind, like tools of inevitable precision in the hands of their master, man, chiseling on the indestructible human mind —

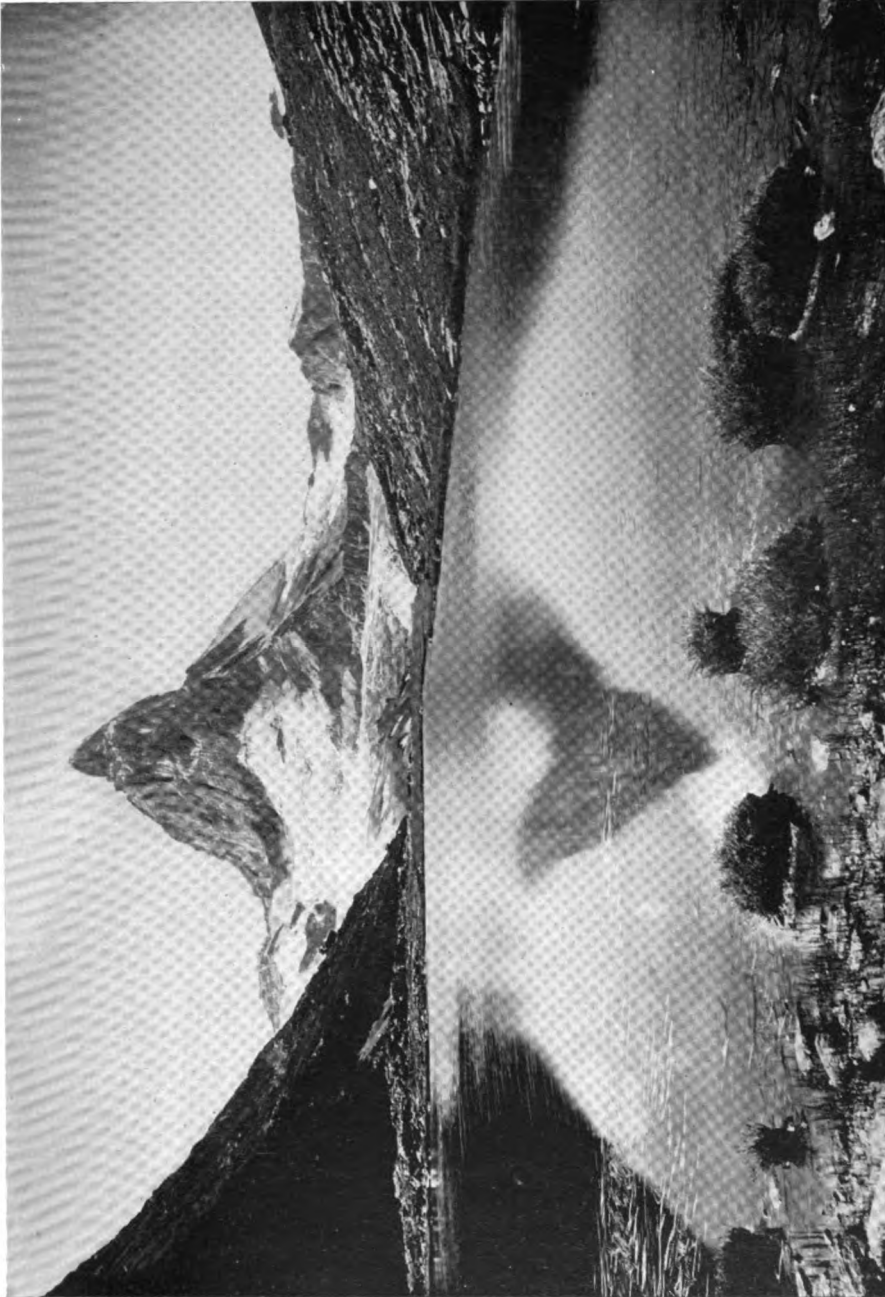
clearing, purifying, and enriching it; or clouding, degrading, and contaminating it. These marks may appear to be ineffective; but under the sway of impulse, in moments of crisis, in the crucial periods of life, they all come forward to decide the issue. With resistless force they assert themselves, leaving the actor aghast and asking with horror, "Is it indeed I, who did this thing?" or, haply, standing in silent awe and gratitude, thanking the beneficent power which worked through him. Sooner or later it becomes evident that nothing can be hid.

As our civilization is but the outcome of national character — the aggregate of the character of the units, all reforms of whatever kind, except the reformation of character, can have no lasting results. All this perhaps no one disputes. The trouble is that while none object to the reformation of others, but few are willing to reform themselves. And so the wheel of sorrow ceaselessly revolves. For whatever laws we make can be evaded. Whatever systems of adjustment we may devise can and will be undone by the very forces which called for their need. As long as unbrotherliness is in the heart, the strife between men must grow more intense. As long as our selfishness breeds criminals, no improvement in prison discipline can check their growth. As long as the desire for honesty is not stronger than the desire for gain, no supervision of business can keep it sweetly clean. Patent nostrums without end are offered, and we live in a Babel of ideas. We are lost in a multitude of issues, when in truth there is but one. Why reform forever on the surface? An ethical veneer may cover systems rotten to their core.

It is this thorough, basic method that Theosophy enforces. It touches the root of the disease. It holds the power to awaken the soul, and purify the stream of life at its source.



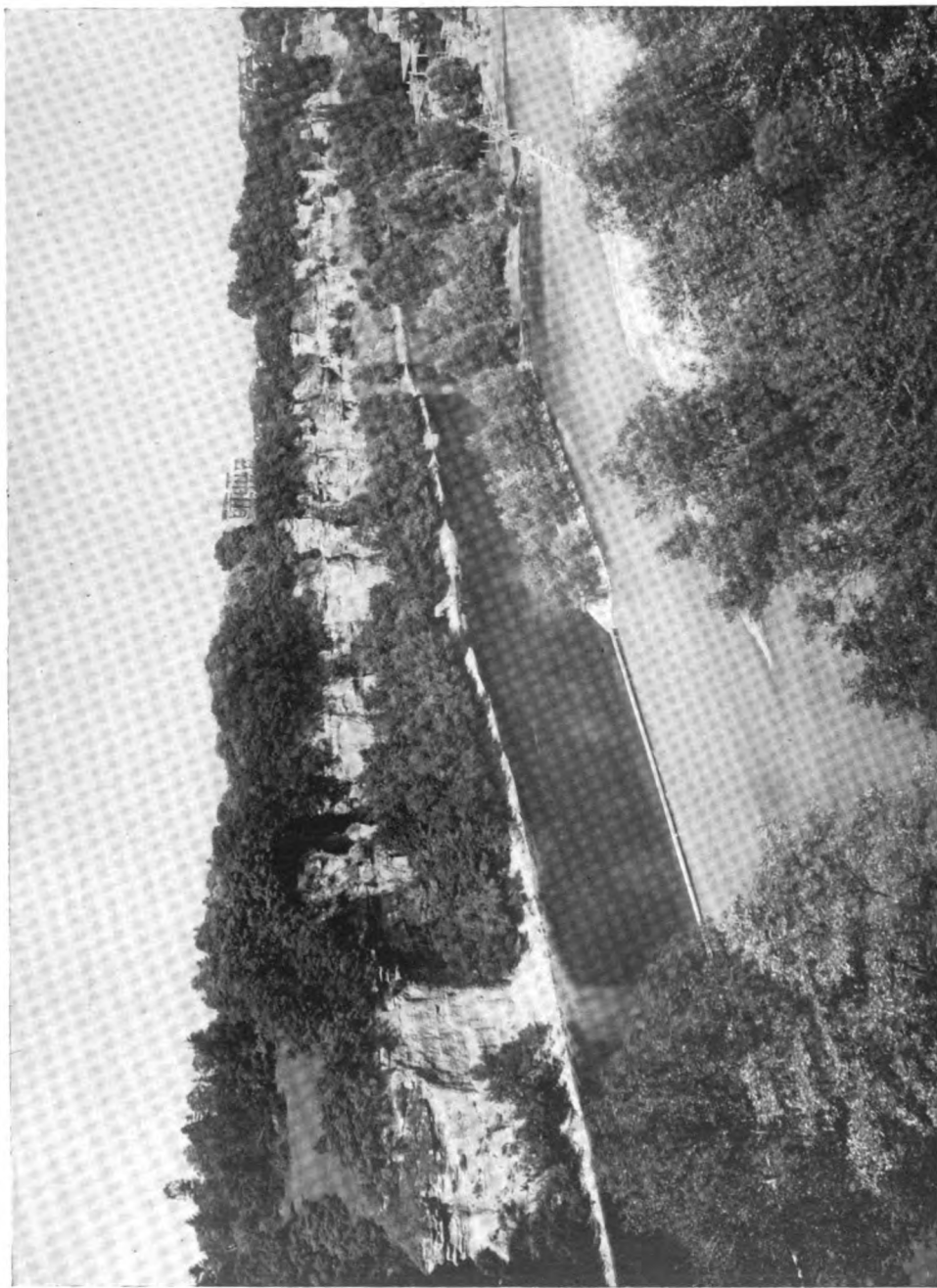
I AM much disposed to assert the existence of immaterial natures in the world, and to place my own soul in the class of these beings. It will hereafter, I know not where nor when, yet be proved that the human soul stands, even in this life, in indissoluble connexion with all immaterial natures in the spirit world, that it reciprocally acts upon these, and receives impressions from them. — *Kant*



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THE RIFFELSEE AND THE MATTERHORN, SWITZERLAND

The Matterhorn, called by the French Mont Cervin and by the Italians Monte Silvio, is a high and striking peak of the Pennine Alps, on the border between the Valais in Switzerland and the Val d'Aosta, Piedmont, Italy, and is 14,780 feet in height. In 1865, it was first ascended by Whymper and his party of six, three Englishmen and three Swiss guides. Four of the party lost their lives. The Matterhorn can now be ascended from Zermatt.



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THE JUNCTION OF THE RHÔNE AND THE ARVE, NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
The Rhône is arrowy, a deep blue, and sparkling clear; the Arve yellow, sediment-laden, and of slower flow. These two rivers flow for some distance side by side, before their waters mingle.



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THE WILLOWS BY THE RHÔNE, NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

These willows attract many visitors, nature-lovers. They are ancient, magnificent trees, some of them; and with their companions extend far along the banks of the river.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROUSSEAU'S MONUMENT

On "Rousseau's Isle," a triangular island situated at the point the Rhône reissues from Lake Geneva, between two of the city's most picturesque quays. The Genevese have lately been celebrating with great movement the centenary of the philosopher's birth.

STUDIES IN ORPHISM: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

IV. THE MYTH OF ZAGREUS-DIONYSOS

1. THE FIRST MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF THE DIVINE ALL-FATHER WITH THE MIGHTY EARTH-MOTHER AND THE FIRST BIRTH OF THE DIVINE SON AS ZAGREUS.



AS the Orphic teachings revealed the story of cosmic evolution or the formation of the Macrocosm by means of an allegory, centered around seven mythological figures, Orphism in a similar fashion expounded its teachings in regard to the Microcosm or the Little World (of which man is the center), by means of a mythical narrative related of Zagreus-Dionysos, the savior of Greek mythology, and it was this story which supplied the subject-matter of the Dionysiac Greek Mystery-drama.

In the Orphic Theogony the wife of Zeus, the Demiurge, the divine All-Father, is not Hera the Homeric Queen of Heaven, but the mighty Earth-Goddess in her twofold aspect as Demeter, the Divine Mother, and Kore, the Divine Maid, appearing both as the immortal goddess Persephone the Virgin Queen of the Dead, and as the mortal maid Semele, later immortalized as Thyone, the inspired, the mother of the mystic savior.

Not only are Demeter, Persephone, and Semele-Thyone in essence one, the Earth-Goddess in her three aspects as wife, mother, and daughter, but Zagreus-Iakchos, the divine Son, child of Zeus in the form of a dragon and of Demeter-Kore, is from one point of view at least identical with Zeus the Demiurge, and Phanes, the first of the Macrocosmic powers, the germ of manifested life. These shifts in personality with an identity of divine essence are common in mythology. Though the personages differ the Deity impersonated is one, for the various persons represent, as it were, merely different stages or aspects of one and the same life.

Zagreus, both the holy Babe and the mighty horned Hunter, the mystic savior of Orphism, is first mentioned in extant Greek literature in a verse, preserved from the lost Epic, the *Alkmaeonis*, which runs as follows:

Holy Earth and Zagreus, greatest of all the Gods.

As a word, Zagreus seems to have at least three distinct meanings:

first, the mighty Hunter, that is, the pilgrim Soul; secondly, He that takes many captives, that is, the Lord of the Dead; and thirdly, the restorer to life and strength, or the king of the reborn.

Zagreus from the moment of his birth is his father's favored son, proclaimed as successor of Zeus, who, placing the symbols of power, the scepter of Heaven and a golden apple, in the child's hands, declared to the assembled Gods:

Hear ye, O Gods, over you I place a King.¹

This declaration aroused the jealous wrath of Hera who forthwith plotted the speedy destruction of Zagreus.

2. THE AGONY OR PASSION OF ZAGREUS

Therefore, in the pursuit of her murderous design against the holy Babe she released from the depths of Tartaros the pent-up fury of the dethroned earth-born Titans, upon the condition that they would be the ministers of her vengeance and slay Zagreus. To this they agreed. The Orphic fragments mention fourteen different Titans, seven male and seven female,² which are referred to by Proklos as the "divine Titanic hebdomads." Some scholars under the lead of Faber and his "seven Arkite Titans,"³ have attempted to distinguish between seven good Titans and an indeterminate number of evil-minded ones, the murderers of Zagreus, but such a distinction does not seem justified in Orphic theogony, which apparently was content with representing the Titanic nature as dual, composed of divine and earthly elements, without distinguishing between two separate classes. The number seven is evidently part and parcel of the Orphic number-symbolology and has an obvious connexion with that portion of the myth which tells of the dismemberment of the body of Zagreus.⁴

Hera bided her time and carried out her plot during the temporary absence of Zeus. Apollo and the Curetes, the appointed guardians of the infancy of Zagreus, were enticed away from their charge by her wiles. Whereupon, the Titans with their naturally black faces artificially whitened by means of a mixture of chalk and clay, stealthily approached the Liknon, or cradle-basket, wherein the holy Babe lay surrounded by the symbols of power which had been entrusted to him

1. Proklos *In Cratylum*, p. 59. 2. Proklos *In Timaeum*, V. p. 295. 3. Faber, George Stanley: *A Dissertation on the Mysteries of the Cabiri*, 2 vols., Oxford, 1803.

4. Proklos *In Timaeum*, III, p. 184.

by his fond father. Each Titan carried a false toy with which to beguile the child away from the protection of the nursery. One carried the Thyrsos or sacred Bacchic wand, another a top, and a third a mirror. Zagreus relinquished his symbols of power and reached for these proffered toys. His fancy was especially captivated by the mirror, and while he was engaged in viewing his own image in it he was suddenly surprised by the assassins. In vain he tried to escape from their fearful grasp by constantly changing his shape, until finally in the form of a bull he was overcome with dismay at the magic bellowings caused by Hera. Thereupon his body was torn into seven or fourteen pieces, that is, twice seven as in the Egyptian mystery-myth of Osiris. The dismembered limbs were first boiled and afterwards roasted by the Titans who then began to devour the flesh; but Zeus returned, and upon discovering their wickedness blasted them with his thunderbolt, and from their ashes have sprung into being the human race. Thus the Orphic poet sings:

The Earth-born [Titans] who showered down from heaven
 Their blood, the grievous germ of birth [that is, of incarnation in the material
 world], from which sprang
 The race of mortals, who ceaselessly inhabit the boundless earth.⁵

And again:

O mighty Titans, who from heav'n and earth
 Derive your noble and illustrious birth,
 Our fathers' sires, in Tartaros profound
 Who dwell, deep merg'd beneath the solid ground
 Fountains and principles from whom began
 Th' afflicted, hapless race of man.⁶

Athena and Apollo were both present with Zeus at the time of the destruction of the Titans, and the goddess of Wisdom discovering that the heart of Zagreus was still palpitating, forthwith handed it to her father, as thus described by the great Platonist Proklos in his Hymn to Athena:

Once by thy care, as sacred poets sing,
 The heart of Bakchos, swiftly-slaughtered king,
 Was saved in aether, when, with fury fir'd
 The Titans fell, against his life conspired:
 And with relentless rage and thirst for gore,
 Their hands his members into fragments tore:

5. Orphic *Argonautika*, 12. 6. *Orphic Hymns*, xxxvii, Taylor's Translation.

But ever watchful of thy father's will,
 Thy pow'r preserv'd him from succeeding ill,
 Till from the secret counsels of his sire,
 And born from Semele through heavenly fire,
 Great Dionysos to the world at length
 Again appeared with renovated strength.⁷

In accordance with the commands of Zeus, Apollo gathered the scattered fragments of the limbs of Zagreus and placed them in a coffin near the Omphalos or sacred conical stone at Delphi, marking, according to Greek myth, the navel of the earth. In historic times, if we may trust the account given in the *Chronicles* of the Byzantine historian Malalas — an account which seems to be derived from the lost *Atthis* of Philochoros, (3d century B. C.), the coffin was thus inscribed: "Here lieth dead, the body of Dionysos, the Son of Semele."⁸ At first the actual wording of the epitaph may seem strange, as we might expect that it would have read: "Here lieth dead, the body of Zagreus, the Son of Demeter." Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that the Semele myth was exoteric property and commonly current, while the story of Zagreus was familiar only to the Orphic Mystics. The close connexion of Dionysos, the spiritual night-sun, with Apollo, the day-sun, noted before, is also shown by the circumstance that the Delphic shrine was occupied each year between Christmas and Easter not by Apollo, who then withdrew to the distant land of the Hyperboreans, but by Dionysos.

3. THE SECOND MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF THE DIVINE ALL-FATHER
 WITH THE EARTH-GODDESS IN THE GUISE OF THE MORTAL VIRGIN
 SEMELE; AND THE SECOND BIRTH OF THE DIVINE SON,
 THE GOD-MAN, AS DIONYSOS.

"A Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son."

The common exoteric form of the Dionysiac Myth regularly represents the god as the son of Zeus by the mortal maid Semele, the daughter of Kadmus, the Man from the East, the Founder of Thebes, the mystic city of the seven gates. The mystery-key to this is given in the following fragment of Apollodoros:

There is also a legend which says that Dionysos was born of Zeus and Earth: from Earth called Themele⁹ because all things are so to speak placed in it as

7. Taylor's Translation. 8. Malalas, *Chron.*, II, p. 45 ed. Bonn. Philochoros Frag. xxii.

9. Which word is here regarded as a variant form of the Greek word *θέμεθλα*, meaning that which is first laid or placed — the foundation.

a foundation, which by changing one letter [the theta] and by substituting therefor an S, the poets call Semele.¹⁰

Therefore, Semele is merely one of the many variant forms assumed by the Earth-goddess, as mother and maid. She is none other than Demeter-Kore in the guise of a mortal woman, to whom is entrusted the still beating heart of Zagreus. Hera, upon perceiving that she had failed to destroy Zagreus by having him dismembered, transformed herself likewise into a mortal woman, into Beroë the aged nurse, who, when the newly-formed life arising from the beating heart of the old was in its seventh month (again the Orphic septenary), succeeded in poisoning the mind of Semele with suspicion by insinuating that the lover, who had given this life to her keeping, was not the mighty King of Heaven but some human impostor bent on deceiving a poor maid. Thereupon, Semele at the next visit of Zeus in human form, after exacting from him a promise to grant whatever she might ask, requested him, if he was really the father of gods and men, to appear to her in his full majesty. Zeus, knowing that mere humanity may not look upon unveiled Divinity and live, tried to evade the granting of this request, but bound by his spoken pledge, he was forced at length to yield to the importunities of Semele and to appear in his true form amid thunder and lightning. As such a vision was unendurable to mortality, Semele, the human form of Kore, was destroyed, but the holy Babe was for a second time saved from destruction, inasmuch as Zeus broke his own body and sewed the child up in his own thigh, whence, at the expiration of the full time of nine months, the life that formerly was Zagreus, was reborn as Dionysos, the risen savior, "He of the Two Portals," "The Thrice Begotten."

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given!"

From the author of the *Philosophoumena*, or Refutation of all Heresies, presumably the Patristic writer, Hippolytos, we learn that the revelation of the sacred birth of the Mystic Savior formed the crowning act of the highest Eoptic or apocalyptic rites of the Eleusinian Mysteries, for he says, while expounding the doctrines of the Christian Gnostics, known as Naasenes:

The Athenians when they initiate at the Eleusinian Mysteries exhibit to the Eoptae [the highest mystics] the mighty and marvelous and most complete apocalyptic mystery, an ear of corn reaped in silence. Now, this ear of corn the

10. Apollodoros, Frag. xxiv or xxix, apud Joan. Lyd. Cf. also Hesychios sub voce Semele.

Athenians believe represents the great and perfect Light, which proceeds from That which is formless, as the Hierophant, himself . . . by night at Eleusis under the light of a bright flame enacting the great and unutterable mysteries, cries out in a loud voice: "Holy Brimo hath borne a consecrated Son, Brimos," which is to say, the mighty Goddess hath borne a mighty child; and holy, holy is the birth that is spiritual, that is heavenly, that is from above, and mighty is he that is so born.¹¹

That the birth thus referred to is the second birth as Dionysos the risen savior, and not the first birth as Zagreus, is shown by the fact that it was represented as a part of the highest epoptic rites, and we learn from Clement of Alexandria that Brimo was a title of the Earth-Goddess.¹² Further light as to her identity with Demeter-Kore-Persephone-Semele is to be gained from the following verses of Apollonios Rhodios, who thus describes a spell woven by the witch-princess Medeia:

When seven times she had bathed her in waters unresting that glide,
And seven times upon Brimo, the Nursing Mother had cried —
Night-wandering Brimo, the Underworld Goddess, the Queen of the Dead.¹³

Dionysos, the reborn God-Man, has his birthday at Easter, at the joyful time of the resurrection of the Earth in "his own holy Spring." Therefore, a paean, recently discovered at Delphi, thus refers to the God:

Evoë, Bakchos, hail, Paean [Healer] hail!
Whom in sacred Thebes, th' mother fair,
She, Thyone [that is, Semele], once to Zeus did bear
All the stars danced for joy. Mirth
Of mortals hailed thee, Bakchos, at thy birth.¹⁴

Very suggestive are the following references to the tale of Dionysos, "the All-Father's mystic Son," from that wonderful mystery-play of Euripides' old age, *The Bacchae*:

Dionyse is God, no God more true nor higher.¹⁵

Appear, appear, whatso thy shape or name
O Mountain Bull, Snake of the Hundred Heads,
Lion of the Burning Flame!
O God, Beast, Mystery, come!¹⁶

11. *Philosophoumena*, V, 3. 12. *Exhort.* II. 13. *Argonautika*, III, 860-862, Way's Translation. 14. Miss Harrison's Translation based on the text as established by Dr. H. Weil. 15. V. 366, Murray's Translation. 16. V. 777, *Ibid.* 17. VV. 1017-1020, *Ibid.*

Oh, bring the joy-bestower,
God-seed of God, the Sower.¹⁸

Whom erst in anguish lying
For an unborn life's desire
As a dead thing in the Thunder
His mother cast to earth!

For her heart was dying, dying,
In the white heat of the fire:
Till Zeus, the Lord of Wonder
Devised new lairs of birth:
Yea, his own flesh tore to hide him,
And with clasps of bitter gold
Did a secret Son enfold.¹⁹

That same
Babe that was blasted by the lightning flame —
Was re-conceived, born perfect from the thigh
Of Zeus, and now is God!²⁰

Iakchos, Bromios, Lord, God of God Born!²⁰

God's true Son, in fulness God,
Most fearful, yet to man most soft of mind.²¹

All hail, God of the Voice,
Manifest ever more!
Dionysos, Child of the Highest!²²

Thou Mystery, we hail thee by thy name!²³

The Babe of God, the Mystery!
When from out the fire immortal
To himself his God did take him,
To his own flesh, and bespake him:
"Enter now life's second portal,
Motherless Mystery: lo I brake
Mine own body for thy sake,
Thou of the Twofold Door, and seal thee
Mine, O Bromios," — thus he spake —
"And to thy land reveal thee."²⁴

4. THE TRIUMPH OF DIONYSOS

Hera, nothing daunted by the birth of Dionysos from the thigh of Zeus, continued to harass the god, who was first placed under the

18. VV, 88-98, Murray's Translation. 19. VV. 243-245, *Ibid.* 20. V. 725, *Ibid.*
21. VV. 860-861, *Ibid.* 22. VV. 1032-1038, *Ibid.* 23. V. 67, *Ibid.* 24. VV. 521-529, *Ibid.*

care of Ino and Athamas. Both of these were frenzied by Hera, so that Zeus was forced again to interpose his divine power in order to save his Son, whom he temporarily transformed into a ram. The care of the child's nurture next devolved upon the nymphs of Mount Nysa who succeeded in bringing him up safely within a cave. Finally, when Dionysos had grown up into young manhood, Hera cast him into a state of frenzy and forced him to wander constantly over the face of the earth, not only throughout Greek lands but even throughout India and Egypt and as far westward as Spain, dooming the god everywhere to meet with mighty opposition. But eventually he overcame all obstacles and was everywhere successful in establishing his Mysteries.

The Triumph of Dionysos is thus described by Euripides in *The Bacchae*. The god himself is the speaker:

Behold God's Son is come into this Land
Of Thebes, even I, Dionysos, whom the brand
Of heaven's hot splendor lit to life, when she
Who bore me, Cadmus' daughter Semele,
Died here. So changed in shape from God to man. . . .
I now do come to Hellas — having taught
All the world else my dances and my rites
Of Mysteries to show me in men's sight
Manifest God. . . . born of Semele to Zeus.
Then to another land, when all things here
Are well, must I fare onward, making clear
My Godhead's might . . . though I veil it with the wan
Form of things that die and walk as man.²⁵

Mine is the soul of that dead life of old.²⁶

Later on in the play the Maenads or inspired women, followers of Dionysos, sing:

He will come to thee with dancing,
Come with joy and mystery:
*With the Maenads at his hest,
Winding, winding to the West.*²⁷

Lo, this new God, whom thou dost flout withal,
I cannot speak the greatness wherewith He
In Hellas shall be great!²⁸

25. VV. 1-5, 20-22, 53-54, Murray's Translation. 26. V. 181, Ibid.

27. VV. 565-570, Ibid. 28. VV. 271-273.

Hard heart, how little dost thou know what seed
 Thou sowest! Blind before, and now indeed
 Most frenzy-fraught! . . . Wise words being brought
 To blinded eyes will seem as things of nought.²⁹

'Tis thine own impurity
 That veils Him from thee.³⁰

Is it so hard a thing to see —
 That the Spirit of God [that is, the mystic Savior],
 whate'er it be
 The Eternal and Nature-born — these things be strong?
 What else is wisdom?³¹

Therefore I counsel thee, . . .
 Receive this Spirit whoe'er he be,
 To Thebes in glory. Greatness manifold
 Is all about Him. Do thou let Him live;
 For if he die, then Love herself is slain,
 And nothing joyous in the world again.³²

Oh, had ye seen
 Truth in the hour ye would not, all had been
 Well with ye, and the Child of God your friend.³³

As the lord of life and death, as the sinking and the rising sun, as the Ruler of the Under-world, and as the principle of vitality, breathing in beauty and freshness from the ground Dionysos is the Earth-cleaver, as he is the Earth-shaker. The gates of Hades cannot prevail against him, nor the bars of earth restrain.³⁴

Therefore, after triumphing throughout the world, he descended into Hades, the lower world, and led forth his mother Semele, rechristened as Thyone, the inspired,³⁵ who thereafter among the Olympian divinities shone forth in radiant splendor as the divine mother and universal queen.³⁶ In after times the Troezenians showed the place whence the Twain had arisen, within the sacred precinct of their temple of Artemis Soteira³⁷; but the Argives maintained that Dionysos had emerged with his mother from the Alcyonian Lake.³⁸ So the two Divinities, rising from the depths of Hades, ascended up unto Heaven and have ever thereafter ranked not only as divinities of earth, but of heaven as well.

29. VV. 358-359, 480, Murray's Translation. 30. V. 502, *Ibid.* 31. VV. 895-898, *Ibid.* 32. VV. 769-774, *Ibid.* 33. VV. 1342-1344, *Ibid.* 34. Robert Brown, Jr., *The Great Dionysiak Myth*, Longmans, Green and Co., 1878, II, p. 31. 35. Apollodoros,

III, 45. 36. *Orphic Hymns*, xlv; Nonnus viii, 409. 37. Pausanias, II, 31, 2.

38. Pausanias, II, 37, 5; Clemens Alexandrinus, *Exhort.* p. 22.

5. EPITHETS OF DIONYSOS

Dionysos is, above all, polyonymos, a God of many names, and polymorphos, of many forms. Most of his epithets, however, are readily explained by a knowledge of the complete Dionysiac Myth, as the myth was developed in the Greek mysteries. They refer especially to his twofold character as the suffering and mortal god Zagreus, and as the immortal and reborn Savior. Thus, with reference to his two mothers, Demeter and Kore-Semele, he is *dimetor*, having two mothers; *diphues*, two-nurtured; *dithyreites*, He of the Twin Entrances; and *dithyrambos*, He of the Two Portals. He is *trigonos* or thrice-born: first, born as Zagreus; secondly, born prematurely as a seven-months' child at the death of Semele; and thirdly, born maturely from the thigh of Zeus. He is *triphues*, of threefold nature, as the Producer, Preserver, and Destroyer. He is fireborn and thigh-nurtured. Thus in the Orphic Hymns the poet sings:

Loud-sounding Dionysos most divine,
Inspiring God, a twofold shape is thine:
Thy various names and attributes I sing,
O first-born, thrice-begotten, Bakchic King.³⁹

Born of two mothers, honor'd and divine:
Lysian, Evian Bakchos, various-nam'd,
Of Gods the offspring, secret, holy, fam'd.⁴⁰

From fire descended, raging, Nysian king,
From whom initiatory rites do spring,
Liknitan Bakchos, pure and fiery bright,
Prudent, crown-bearer, wand'ring in the night:
Nursed on *Mount Mero*, all-mysterious pow'r,
Triple, ineffable, Zeus' secret flow'r:
Ericapaeus [one of the titles of the macrocosmic
Phanes], first-begotten nam'd
Of Gods the father, and the offspring fam'd,
Bearing a scepter, leader of the choir,
Whose dancing feet, phrenetic furies fire. . . .
Born of two mothers, Amphietos bright:
Love, mountain-wand'ring, clothed with skins of deer,
Apollo golden-ray'd, whom all revere.⁴¹

A paean in honor of Dionysos recently discovered at Delphi, thus begins:

39. *Orphic Hymns*, xxx, 1-4, Taylor's Translation.

40. *Ibid.*, 1, 2-4.

41. *Ibid.*, lii, 3-12, 15-17.

Come, O Dithyrambos [God of the two portals], Bakchos come,
 Evios [God of ecstasy], thyrsos-lord [Bearer of the mystic wand],
 Braites [an epithet of doubtful import], come,
 Bromios [God of the thunder-cry] come, and coming with thee bring,
 Holy hours of thine own holy spring—
 Evoë, Bakchos, hail, Paean [Healer] hail! ⁴²

Also many of the titles refer to Dionysos in his character as the mystic savior: thus he is Soter, the Savior; Eleuthereus, the restorer to freedom; Lysios, the releaser; and Lyaïos, the deliverer from care. In reference to his descent into Hades he is Rexichthon or the Earth-cleaver; as Thesmophoros he is the lawgiver, and as Teletarchos, the founder of the Mysteries; and as Theoinos, he is the God of the mystic drink which confers immortality. He is identified at times not only with his father Zeus but also with the first of the five cosmic rulers, Phanes Protogonos, the first-born, the macrocosmic germ of manifested life, as is shown by the following Orphic Fragment:

He who is called through the earth both Phanes and Dionysos
 And King Eubouleus [the Wise Counsellor] and the widely seen Sparkler,
 Antauges [the Spiritual Sun].
 And other men of the earth by other names call him.
 First of all came he to light and then was he named Dionysos,
 Since he must wander ⁴³ about through the boundless and blessed Olympos.⁴⁴

Finally some of the manifold epithets of Dionysos, as the principle of growth and vitality, have been thus excellently explained. Although in a few cases the exact wording of the paraphrase may be called into question, the explanation as a whole is decidedly enlightening:

He is the all-potent (Pantodynastes), permanent (Ambrotos), life-blood of the world (Akratophoros), and power of reproduction (Priapos): which, giving to all their share of being (Isodaites), appears (Phanes) blooming (Antheus) all around (Amphithales) in the majesty of the forest (Dendrites), in fruit (Eukarpos), in foliage (Katapogon), in the hum of the bee (Brisaios), in the flowing of the stream (Eurychaites), in motive power (Elilichthon), and generally, in the fulness of the earth beneath (Hyes-Phleon), which brings forth abundantly (Karpios) clad in its mantle of green (Ernesipeplos), ever varying in phase (Aiolo-morphos), and infinite in its changes (Polymorphos): which, being of a mingled nature (Mise) is androgynous (Thelymorphos), comprehends both active and passive potentialities (Diphues), and shows their double action (Dimorphos) in the ever-renewing life-power of the vast material world.⁴⁵

42. Miss Harrison's Translation. 43. *Διευίται*, here associated etymologically with the word Dionysos. 44. Orphic Frag. vii, apud Macrobius, *Saturn.*, i, 18. 45. Robert Brown, Jr.: *The Great Dionysiak Myth*, Longmans, Green and Co., 1878, II, p. 154.

Dionysos as Zagreus is lord of the Underworld, the chthonian and telluric deity, "Who as Amphithales, the Blooming-on-both-sides, bears sway alike in the Upper and Lower Worlds; as Isodaïtes, the Equal-divider, portions out life and death to all, and shares the wealth of nature amongst his subjects; and as Rexichthon, the Earth-cleaver, can penetrate to the depths of the Underworld, and rise again unwearied to Olympos." ⁴⁶

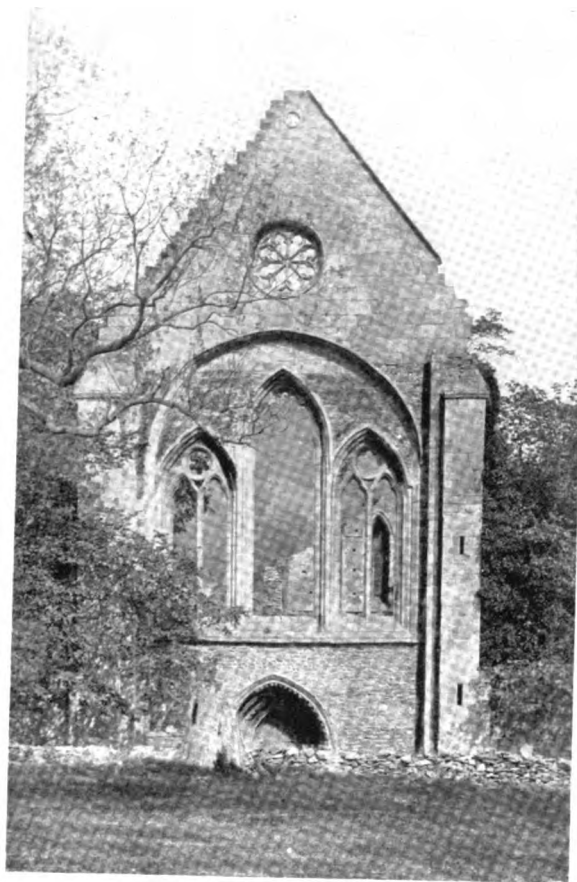
Valle Crucis Abbey, Wales

THE abbey of Valle Crucis, situated in a dell near the town of Llangollen, Denbighshire, Wales, is one of the most famous ruins in that land of many beautiful ruins. Like most of the abbeys in Wales, it was built by the Normans at or near the site of one of the old Welsh half-monastic half-educational institutions, which took part in the struggle of the Celtic Church first against the dominance of Rome and then against that of Canterbury; a struggle that ended in each case in the triumph of the foreign church, supported as Rome was by Saxon, and as Canterbury was by Saxon and Norman invaders, and by Rome. Llangollen is associated with the memory of Collen, a saint of the old British or Celtic church renowned for his contests with Gwyn ab Nudd, King of the Beautiful Family of Fairies; like all the Welsh saints except St. David, he has not been canonized at Rome. As a Norman institution, Valle Crucis belonged to the Cistercians.

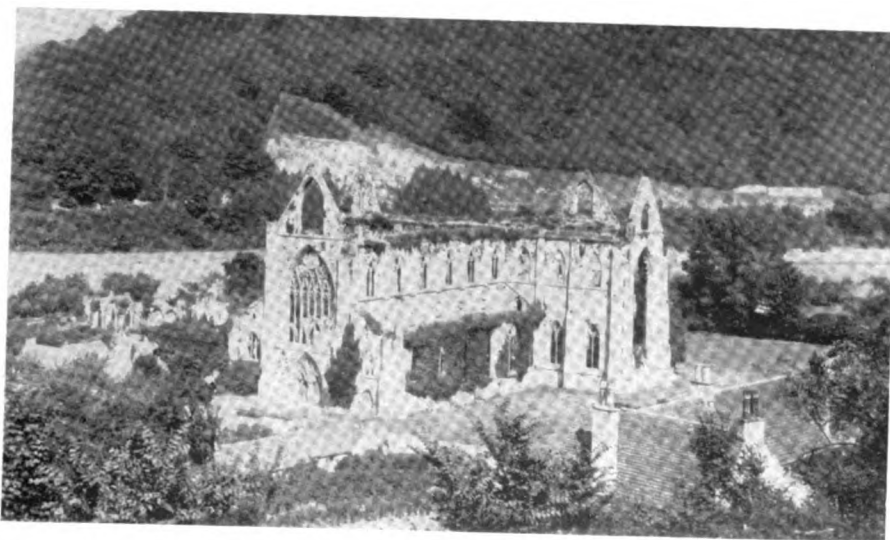
Tintern Abbey, Wales

THE accompanying illustration gives but little idea of the ruins of Tintern Abbey, on the river Wye, in Monmouthshire, Wales. The building, which is Early English, is almost entire, with the exception of the roof, and may be ranked as one of the finest of the monastic ruins in Great Britain. It was founded for the Cistercians by Walter de Clare, a Marcher Lord, in 1131.

46. Robert Brown, Jr., *The Great Dionysiac Myth*, pp. 154-155.

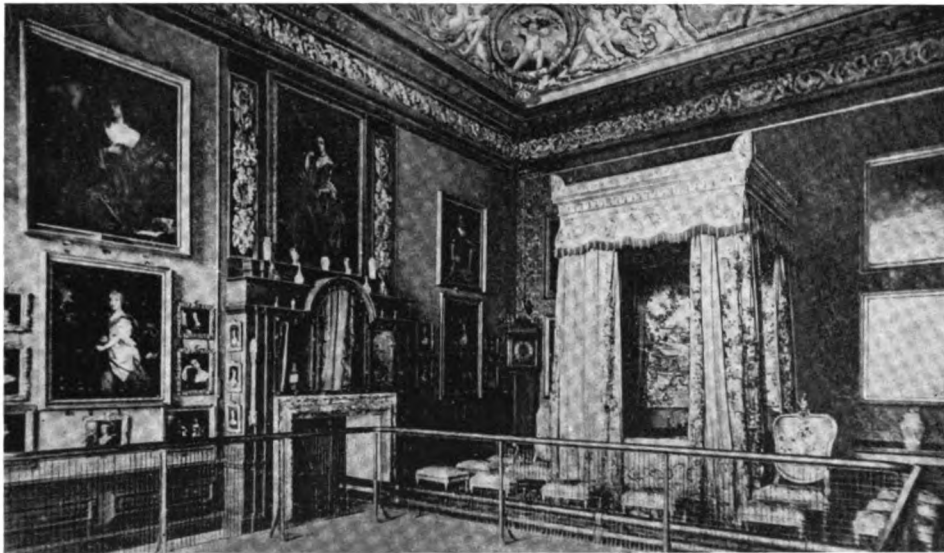


VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY
LLANGOLLEN, N. WALES



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TINTERN ABBEY FROM CHAPEL HILL, WALES



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

KING WILLIAM THE THIRD'S BEDROOM
HAMPTON COURT PALACE, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND

King William the Third's Bedroom, Hampton Court Palace, near London: by C.

HAMPTON Court, once a Royal residence, but now used for other purposes, is beautifully situated on the Thames, twenty-three miles from London Bridge. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and presented to Henry VIII by him in 1526 when he feared to keep it any longer from the covetous grasp of the jealous king. Henry added the great chapel and other buildings, and it became a favorite residence of British sovereigns until the reign of George II. There were originally five large and magnificent quadrangles of stately buildings, but a good deal of the Tudor portion has disappeared. Another quadrangle was built in the reign of William III, in which we can see the bedroom of that great king who has been so splendidly extolled by Macaulay. It was in the park at Hampton Court that William fell from his horse and received the fatal injury which caused his death. He died at Kensington Palace (1696). Edward VI was born in the palace. The State apartments and Picture Galleries are open to the public and are very interesting, though the pictures are more noted for their historical associations than for their aesthetic value. The grounds and neighboring park are very beautiful and are favorite resorts during the summer months.

THE ART OF MISREPRESENTATION:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



WHEN an article in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* — and thereby the whole magazine, the teachings of Theosophy, and the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — is misrepresented so badly that any one who compares the review with the original can see the glaring fact, it becomes pertinent to inquire the reasons for such a policy on the part of some reviewers. True, one might attribute to the reviewer ignorance, carelessness, and incompetence; but not to such a degree as would be required to explain the present case on that hypothesis. One is left, therefore, to the theory of intentional misrepresentation.

Another familiar device in such reviews is to use a lot of proper names and technical phraseology in an airy offhand way, as though in reference to items of familiar knowledge shared by the reviewer

with his readers; when the probability, as suggested by internal evidence, is that the former is as much mystified by the expressions he thus uses as the latter are likely to be by his use of them. One cannot but suspect that the matters thus airily dismissed, as being too well-known to need further reference, were met by the reviewer for the first time when he encountered them in the book he reviewed.

In *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for last December are a few brief notes written to accompany some pictures of Irish life and scenery in that richly illustrated periodical. They were written by an Irishman who has spent the greater part of his life in Ireland, and who is a man of unusually wide attainments and culture, as a civil engineer employed to superintend important government works in Ireland, as a mathematician, a musician, and a scholar in many branches of literature and languages. As goes without saying, the notes contributed by such a writer are anything but humdrum and conventional. He has neither descended into the commonplace nor puzzled his readers with his erudition, but has provided a neat, informing, and interesting commentary of just the kind required by the occasion.

In a review in the *Boston Herald* (Dec. 11), referring to these notes (as we know for certain from a passage which the reviewer quotes), the notes in question are described as "the story of an Irish tour," though there is not a word in them to suggest a tour. As we have said, they were written by an Irishman; and we may now add the information that they were written in America and that the writer has, in the course of his profession, toured all Ireland from north to south and from east to west many times. Other remarks of the reviewer speak of the supposed traveler "going from Kerry to the Giants' Causeway," etc. Farther on the reviewer's imagination soars yet higher; for now it is "the touring Theosophists" — a party of them, who are supposed to be impressed by the scenery they visit. The illustrations in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* are represented as "conventional photos" bought by the alleged tourist (or tourists) to illustrate his travels; the whole review therefore suggesting, whether through ignorance or intention, that the article in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* is a cheap and ordinary holiday contribution from some fresh and open-mouthed young American anxious to earn a little money on his vacation. There are thirty illustrations in this particular number of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, dealing with Rothenburg, Warwick, Sweden, Copán, Point Loma, La Jolla, Klamath, Bosnia, Pevensey,

Chinese subjects, etc. To save the reviewer trouble, we may mention that none of these places are in Ireland. But what becomes of the idea about the touring party and its conventional photos? Does THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH send around touring parties to all these other places each month?

Now as to the scholarship. The writer either has, or seems to have, no acquaintance with the subject on which he writes — Theosophy — nor to have derived any information thereon from the magazine which he reviews, replete as its seventy-two pages of reading-matter are with information. He appears to have come across some crank cults using the name Theosophy and to have confounded Theosophy itself therewith. But what kind of reviewing is this? There is no word of crankism in the magazine, and both in articles and notices it lays great stress on the difference between Theosophy and its imitations. But this reviewer, either through incompetence or intention, has given the impression that THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is a magazine devoted to spookism. He couples the names of H. P. Blavatsky and Vivekânanda (which he spells “Vivi Kananda”), which is as intelligent as coupling Sir Joseph Lister with a traveling — tourist; for the second name is that of one of those “Swamis” who found such a fine hunting-ground in this country, particularly in Massachusetts.

But fortunately there are not a few people to whom even detractions serve but as an introduction or recommendation to the things they detract. Such readers, knowing already something of Ireland, and perhaps loving it — for there are many Irish in America — will wish to see what THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH writer has really said, and also what H. P. Blavatsky has said about the wonderful past of that ancient Isle of Mystery. For the reviewer has quoted from the article, and the words are sure to strike home somewhere. The words quoted are these:

In order to grasp this subject intelligently, the reader may be referred to those volumes which it will be more and more the principal business of the scholars, archaeologists, and scientific men of the 20th century to study, interpret, and vindicate, *The Secret Doctrine*, written by H. P. Blavatsky.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is unsurpassed among magazines in the excellence of its make-up, printing, illustration, and reading-matter. It has thirty first-class half-tones in that issue; it has articles on Copán and its antiquities, by Mr. W. E. Gates, a learned and very competent archaeologist of repute among the archaeologists of America; a strong

denunciation of psychism and all the very absurdities which the reviewer attributes to Theosophy itself; a review of the scientific discussions at the British Association; a paper on the open-air drama in Sweden; an article on womanhood in Turkey; and in all a long list of interesting subjects ably treated by competent writers. The real teachings of Theosophy and the actual interests and activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society are carefully set forth and shown to be the polar opposite of what they are misrepresented to be. And the whole misrepresentation, in our opinion, is done in a vulgar way, full of cheerless levity and slang, which should evoke nothing but repugnance in the readers and shame in the writers.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES: by an Archaeologist

THE NILE THREE MILLION YEARS OLD



RECENT London despatch states that Dr. Felix Oswald, who was sent to British East Africa by the British Museum, has found conclusive evidence that the Victoria Nyanza has been in existence since Miocene times — 3,000,000 years ago. The evidence is geological and fossil. But what is most interesting is the inference; for the despatch continues:

According to the British Museum experts the discovery of the vast age of Victoria Nyanza throws an entirely new light on the problem of human antiquity. One consequence is that the civilization in Egypt may be assumed as probably having existed from 50,000 to 500,000 years ago or even longer.

Fifty thousand or five hundred thousand is sufficiently vague; and how much is "even longer"? By arithmetical progression it would be 950,000; by geometrical progression, 5,000,000. Between the two conjectures stretches an interval of 450,000 years; which is generous by comparison with the duration customarily allowed to human periods. But to continue:

For, they say, if Victoria Nyanza is 3,000,000 years old, the river Nile, of which it is the source, is not only of practically equal age, but has in all that almost inconceivably long period flowed in its present course of over 3400 miles from the Equator to the Mediterranean. That means, according to the Museum scientists, that the valley of the Nile in Egypt has remained for more than 1,000,000 years in virtually its present physical state, with conditions as favorable

to human occupation and human civilization a million years ago as they were 12,000 years ago, at what is called the "dawn" of Egyptian history. And, inasmuch as the Egyptian culture of 12,000 years ago was as pronounced as it is today, there is no way of limiting, by inference, the actual extent of its antiquity. Therefore the discoveries of Dr. Oswald as to the everlasting condition of Lake Victoria Nyanza are, it is said at the museum, of the utmost significance as indicating the peculiar conditions in the Nile valley in Egypt favorable to the development, far back in the dim past, of human civilization, there to flourish unaffected by geographic or climatic changes.

But the discovery is less striking than the admissions, which in fact seem to be based rather on previous evidence than on this particular discovery. The discovery has removed a possible objection to an already existing theory as to the antiquity of Egyptian civilization, by showing that such a civilization *could have* existed. For otherwise we must assume the argument to be that, wherever civilizations could exist, there they did exist. In short, judging from the report, we conclude that the authorities have gone much further in their admissions than the discovery, taken alone, warrants; and have availed themselves of an opportunity to avow certain previously formed opinions derived from other evidence. And there is plenty of such evidence. The fact that Egyptian *civilization*, as far back as we can trace it, shows no signs of a beginning, has long been known and commented on. This alone is enough to establish a presumption in favor of a long history in the far past; we now see that the climatic conditions were favorable for such a history.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we read that

The earliest Egyptians had been separated from the latest Atlanteans for ages upon ages; they were themselves descended from an *alien* race, and had settled in Egypt some 400,000 years before, but their Initiates had preserved *all the records*. Even so late as the time of Herodotus, they had still in their possession the statues of 341 kings who had reigned over their little Atlanto-Aryan Sub-race. — Vol. II, pp. 749, 750

And the writer of the above prophecies in her Introduction that the twentieth century will admit the truth of many of her statements as to the antiquity of civilization. The half-million years is certainly an approach to the figures required by the history of human races outlined by H. P. Blavatsky; especially if we consider that the same agility which can skip so lightly from the thousands to the hundred thousands may find as little difficulty over the millions and the tens of millions.

But think of the number of other conclusions which this one admission must involve; consider the extent of the vantage ground gained by this one step. We now have a complete theory as to the origin of such races as that of the various tribes of native Americans, North and South, that of the various Polynesians, of the carvers of the Easter Island statues, the giant "Buddhas" of Asia, the elaborate temples of Indo-China, etc., etc. When *The Secret Doctrine* avers that these races and these builders have descended from a common ancestry — or are remnants of the numerous nations composing a former humanity — this new admission about Egypt helps to provide us with the necessary time, the necessary antiquity for this great parent-Race. Thus the way is made clear for the acceptance of many of the teachings of Theosophy.

But in other ways much more is involved. For if we are to give up our ideas about the origins of civilization and replace them by such greatly broadened ideas, must we not perforce be ready to accept such inferences regarding the nature and status of humanity as follow logically from our new point of view? What becomes of favorite anthropological and evolutionary gospels? How far back now must we place that visionary mythological figure, the ape-man; it would seem useless to produce the line backwards if it shows no sign of converging toward the desired point. We must take refuge in the conclusion that primitive man is a perpetual phenomenon, his primitiveness lying in his habits, not in his period; and that he dwelt in caves and chipped flints in the past as he does now, wherever he happens to exist. And doubtless the remains of him which we find point to nothing more than the fact that flints and unburied bones are naturally easier to find than oxidized metal tools and cremated remains.

But a civilization that has lasted so many millenniums is a phenomenon without parallel in our knowledge. One of two hypotheses seems inevitable: either it was a most powerful and spiritually endowed civilization; or else it was not one but many successive civilizations. The probable truth is that that long period witnessed many migrations, changes of dynasty and culture, rises and falls; and that the name "Egyptian," applied to the culture of the Nile Valley for so long a time, must be interpreted liberally. "The Eastern Ethiopians [of Herodotus] have come from India," says H. P. Blavatsky, in explaining why the Indus was called "Neilos." But the history of

racess and sub-racess is very complex and demands extended study.

Contrast the above with the following. In the July number of a contemporary, the editor's note to an article says that recent discoveries in the caves of France have brought to light the first art-work of man, executed more than twelve thousand years ago (!!). We beg to supply the exclamation marks — but they are ironical; for while this French cave-man was executing the first art work, the British Museum Egyptians were counting up their kings on an adding machine.

ARCHAEOLOGIZING WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

A EUROPEAN traveler in Egypt having published in a magazine his Egyptian impressions, a letter has been called forth from an Algerian who claims Egypt as his second home. He says that tourists take pleasure only in ancient monuments and will pay no attention (and no penny) to learn something about the descendants of those ancients by whom the monuments were erected. Thus they learn nothing about the inner life of the Egyptians, their religion, or their character. They speak neither to educated Egyptians nor bend to reach the ignorant peasants. Consequently the impressions they glean and publish are of a most misleading kind.

Archaeology is an invaluable study; but even archaeology can be reduced to a mere vanity. We can "do" the Pyramids like tourists and get nothing out of the experience but satisfaction for curiosity or vanity. Or again, it is possible to reduce archaeology to pedantry — a matter of classification and nomenclature, an affair of opposing schools and theories, a mere book-study.

Anthropology is the study of man; but this again can be reduced to pedantry. The fault in all such cases is that of losing the human interest out of our studies and thereby turning them into dry abstract learning.

We preserve Stonehenge jealously with a fence and a policeman — which is creditable as far as it goes. There are also certain individuals of a cult with a peculiar high-sounding name who at certain seasons, clad in symbolic vestments, execute a solemn march through the ancient stones. But how much attention is given to the people who built Stonehenge, their religion and culture, the great race of which they were obvious representatives?

Is it not a poor sort of archaeology that excavates the ruins of the ancient Americans and yet drives away and kills off their living descendants?

The Australians, one hears, have valuable traditions which would prove a mine of information for the genuine anthropologist. But what happens is this: the young men learn civilized ways, drop their own morality without acquiring anything in its place, and so become untrustworthy. The old men refuse to hand on their knowledge to these young men; and thus the knowledge is lost.

All the above goes to illustrate the truth that knowledge is inseparable from sympathy.

Most of us regret that it should be considered necessary to seek useful knowledge by methods which violate the sentiments of sympathy and mercy, and that the advocates of such methods should be able to cite lists of cases where dreadful diseases have been prevented by the application of knowledge so gained. This cannot be true science, and far greater and more beneficial knowledge could surely be attained by better means. May the spread of a truer science, allied with sympathy, hasten the day!

The true and practical value of archaeology and anthropology is to make us realize more fully the present, and avail ourselves more effectually of our present opportunities. And surely this is the real aim of all education. But let no narrow idea of "practicality" limit us. The practical is not confined to what is manual or economic; and if we restrict our education to those, we shall miss much of what is truly practical and find ourselves in controversy with academic education. Truly practical education is what fits the student to encounter successfully whatever may befall him; so he must be more than a specialist in some line of business or mechanics.

But the real point in education is not so much *what* shall be taught as *how* it shall be taught; and the practical human interest must never be absent from it. If we are to teach with our mind ever concentrated on the idea of the office desk or machine shop, and upon nothing else, how dry will the process of learning become, and how we shall eliminate from the text-books all the juice and interest! The same if there is a narrow theological idea behind the education. But if we keep always in mind the idea that we are to produce human beings, able to use their heads and their hands, masters of themselves, fit to become useful members of society, ready to turn their hands to anything — then the whole curriculum becomes useful and interesting.

There are a few people who when they go to a picture-show or some such entertainment, are much more interested in the faces of

people they may see among the audience than in what goes on upon the stage; and in an exhibition of the workings at the Panama Canal (for instance) the pictures of the natives on the streets may absorb far more attention than the dredges and scoops. This is human interest; and the possession of such a faculty renders the possessor interested wherever he goes. He would turn his eyes from the stone pyramids to the faces of the fellaheen, and study everywhere in foreign nations and his own the surviving traits of ancient humanity. For the past of humanity is summed up in the present.

It is not easy to define the basis of Râja Yoga education, as carried on by Theosophy; but it may be said that it keeps alive the human interest by developing the nature equally all around, so that every branch of study becomes an interesting part of one great whole. But the Theosophical view of human nature is so much more adequate than those which generally prevail — particularly in its practical distinguishing between the higher and lower nature of man.

“FREETHOUGHT” AND EGYPT

THE words “Freethought” and “Freethinker” imply an emancipation from the trammels of dogma, superstition, and convention; but, as used in practice, they do not necessarily denote a realization of that high ideal. On the contrary, one finds that freethinkers are still bounded by these limits; and though we must not be too hard on people for failing to fulfil their entire program, still it is necessary to bear the fact in mind.

An article on Egyptian religion, written in a freethought paper in review of a book, illustrates this point; and though there is no reason why a freethinker should not be able to make a thorough and unbiased study of his subject before writing about it — indeed, there is every reason why he should be able — this one does not appear to have done so. He mixes up the religion and culture of widely different epochs in much the same way as one who should undertake to give a comprehensive view of English religion by mixing up the beliefs of the ancient Britons, the Roman and Celtic Christians, the Crusaders and monks, the Puritans, etc., as though they represented a common belief. But Egyptian history covers a longer period than that and is characterized by many migrations and changes of dynasty and culture. Again, he fails to distinguish between the highly refined and intellectual system of the cultured classes and the vulgar superstitions of the

populace, which is like mixing up the most advanced views of eminent divines with the rantings of some "little Bethel"; or saddling Plato with the beliefs of the market-place.

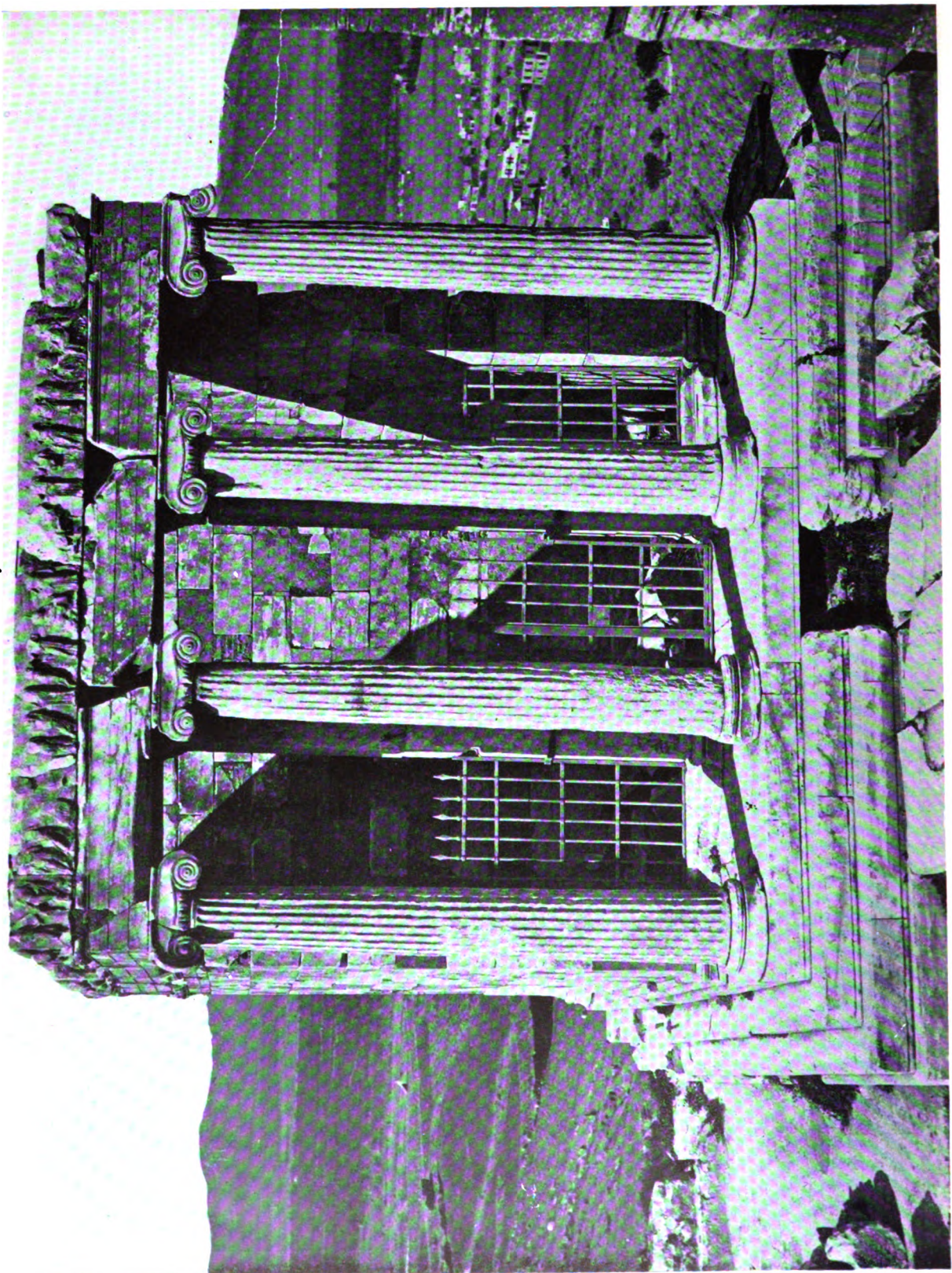
On the subject of embalming, the writer is doubtless right in saying that ignorant people, and at a later date ignorant Christians, believed that the soul would be needing the body again for the resurrection, and so thought to assist Providence by keeping it ready for the great day. But to represent such a superstition as the belief of the authors of the "*Book of the Dead*" and the students of the hieroglyphs and the profound system to which they refer — this is surely an error of judgment attributable either to faulty scholarship or a prejudiced point of view. Whatever the reasons for embalming, we may justly infer from the culture of those who instituted it, that it was done with knowledge and reason; and we should rather try to fathom their knowledge by studying the records of their teachings, than seek a possible explanation among the scanty resources of our own knowledge. For there is a woful gap in modern knowledge as to the fate of man before and after his life on earth. We speak vaguely of the "soul," a word which does duty for anything and everything; and presume to criticise on this basis a philosophy which recognized a considerable number of different principles in man which survive the death of the body. Without doubt there were sound scientific reasons for this preserving of the form of the body after death; and, in a less superstitious age than the present, one might be tempted to discuss this question further. But as things are, there is too much folly in connexion with "astrals" and "spooks" to make the topic a desirable one; so that agnosticism on the subject is perhaps better than a dangerous "little knowledge."

Again, a widely-read and judicious student of ancient symbology can hardly be expected to regard the elaborate theogony of the ancient Egyptians as superstitious folly. Even a reasonable sense of humor should prevent him from doing that. It is truly said that scepticism is often more gullible than credulity; and hilarity is sometimes due to a failure to see on which side the joke is. In thus airily disposing of the beliefs of everybody, past and present, the freethinker, even if unintentionally, arrogates to himself a position of superiority difficult to vindicate, and not borne out by results. But doubtless it is necessary to pull down before building up anew; only in that case the free-thought attitude must be regarded as a mere temporary halting-place.

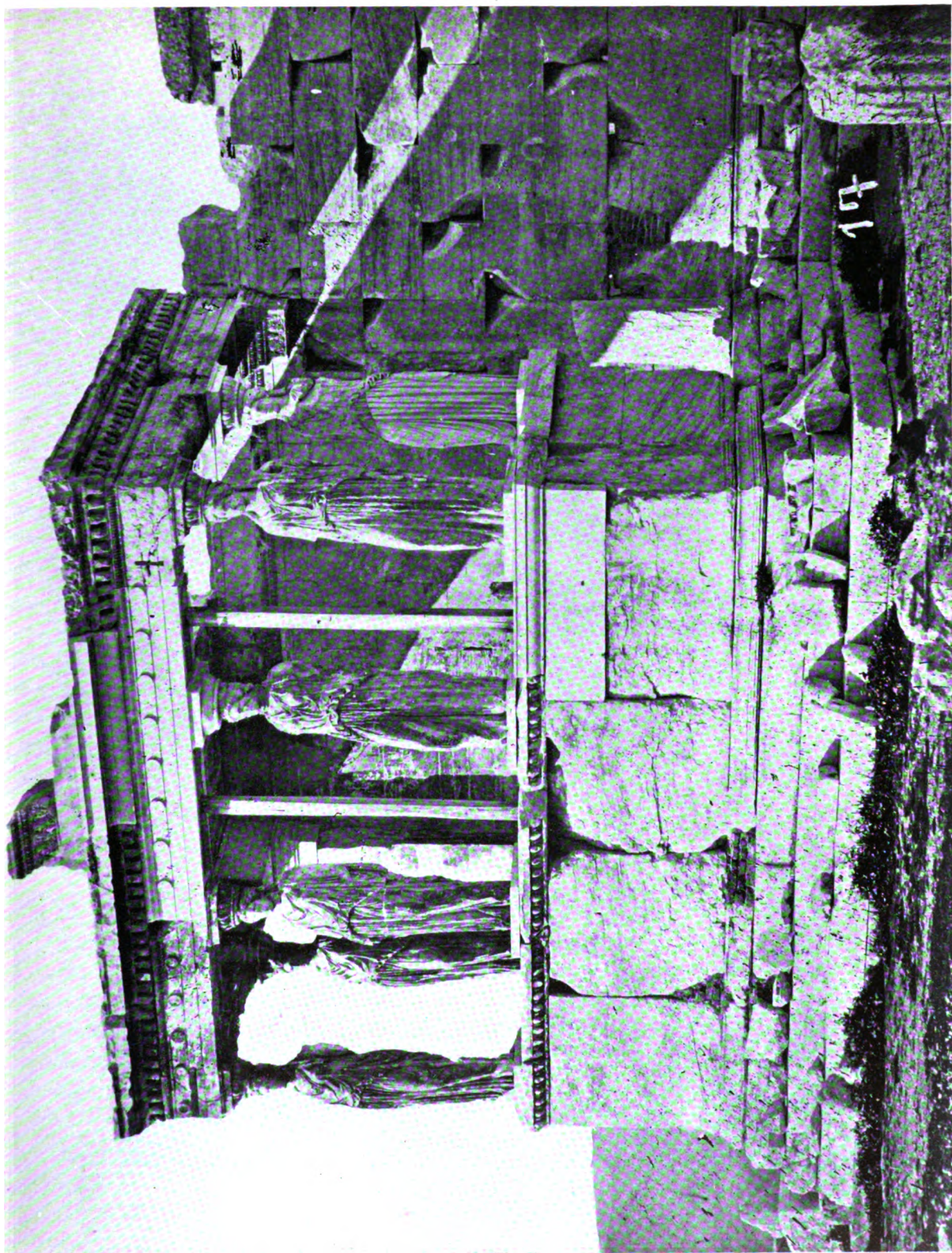


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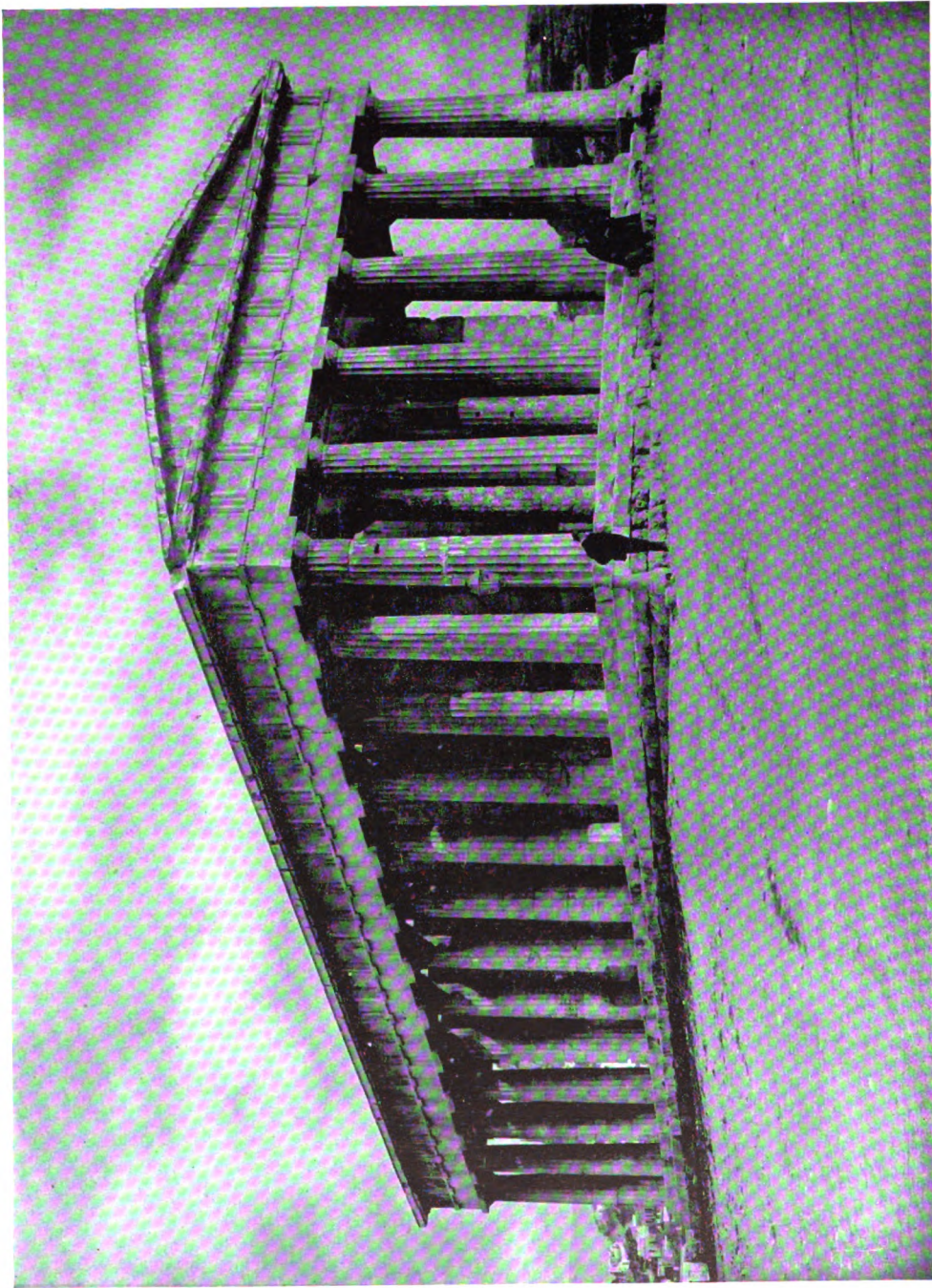
THE PARTHENON



THE TEMPLE OF NIKE (OR VICTORY)



THE ERECHTHEION



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THE THESEION, ATHENS

TEMPLES OF GREECE: by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of History of Art, University of Stockholm

(Translated from *Den Teosofiska Vägen* by Per Fernholm, C. E., R. Inst. Tech., Stockholm)



GREEK architecture reached its culmination in the temples. The temples were the dwellings of the gods, and to the ancient mind the gods were real apprehensible entities, living and active beings, fashioned into human similitude by the songs of the poets and the works of the artists. The people appealed to them as friends of a higher human order.

And for the gods it was that the principal forms of temples were developed. It is true that the Greeks got the impulse to build such structures, from Egypt; but they worked out their temples to be entirely independent national creations, and the artistic principles on which they were based later served as a pattern for all epochs in which classic architecture flourished. The Greek temple, in fact, constitutes a novel principle in architecture; it exhibits in purity and distinctness the principles which later have been grouped under the name "classic."

To judge from temples preserved, nothing was more essential to the house of the gods, in the Greek mind, than the column: it constitutes the supporting and adorning element, and also that which gives its *style* to the whole system. Most of the temples of Greece were surrounded by colonnades. Those which were not were departures and simplifications, born in an effort to give the temple a style more conformable to human dwellings.

The column differs according to two basic types: the Doric and the Ionic; later, we find a third type, the Corinthian; and in the Roman period still other variations.

The differences lie in the proportions of the columns (the relation of the diameter to the height), and in the form of the capital. The earliest form, and the one that usually is found in the temples of the classic period, is the Doric column; the Ionic style, developed in the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, was not adopted in Greece until the fifth century B. C. Without entering upon a detailed description of the various arrangements of columns, I shall here dwell upon a few characteristic and basic features which distinguish them.

The Doric columns rise directly from the foundation of the temple, without the medium of the columnar base. The diameter is much greater at the root than at the top, and at about middle height they swell slightly (entasis), which serves to give an impression of elastic

sustaining power. The shaft is channeled, i. e., it has vertical flutings; separated by sharp edges. By this means there is obtained a greater variety of light and shade — the column gets more “life.” The capital, like the shaft, is of the greatest simplicity: it consists of a neck with several narrow stripes or rings, and thereover a ovolo (echinos), on which rests a square plate (abax). This covering plate serves as a mean between the column and the superstructure, which consists of the three parts to be found in all classic architecture: architrave, frieze, and cornice. Characteristic of the Doric style is the fashioning of the frieze into triglyphs, and metopes or squares, as can be seen by our illustrations of Doric temples. The ornamentation of the different parts of the capital served to bring out their static functions; the metopes usually were filled with figures or images.

The Ionic column was of greater slenderness and more grace than the Doric, and had a base consisting of cavetto and ovolo. Its height was usually between eight and nine diameters, while the Doric column seldom measured more than seven base diameters in height. The difference in diameter at the root and top was not so marked, and the swell or entasis in the middle, slight. The channels were not so numerous and not so deep. The characteristic form of the capital was caused by the great volutes or spirals lying on both sides of the neck; the cushion-like portion connecting them might either be tensely stretched or elastically rounded. The neck under the volutes consisted mostly of ovolos adorned with ornaments of leaves, or of egg-molding. The Ionic gave the impression of greater elasticity than the Doric capital. How graceful and elegant the Ionic column looked can easily be seen in the illustration of the Nike or Victory temple, where we also observe that there are no triglyphs and metopes but that a continued frieze adorned with reliefs rests on the tripartite architrave.

It may readily be seen from these indications that the beauty of the arrangements of the columns did not depend upon any extraordinary richness of form or ornamentation but upon their constructive functions, and above all, upon their proportions. The unexcelled beauty of Greek temple-architecture is entirely an inner quality, which is evident from the way in which the basic structure is laid out. The secret is to be found in the proportions of the individual parts, in their mutual relations and in their relation to the whole. “Proportion” means that certain unities of measure are to be found in all parts of

the structure; that the whole is built up by following some law in developing the fundamental unit. And the ancients built in conformity with fixed laws, as well-recognized and binding as the gamut in music. They had real knowledge of the inner significance of the relations of numbers; and therefore they could consciously reach architectonic effects which were not only a delight to the eye but also a revelation to the soul.

The following notes may be read in connexion with the illustrations accompanying this sketch:

THE PARTHENON was the principal temple on the Akropolis: a Doric peripteros (surrounded entirely by columns) with double entrance halls. It was built during the reign of Perikles by the architects Iktinos and Kallikrates, and the building was finished about 432 B. C., when Pheidias' colossal statue of Athena, of gold and ivory, was erected in the temple cella. In the sixth century A. D., it was changed into a Christian church, and later it has served as temple for various Christian and Turkish religions. When the Venetians bombarded Athens in 1687 the middle part of the temple was blown up; the greater part of the exquisite sculptures in the gable spaces were still left, but about 1800 they were brought to London by Lord Elgin.

THE TEMPLE OF NIKE (or Victory), situated on the so-called Pyrgos bastion near the entrance to the Akropolis, was probably erected in the years 426-425 B.C., to commemorate the success which the Athenians met with in the Peloponnesian war. Nikias and Demosthenes were then their leaders. The temple, which is an Ionic amphiprostylos of rather small dimensions, was sacred to Athena-Nike or Nike Apteros, the Wingless Goddess of Victory. The temple was taken down by the Turks in 1687 and the parts used in the walls of a bastion, but they were again taken out and the temple restored in 1835.

THE ERECHTHEION was built at the end of the fifth century on the spot on the Akropolis where it was believed that the castle (or temple) of King Erechtheus had stood. It was sacred to this founder of the city and to the protecting goddess Athena Polias. It had therefore two temple rooms, one anteroom, and three different colonnades. The hall to the north (seen in the illustration) consists of six Ionic columns of rare elegance; it covered the mark in the mountain made by

Poseidon with his trident when fighting with Athena for dominion in Attica.

The singular architectural beauty of the Erechtheion is much enhanced by the building on the south side, the hall or porch of the Karyatids, or the Hall of Kore: an open space or portico where columns have given room to figures of maidens. These draped figures carrying the superstructure on their heads, are of the same monumental style as the sculptures of the Parthenon; their architectonic mission is accentuated by their stature and the symmetric drapery, which, however, does in no way diminish the impression of freedom and dignity.

THE THESEION, situated below the Akropolis, is a Doric peripteros of similar proportions, though smaller than the Parthenon. This temple was probably erected in the same period as the Parthenon, and it is believed to have been dedicated to Hephaistos and Athena together. It has been called "Theseion" in a later time from the fact that the deeds of Theseus are pictured in the preserved reliefs on the metopes. The rest of the sculpture is lost, but the building itself is better preserved than most of the Greek temples.

THE MOUNTAINS: by Kenneth Morris



THE mountains are the symbol of the higher thought, and especially imagination, of man. You transact your business on the plains and coasts; but go up into the mountains to pray. Naturally, if by prayer you mean ascent to the peaks of your own being. You leave passion behind; and come into places of grand silence, where — anything might happen. Imagination comes to her own; the passage of a god, darkly luminous through the twilight, would be no matter for surprise; nor the moonlight riding of glimmering hosts of the fairies.

When the Children of Miledh occupied Ireland, it is said that the ousted Race of Danaan Gods "went into the mountains," made their habitations in the hearts of the hills. The Mighty Mother will have her own secret and sacred places; she will not be driven from the face of the earth, let our suburbs extend as far as they may. After all, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, London, and the rest of them, that

we speak of as if they covered the globe, are but specks and tiny fractions on the surface of it. When you despair at the menace of the money-spirit, go forth to the mountains, and you shall see that which will restore your peace. We may dig our mines there, but cannot rout out the Immortals; we may bring in the camp, the shanty, the saloon, and the gambling hell, but —

When the sun is at dawn or setting; when the sky flames and blooms behind the huge shoulders, the quiet peaks; then you shall almost hear the De Danaan singing; you shall know who hold the trump cards in this contest, Gods or men. Not everything worships Mammon; nor forever will the august Soul of the World and Humanity suffer itself to be fooled.

One grows impatient sometimes, when the prospect is held out of a thoroughly commercialized world, and no inch of room left in it for things of rhythm and the Spirit. What — will you level the mountains? Will you dry up the sea? The thing cannot be done, gentlemen of the Stock Exchange; there is no “corner” to be made in the grandeur of the Gods. When you have come to the uttermost of your triumph, when you think you hold the world in your hands, some son of the Mountains shall arise and confront you; he shall speak the mountain-word, marvelous in solemnity or magically gay, that is to silence your greed and claptrap, and set the world laughing at your heads. Thus far shall you go, and no further; though your tide rise now, it shall infallibly ebb.

The Danaan Gods went into the mountains: when the brain evolved and came into its full play and mastery, then the divine part of man went into the silence of the deeper parts of his being. But they are not dead, the De Danaans; on Crevroe, Knockfein, Ben Bulban, or Slieve Gullion, who knows to what august hearing the voice of song may not reach? Even in the midst of this Iron Age, heroes will arise, and voices speak occasionally out of the mountain-hearts. Ah, if humanity could be made to remember that it is those voices that are the permanent ones; that the future, like the long past, is with the everlasting hills and spirituality.

They vary in their character, do the mountains. Some are severely aloof and intolerant of humanity; that is, I think, when they are comparatively young; before old age has rounded and sweetened them. Others are old, old, Oh so old; and have grown inexpressibly kindly towards the human things whose white cottages, perhaps, are on their

slopes. It is not your highest mountain, always, that is the fittest palace of a god; or that has most mountain-sweetness or mountain-dignity. One could mention some that have but a thousand feet of stature, physically speaking; and yet, it would be an insult to call them mere hills. There is no savage impatience with them; their breasts are dearer than a mother's. Time was when they towered above the clouds, and were proud Himâlayas for immensity; when they were all soaring unapproachable crags; repellent; concerned only with the heavens. But men and mountains drew together, and subtle ties of sympathy were formed. Ages upon ages passed over the peaks, smoothed the jagged rocks, rounded and calmed the brows, filled the chasms, and mantled all with ferns and grasses. The Mighty Mother set heather to bloom there, for symbol of the soaring, purple dreams that are within; she strewed them with the gold of her gorse, to say that the immemorial Wisdom, though the stems of it be thorny and your fingers shall bleed before you pick them, has for bloom a yellow and most sunbright gladness. Purple dreamings of unsatisfied aspiration; golden delight of arcane, ever-living Truth; green wizardry of the ferns and rushes — it is these things that ray out from the mountains I love and extol. Yes, there are mines there; but they do not penetrate the mountains, except in the merest material sense. It is the gorse and the heather and the bracken, the foxglove and the bluebell, the music and murmur of hidden waters, that proclaim the inward being of the mountains. It is the lone, august, and tender thought, the peace that seeps into the mind there; the compassion that fills the world when night, a blue flower, unfolds her splendor eastward, and the roses and daffodils of the sunset wane in the west — by these one may know the god in the mountain, and not despair for the world. Or when the lark rises from the heather in the morning, it is a word of the Mountain-message that he is concerned to proclaim:

*Canu mae, a'r byd a glyw
Ei alaw lon o uchel le;
Cyfyd hiraeth dynolryw
Yn ol ei laes, at froydd ne'
Yn nes at ddydd, yn nes at Dduw
I fyny fel efe.*

Yes, Mountain; you bring us nearer to Divinity and the source of Day!

MYSTERIES OF SOUND: by a Student



IN the June number of the *Râja Yoga Messenger*, published at Point Loma, California, we notice some illustrations of the sound-figures produced by the eidophone, the instrument used by Mrs. Watts-Hughes in demonstrating the patterns assumed by light powder on a membrane thrown into vibration by sounds. The remarkable thing about these designs, of course, is that they represent — and that with consummate artistic suggestiveness and economy of means — natural objects such as ferns, trees, and flowers, and even whole landscapes, with foreground, background, horizon, rocks, etc. This constitutes, for some minds, one of those curious and pleasing “coincidences” which mean nothing but “just happen so,” like Topsy; a conception, which, however, is intolerable to other minds. Let us scatter upon the vibrant surface of the reader’s imagination a few light facts and leave them to weave themselves into any pattern they will — the more symmetrical the better. We note that the above-mentioned sound-figures, besides representing plants and scenery, represent with equal faithfulness and facility physiological drawings of such things as kidneys, lungs, and blood-vessels. Descending through the natural kingdoms, we find that fungi and moulds are depicted; and no student of mineralogy will fail to detect in at least one of the pictures a suggestive representation of the inside of a crystalline concretion. It has been remarked that man, in his inventions, the nearer he approaches to practical perfection, approaches by so much nearer to the designs of nature; his telegraphs being a system of nerves, his telephones ear-drums, and so forth.

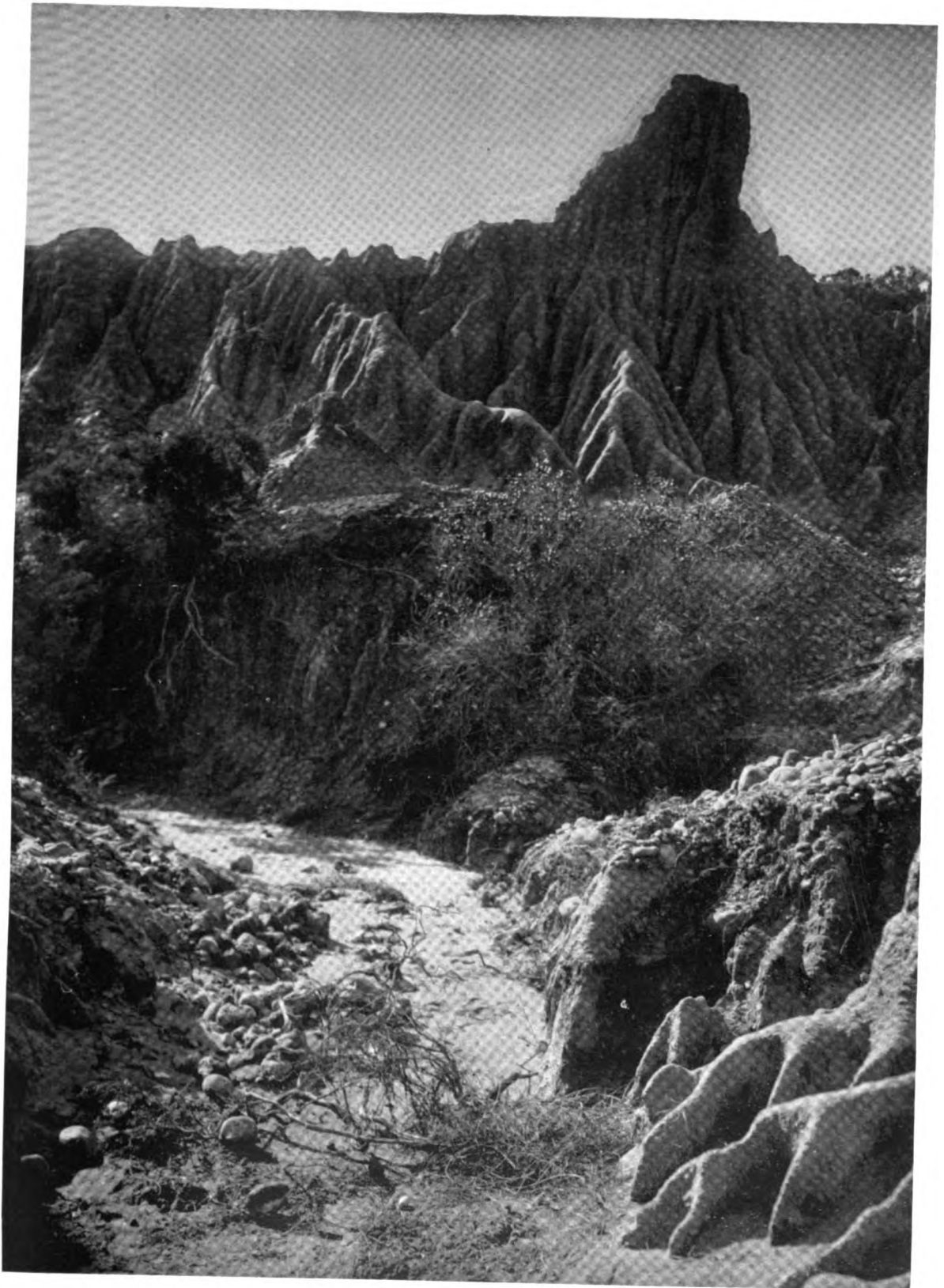
Among the lights that illumine our intellectual firmament we count not only the man of science, who analyses nature and views her separate parts, but the artist, whose aim is rather to view nature integrally — not as a whole, for that would be too large — but in the form of cameos and miniatures. To him a tree is not merely a plant, but a part of a scene; nor, so long as he can get a particular effect in a particular part of the picture, is he even insistent whether it be a tree at all or something else. Perhaps we may descry, in certain recent departures in art, wherein rays of genius have struggled against the mists of crankism, the endeavor to realize the idea of a scene apart from the details that enter into it; to produce upon the mind of the beholder, but without the customary accessories, the same effect as is commonly obtained by those accessories. Whether the result aimed at

by pictorial art shall be achieved by a faithful portrayal of nature as she impresses the artist's eye; or by attempting to seize the *idea* which nature conveys to the artist's intuition, and to convey the same idea to the viewer of the picture, and that by any possible means — this question is one of choice of method. An extension of the latter method leads to a rolling of all the arts into one, so that the musician may convey a landscape by a symphonic composition, or a painter paint a melody.

What these sound-figures seem to show is that design underlies all nature and that form is related to meaning inseparably and to a far greater extent than is commonly thought. The subject of sound is peculiarly interesting to students of Theosophy, by reason of the very important part which sound plays in the teachings outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. Sound has ever been regarded as one of the most potent and mysterious of cosmic powers. It would seem to be related both to the energetic and the formative sides of nature, to be at once dynamic and qualitative. In these sand-pictures we see it determining shapes, but it is also a force capable of producing dynamic effects. Vibrations supply both the energy and the quality of music. In short, sound can be called a male-female potency. The Word is recognized as the creative power in all cosmogonies. In one of Edgar Poe's less familiar but more inspired stories this idea is worked out; an island, half green and fertile, half barren and dreary, is represented as the creation of a Being, who, now in joy, now in grief, *spoke* it into existence. Fortunately for us, the same defects of character which would render the possession of Nature's secrets dangerous also prevent us from finding them out; for it is evident that if the present civilization could use the tremendous occult powers of sound, the results would be disastrous.

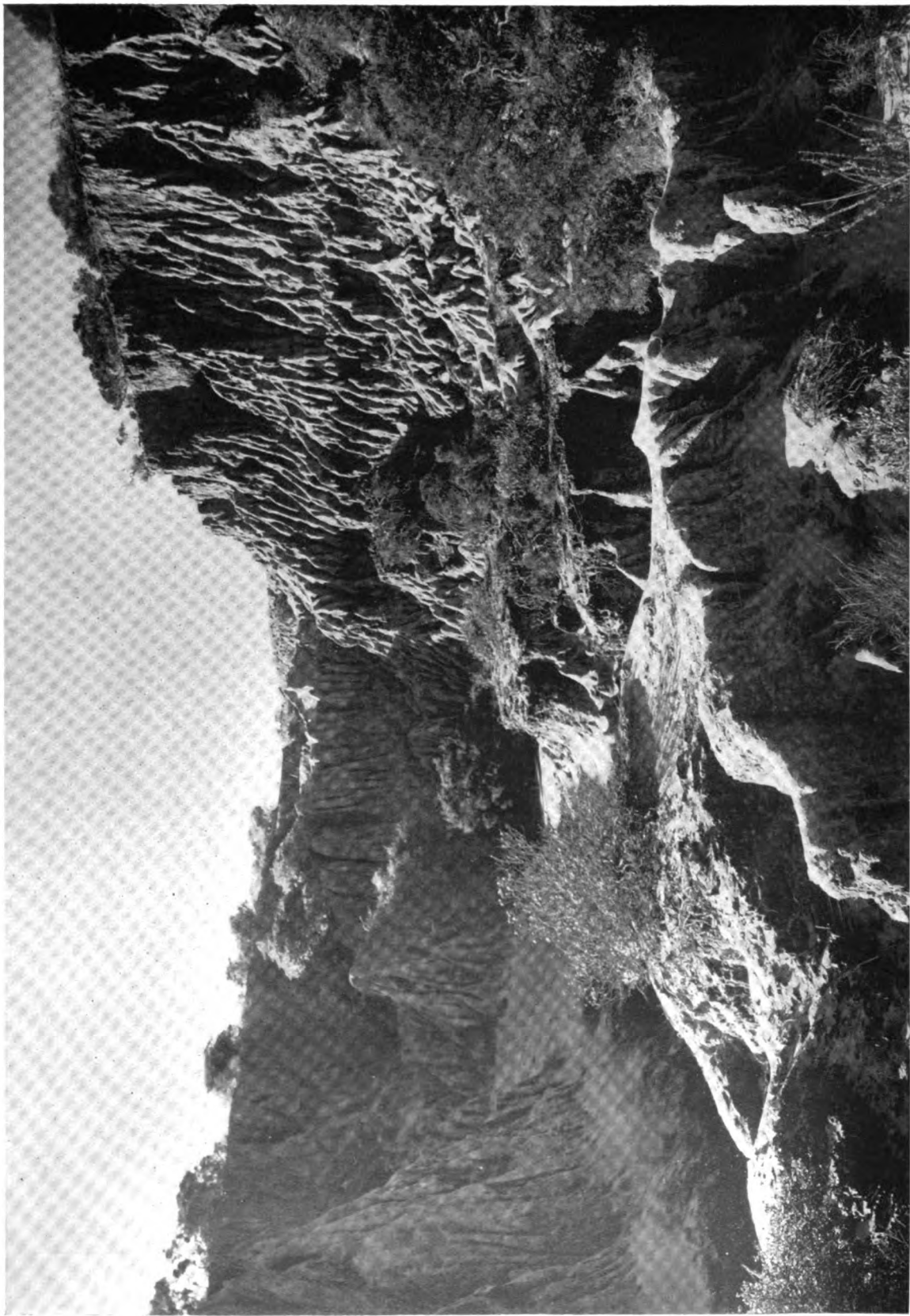


IN the minds of those who, having vaguely apprehended Karma as applying to one life only, fail to give the doctrine its true majestic, endless sweep, fatalism is the verdict. When, on the other hand, each man is seen as the fashioner of the fate for his next fleeting earthly personality, there can be no fatality in it, because in his own hands is the decree. — *W. Q. Judge*



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A CAÑON ON POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
Showing the bed of the winters' water-course.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER CAÑON, POINT LOMA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AT PLAY IN THE GARDEN OF THE RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS!
IN THE GARDEN, RÂJA YOGA ACADEMY

THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: by Kenneth Morris



WHEN the news was brought out from the palace; when the great multitude that had been waiting, praying there for so long, heard, and fell — a self-controlled race — to sobbing, to shedding silent tears for the one that had passed; when the old people went into the forest to fast and pray for the life of that one, lying then at death's door in the palace; when the simple people made pilgrimage to the peak of Fujiyama, to remain there, near the Gods, in prayer and silence, petitioning the unseen powers for the life of their Emperor — it was then that the fitting tribute was paid to the deeds and character of the great monarch who made Japan a world-power, who carried the heroic spirit of antiquity into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

That was the achievement of the Emperor Mutsuhito; and as such, he stands and will stand in history as more than a national figure, more than the maker of a great nation; he takes his place as one of the Significant Men in the history of the world. In ancient times a King was more than a figurehead, more than the Executive Branch of the government, more, let us say at once, than merely a man. The nations believed that there was a Soul to each one of them; they spoke of the Gods, the unseen, divine powers of the national soul. They had their link with the Gods, their God incarnate to reign over and guide them; they had their kings who represented the Gods, the National Soul. As such, Kings were divine, the high priests of the nation, embodiments of the ideal of the people, the Pole Star of all loyalty, devotion, nobility, and heroism. Out of such a conception was born the heroic spirit of antiquity. Alone among the monarchs of the modern world, Mutsuhito was accorded such a position by his people.

The representative of perhaps the most ancient dynasty in the world, he could yet face modern conditions with extraordinary success; could guide his people clear out of a slumbrous medievalism into the glare and hurry of modernity, to the accomplishment in a few decades of what it had taken Europe many centuries to accomplish; and yet retain about himself the ancient spirit. He could be a successful modern sovereign, perhaps the most successful of our time; and remain a king in the antique sense; a twentieth-century business man, but none the less the direct descendant of the Sun; a wise modern statesman, and at the same time an incarnate divinity. Perhaps indeed there is no paradox here; perhaps his present-day success was

the natural result of his antique, his archaic sanctity of office; but in our day it seems like a paradox. In the eyes of Europe and America, the greatness of Japan will seem to be owing to the far-sight and patriotism of such men as Ito, Togo, Yamagata, the Elder Statesmen. But it was Mutsuhito who found them, chose them, and inspired them. And in the eyes of Ito, Togo, Yamagata and the others — men who could beat the modern world at its own game — their success was due to the "Virtue of the Emperor." From the Field-Marshal to the humblest private, from the great Admiral to the least of his sailors, his people believe that it was he that triumphed at Mukden, his virtue that destroyed the invader on the Sea of Japan. There is only one way to test a theory — by the success it wins. The Japanese theory as to the virtue of the Emperor stood that test triumphantly. Perhaps after all, O modern world, it is the innate divinity of man that is the grandest of all assets, the surest weapon of victory.

That may be the lesson and secret of the epos of the era of Meiji, and of the life of its central figure, the great Mutsuhito. Whether Japan will succeed in retaining the antique spirit; whether that spirit will come through the surge and welter of modern materialism and commercialism, and remain an inspiration for humanity at large, or not, the glory of Mutsuhito will remain undimmed. He could grasp the modern without losing the ancient. He could be at once the modern statesman-king, and the enthroned god of prehistoric times, without incongruity, without showing the least unfitness for either rôle.

All hearts surely go out in love and sympathy to the bereaved Empress. She was a fitting consort for him. "My wife is my Minister of Education," he is reported to have said. With him, she, the pure-souled patriot, the tender mother and lover of her people, labored daily for the building up of Japan. In the field, the soldiers saw before them for their beacon and inspiration, the spirit and virtue of Mutsuhito; in the hospitals the sick and wounded felt the gracious influence, the healing tenderness of Haruko.

May that virtue, that influence, abide forever with the people of Japan, that the antique, magnanimous ideals may not wane!

THE WORLD-PROBLEM; CHAOS OR COSMOS?

by H. Alexander Fussell



WHAT is wrong with the world is its vastness." It is only within the last twenty-five or thirty years that such a remark has become possible, testifying, as it does, to the number, magnitude, and complexity of the problems daily, almost hourly, forced upon our attention.

The step taken in complexity from the old Greek conception of the State, limited to a single city and the surrounding country, to that of the Roman Empire, which included all the countries lying around the Mediterranean, was a great one. Before that, the Persian and Assyrian Empires, and still further East, the great Asiatic conquerors, had succeeded in dominating large portions of the world. But however great the social, political, and religious problems of those times, they did not affect the mass of the people as acutely as now-a-days. The British Empire, at best in its earlier stages, may be classed among these; for, until 1850, if we except the improvement in sailing vessels, the means of communication remained the same for well-nigh two thousand years. In all these cases it may be doubted if even leading minds were conscious of participating in anything approaching to a world-process.

This was due to two causes — one of which, the comparative isolation of one part of the world from another, owing to the slowness of the means of communication, has already been hinted at. The journey from Lyons to Paris in the fifteenth century, for example, took more time and was far more dangerous than now a trip from London to Pekin. The other cause was the ignorance, or rather the lack of education of the people. It is hard for us to imagine the mental state of a man at the commencement of the Middle Ages. For him the earth was the center of the universe, and, geographically speaking, he knew but a third of its surface. America had not been discovered; Africa, except the northern portion, was an unknown land; his consciousness of world-conditions was strictly limited, and the habitable globe was bounded by regions peopled with "gorgons and chimeras dire." Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century a change of dynasty in China, a disastrous earthquake, a famine causing the death of millions, might be known in Europe six months or a year after. How could such belated news affect men's minds or have any practical bearing on life?

All this has been changed with the advent of steam and electricity.

Our thoughts are no longer confined to the city we dwell in, to the province or nation of which we form a part. Owing, too, to the system of almost universal education prevalent among Western nations the man in the street, no less than the merchant prince and the statesman, is affected by whatever happens in no matter what part of the world. A shortage in crops or undue speculation in America affects prices in England. There is a revolution in China, and China's problems become ours. The telegraph and the cable — now antiquated, so quickly are we progressing — and wireless telegraphy, are the sensory nerves, unifying the different parts of *one* body, the body politic, making insistent and imperious the righting of wrong anywhere on the globe.

Very uncomfortable and distressing is this process to the easy-going drove. It sounds like a death-knell to many that men should wish to go forward, should find something better ahead.

It is the old, old story of the re-awakening of powers hitherto undreamed of in the human mind, its comprehension anew of world-old problems which it has faced before in forgotten lives and in civilizations unknown to modern history. It is not "brute-matter" so much that modern man fears — he already feels his grip of that; has he not tamed it and harnessed it to do his work? The problem that confronts him is in himself, is of his own making, and he is becoming aware that the good and evil forces of the world are marshaling for battle on an unprecedented scale — that these forces are *himself*, or rather, the *selves* that are his, for man is no longer one, but is divided. It is becoming increasingly evident to him, too, that none, however insignificant, however much he may shrink, may escape the conflict. And every now and then amid the groping and the uncertainty a voice is raised in warning, in encouragement, sometimes half in doubt, as if man were attempting something beyond his powers.

One of the best contributions to the understanding of the problem confronting us is a little book, published anonymously: *The Great Analysis; A plea for a rational World-Order*. From the standpoint of Economics and Sociology

the true question — the question the Great Analysis would have to answer — is: What population can this globe of ours sustain in health, in comfort, in seemliness, in dignity, in beauty, even (on fitting occasions) in splendor and magnificence? How can the planetary resources be developed and distributed so that the highest quantity of life may be attained that is compatible with the finest quality of which each individual is capable?

To get together the necessary data the writer imagines

A World-Witenagemot — a conclave of representative investigators and thinkers, brought together not by election, but by selection, from all quarters of the globe — consulted more and more by men of practical affairs, and to which, in process of time, executive power might be given.

It is not, however, the mechanism for attaining this world-order that interests us so much, nor the particular results indicated. Indeed, the author says:

Nothing is more probable — indeed more certain — than that the outcome of the Great Analysis would be wholly different from any of the vague previsions adumbrated in these pages.

What is of supreme interest is the mental state, which such an inquiry implicates, and its ethical signification. How will man, as man, comport himself before this riddle of the Sphinx? For the first time in history — so-called — he has full consciousness of the complexity of the problem before him. Its principal aspects appear to be "Race, Religion, Climatic and Geographical Advantage, Nationality, Language, War, Commercial Rivalry." The lists are clearly defined. He must fight out his own salvation here, on this earth, and nowhere else. If this globe should ever become overpopulated, as some countries are, he could

not count upon relief by emigration to Saturn or to Uranus. Only in one way can human beings push one another off the earth, and that is by pushing one another into the earth. . . . The conditions and the limits of fecundity are, then, the fundamental facts of any conceivable world-order. If there is to be no limit, if this race or that is to multiply until it is forced by the imminence of famine to hurl itself, in a war of extermination, on another and less fertile race, then civilization can be nothing but an intermittent gleam between periodic convulsions of barbarism, compared with which the horrors of the Great Migrations would seem like child's play. . . . International politics are inspired by sheer national egoism and ambition. . . .

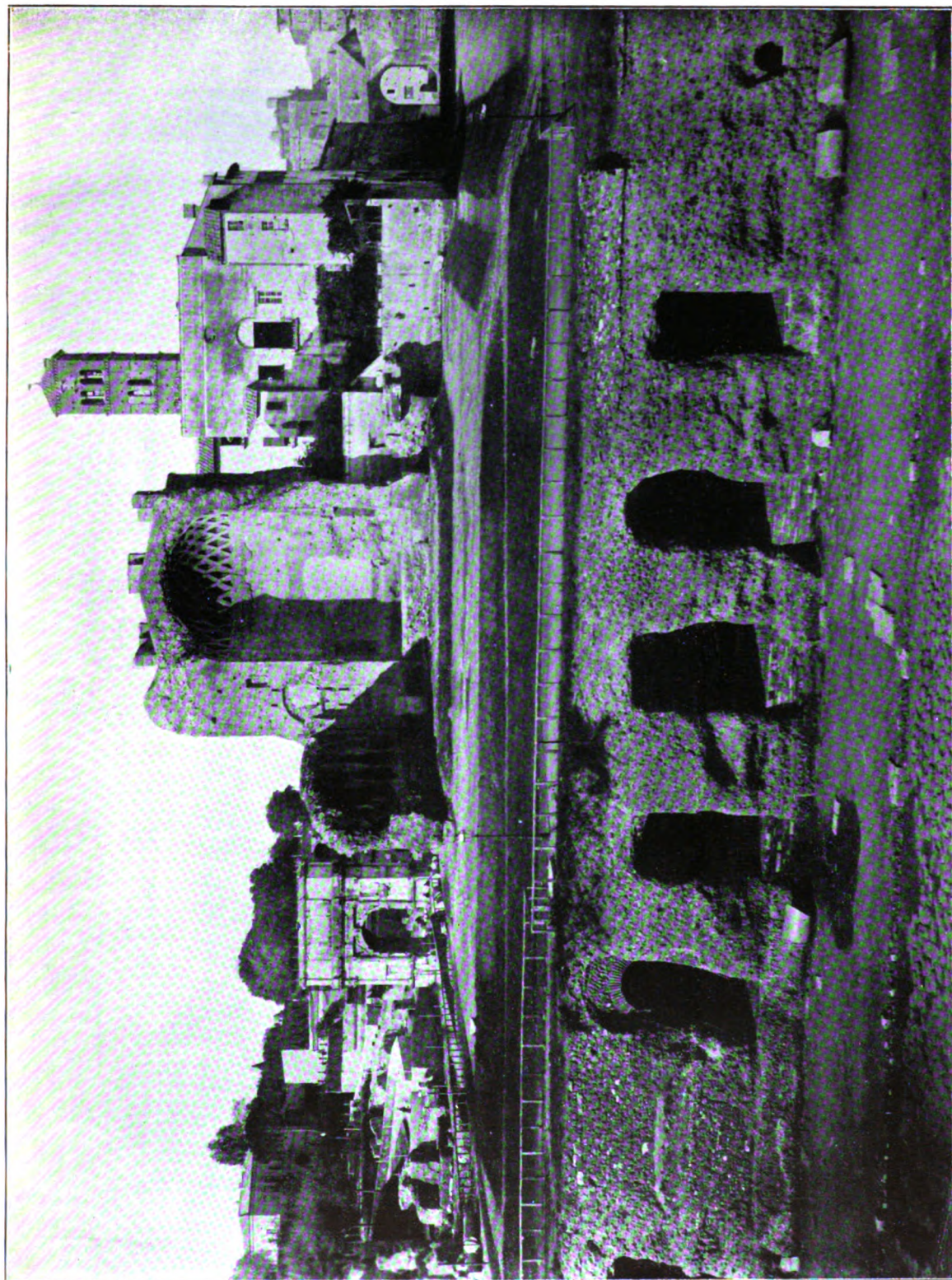
Even the militarists . . . cannot quite imagine the nations piling up forever the gigantically costly implements of modern warfare, and periodically letting them loose, like avalanches, over each other's territory. . . . Human folly, in fact, is becoming so titanic as to appal even the human fool. He "does not know what is to become of it all." Nobody does; and that is just the helpless state of mind which the Great Analysis ought to correct. In one form or another, a world-order must arrive.

The human mind is indeed in labor; but it will bring forth a monster, unless fructified by "power from above." The quotations that

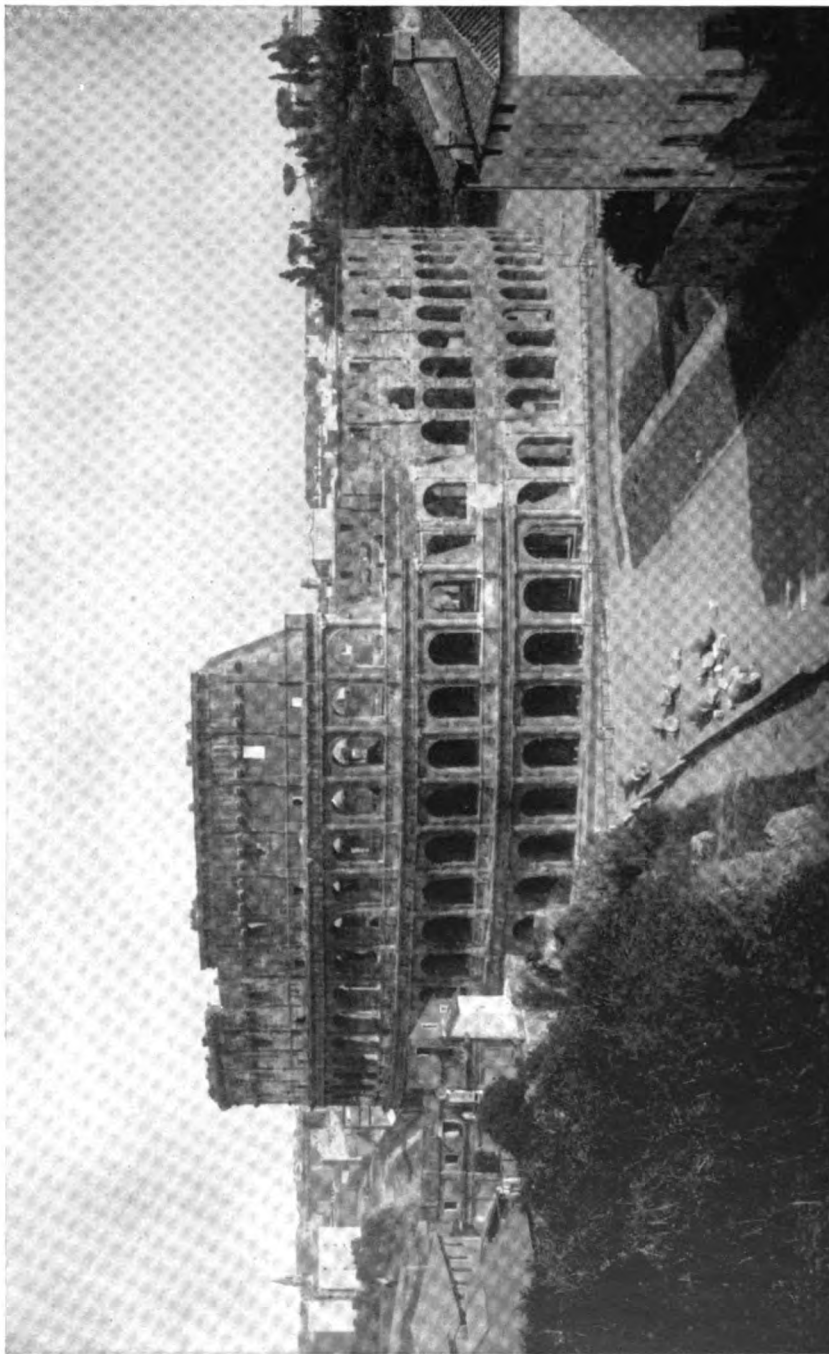
have been made from the book before us lead up to the questions, whether the human mind must forever remain inadequate to the effort required to bring cosmos out of chaos — whether the time has not come (or is not approaching) when a world-order may be projected on the basis of a competent knowledge and forecast of all the factors.

The time has indeed come, and it is to guide man to the simplification of these problems and their solution that the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875, just as one cycle of human development was closing and another beginning. The truth is: Man now finds himself at odds with the piled-up Karma of his former mistakes and mis-doings. He — as race, no less than as individual — cannot continue much longer in the chaotic, happy-go-lucky way he has hitherto pursued in his selfishness and ambition. New light, new power, have been vouchsafed to him in his need. The Wisdom-Religion, old as the world itself — not to be confounded, be it noted, with any of the historical religions, which, by the way, have now “become shocking misfits” — is once more permeating and enlightening human thought. Man feels, dimly, at present, that the race is approaching a crisis, that his only hope of safety is to ally himself to the Higher Self — the God within, boldly re-assume his creative functions, bring order out of chaos — or be swept to destruction. There is no place for the lukewarm; “he that is not with us is against us,” is the cry of either side; and the would-be neutral, who is simply in the way, will find himself betwixt the upper and the nether millstone.

It seems indeed that the ground is prepared for the thought-seeds scattered by the Masters of Wisdom, the Elder Brothers of the Race, through the agency of their devoted disciples, our Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley. Truly, the key to the world-problem — to the “world-order” already adumbrated in so many minds — is to be found, and found only, in the teaching and practice of Brotherhood, in the twin doctrines of Karma and of Reincarnation. Then will arise out of the chaos of human selfishness and folly the cosmos of divine love and wisdom.

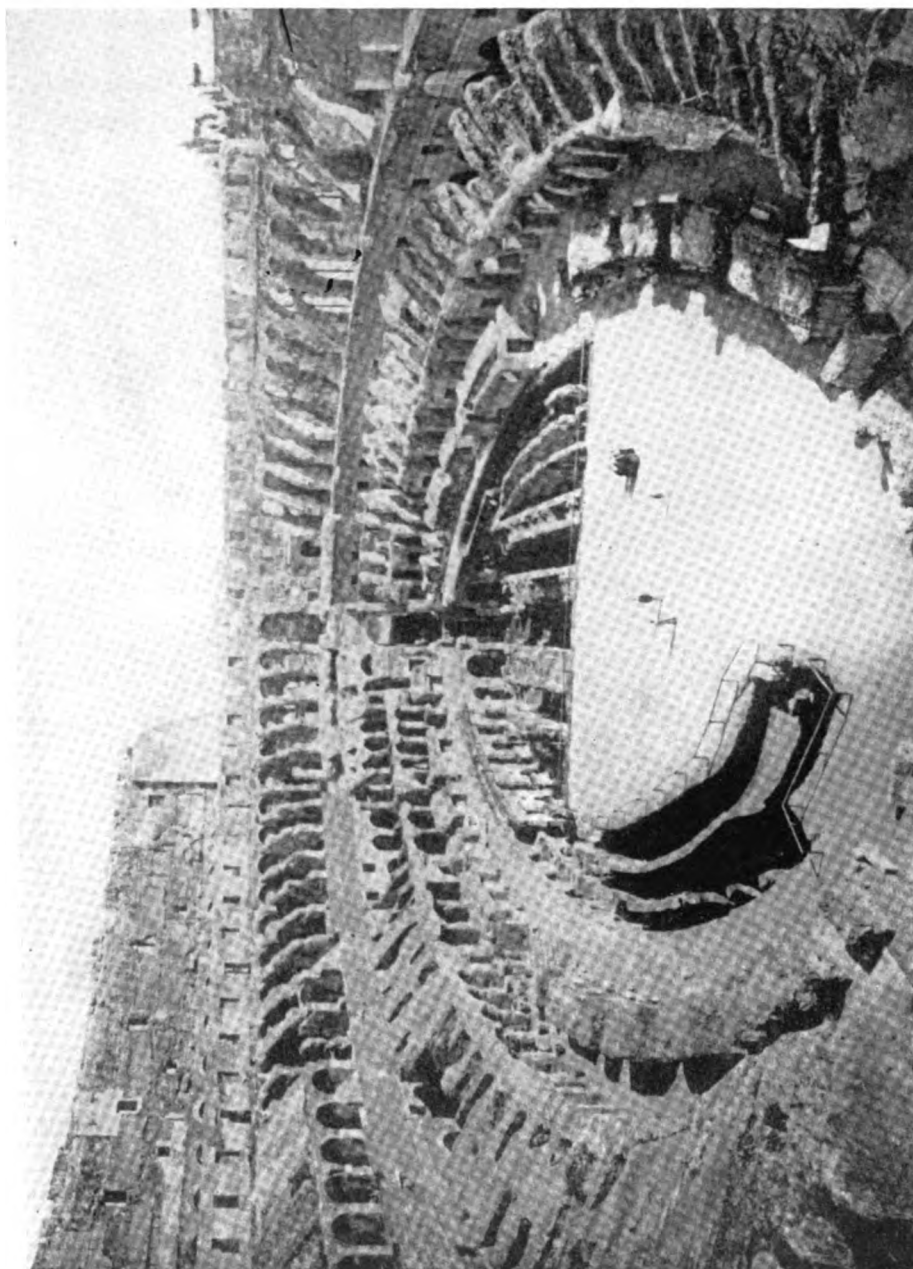


A PORTION OF THE RUINS OF NERO'S "GOLDEN HOUSE," AND THE ARCH OF TITUS AT THE LEFT CENTER



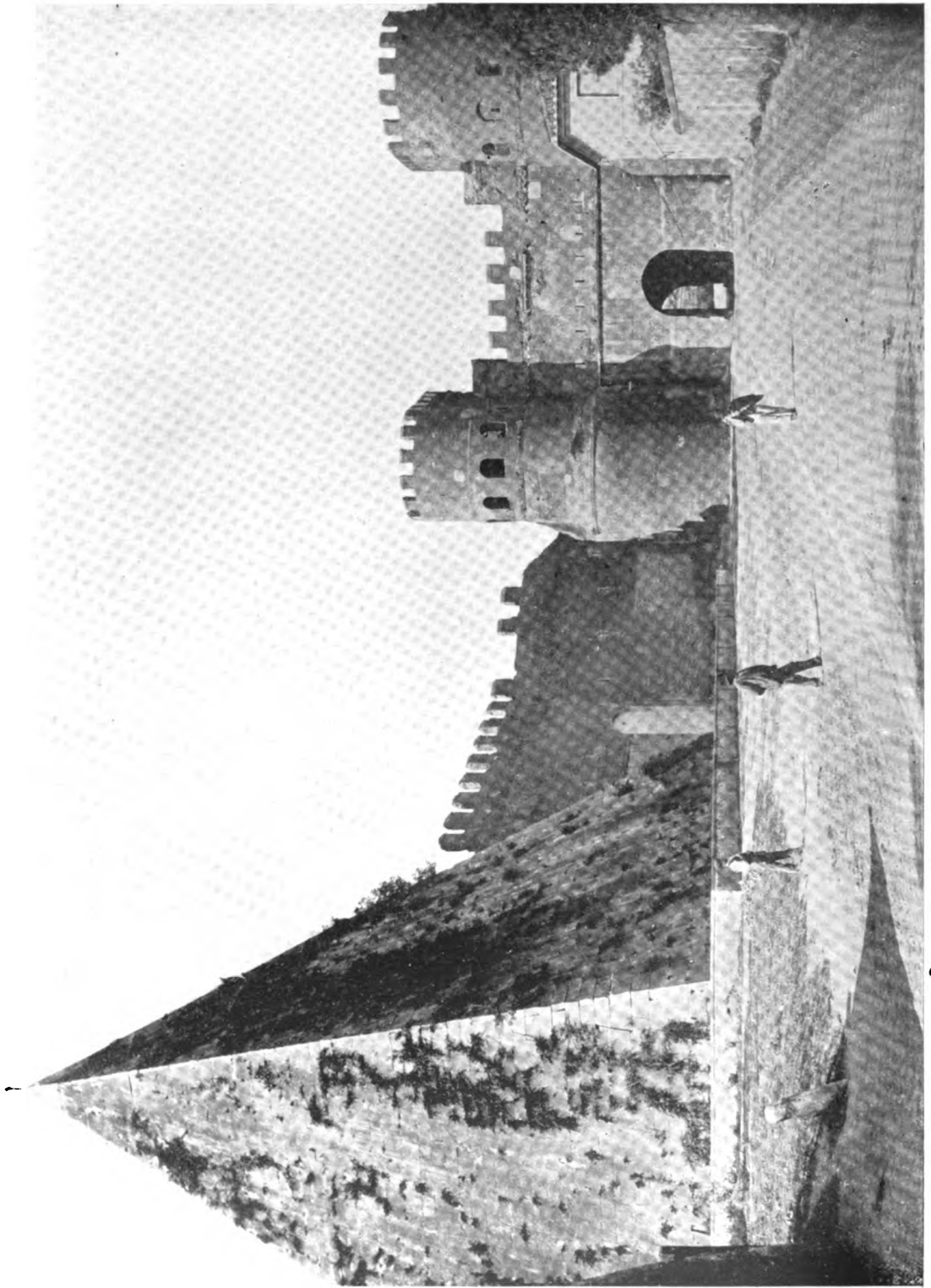
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CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INTERIOR OF THE AMPHITHEATER OF FLAVIUS, ROME. (THE COLOSSEUM)



PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS, AND GATE OF SAN PAOLO, ROME

THE ARTISTIC SKILL OF THE BUSHMEN:

by an Archaeologist



AN illustrated paper recently reproduced some sketches made by the Bushmen of Africa, representing in an extremely lifelike manner men and animals, not merely singly but grouped in scenes of the chase. The drawing is really artistic in its freedom and skilful suggestion of the intended idea in the fewest lines; the representation of motion is admirable. Yet the people who executed these drawings are very low down in the scale of culture; they do not even make earthen pots.

Now, if we conscientiously apply the method of employing the understanding laid down by Francis Bacon and presumed to be the method relied upon by modern science, we shall take these two facts — the artistic skill of the Bushmen and their low state of culture — as the data for our reasoning, and from them arrive by logical processes at our conclusion. In practice, however, the professed exponents of inductive science do not invariably adhere to the method they profess. As often as not, they have in the mind an already-formed conclusion, and this has to be taken into consideration as forming part of the basis from which conclusions are to be drawn. And such is found to be the case in the present instance.

The writer who presents and comments upon the said pictures arrives at the conclusion that artistic skill is by no means proportional to skill in the useful arts, and is even in an inverse ratio thereto. In support of this opinion he alleges that our knowledge of the human race in general bears it out, and that everybody who studies history can infer it. So his argument runs thus: It is a well-known fact, which every student of history can infer for himself, that artistic skill does not run parallel with skill in the useful arts, and is even in an inverse ratio thereto. And the Bushmen are an instance of this.

But now arises the question: Whence the surprise and perplexity which the writer displays? If the fact is so commonplace, so much like what we should naturally expect, why call attention to it at all, why express surprise and discuss possible ways of accounting for it?

The only answer that suggests itself to this question is that the alleged fact with regard to the human race is *not* a fact after all, that our observations and inferences do not lead us to expect that the Bushmen would be possessed of such skill; that their skill is an exceptional and wonderful circumstance and needs explaining. And this is, of course, the truth. The most that the writer has accomplished

is to present to the public these marvelous sketches and to say: "You think this is wonderful, and I am inclined to agree with you; but I have tried to convince myself that it is not wonderful but quite what was to be expected; and if you think again, you will agree with me."

The writer considers the theory that the Bushmen are degenerate relics of a once more cultured people, and that their artistic skill is inherited. And surely this is the conclusion to which logic naturally leads. But when one has a preconception in the mind, the case may turn out otherwise; and the writer dismisses this theory. But yet, another inconsistency: in concluding, he expresses the regret that the people must "soon die out." And why should a primitive people, in the childhood of its age, die out? Here we find a striking illustration of the way in which antagonistic ideas can exist in the mind without exciting the suspicions of the owner of the mind. The writer tacitly assumes — what is the evident truth — that the Bushmen are a people in senile decay, not in juvenile simplicity; but goes on with his theory in calm disregard of this assumption, of whose existence in his mind he seems indeed to be unaware.

We wish to direct particular attention to this curious condition in the mind of theorists. It is common enough, of course — an ordinary weakness of the human mind; but it is inconsistent with any claims to certainty which may be expressed or implied. And this instance of the Bushmen is merely an illustration of considerations that apply to a much wider area.

Scattered over the face of the earth, in the interiors of continents, on ocean islets and island chains, in mountain fastnesses, tropical forests, or inhospitable peninsula, we find tribes which, innumerable in their diversity, have this in common — that they are dying out. They show not the slightest sign of a tendency to progress or develop. Like very old men, they live in their memories, which are replete with records of their greater sires. These are the ancient remnants of civilizations that have been and are no more; like modern Asiatic villages built on the ruins of prehistoric grandeur, they live on through the ages in the same dead-level of stagnation.

But brooding over the firmament of modern speculation, in the fastnesses of the brain and the rank jungle of ideas, is a Theory — a theory as to one particular way in which the human race must have evolved. It is contradicted by the facts at every point, but it flows around them like oil and reflects them upside down in its magic mirror.

This theory is reiterated again and again, with the assertive force of a patent medicine advertisement, until a hypnotic impress is left on the world of thought. In an illustrated paper there is an article on some bones of a pre-Glacial Englishman that have been dug up; it is accompanied by pictures representing a "restoration" of this ancient Englishman. In deference to the facts, as afforded by the skull, the artist has made the face that of an average citizen of today, while the body is as shapely as that of a Greek statue. Yet, in obeisance to the tyrant theory, this well-favored individual is clothed in the skin of a beast and has a stone in one hand and a flint-tipped spear in the other. The face of Abraham Lincoln is certainly comparable in all significant respects with that of such a man; and the case is the same as if some future man of science were to unearth Lincoln's skull and long thin bones, and from them "reconstruct" a brutal stone-throwing savage.

And what is the natural inference from the fact of these countless tribes in Africa, Polynesia, the Americas? Their great multiplicity and variety proves that they have been diverging in mutual isolation for very long ages; and their point of divergence cannot be found within the historical or traditional period. They are for the most part offshoots of the great Fourth Root-Race, which inhabited continents that no longer stand above the waters, and whose surviving remnants were dispersed over the earth and driven into its remotest and wildest regions by the oncoming Fifth Root-Race. This is the clue to the meaning of these "aboriginal" races and their strange memories.

But in considering the life-history of races, their infancy, maturity, and decay, we must distinguish the race itself from the Souls which tenant it. A race which (as a race) is dying out, may yet serve as the habitation of Souls that are in the infancy of their growth. The Bushman *race* may be old and dying, yet the Soul of an individual Bushman may be learning its early lessons, preparatory to entering at its next birth into a more evolved race. Thus we have Spiritual heredity to consider, as well as natural.

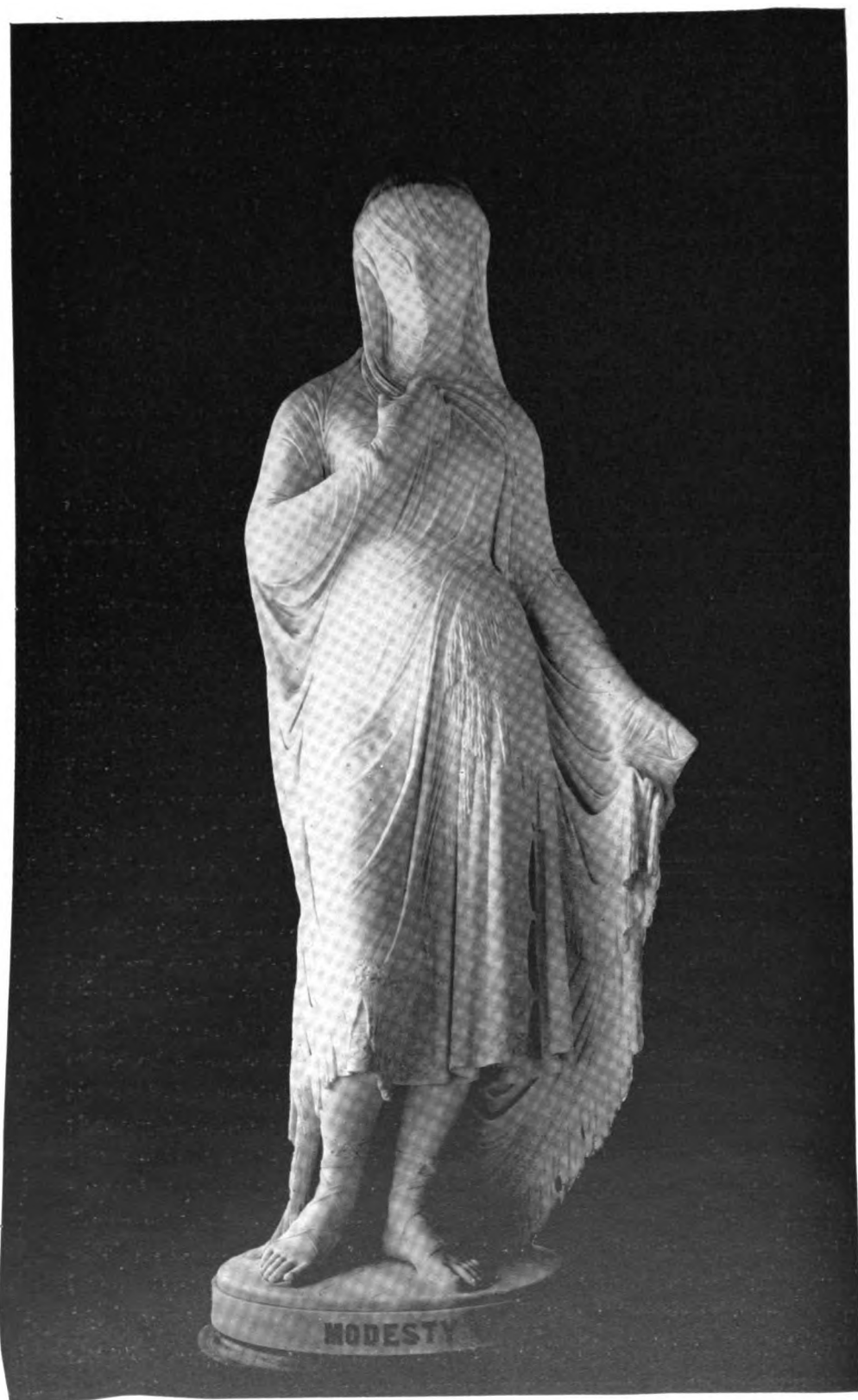
STATUARY IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA: by C. J.

THE Pavilion of Sculpture at Ballarat possesses something rather unique in the shape of a visitors' book in which the impressions of the public about the Gardens and the Statues are collected. Many handsome gifts have been made by patriotic citizens of Ballarat since the first donation of twelve figures obtained in Italy by Mr. T. Stoddart in 1880, and formally presented in 1883. According to the visitors' book one of the most popular pieces of sculpture is *The Flight from Pompeii*, of which an illustration is given here. It represents a Pompeiian family escaping in haste from the downfall of hot ashes that suddenly overwhelmed the city in 79 A. D. The catastrophe came almost without notice, for Vesuvius had not been active for ages, and many had to escape with the loss of all they possessed, even their garments. Quite lately new excavations have unearthed the bones and the impressions of the bodies of a wealthy patrician, Obellius, and his family, overwhelmed as they were escaping from their splendid mansion. They have been preserved *in situ*, and will form one of the most pathetic remains of the great disaster that will be shown to visitors. The casts of the bodies, which include two little girls embracing in a last parting, are very rough but quite distinct. They form a great contrast to the careful execution of the group of statuary at Ballarat, which may be taken as a rather idealized expression of the terrible scenes that took place when the darkness overwhelmed the guilty city.

Modesty, another piece of sculpture from Ballarat, is a rendering of a subject which has exerted a fascination upon many artists — the effort to render the features seen through a light veil. Such unusual themes, and the dexterous rendering of textile fabrics in marble, are popular in Italy, and always receive a generous meed of praise from the public. In the famous cemetery at Genoa, Italy, there is a large number of monuments of which the chief interest consists in the marvellously clever rendering of the clothes and accessories. Every visitor to that city pays a visit to the Campo Santo to wonder at these.



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SCIENTIFIC ODDMENTS: by the Busy Bee

IT is strange how obvious discoveries seem after they have once been discovered. How is it they were not thought of before?

Subsoiling by dynamite is now being practised on a rapidly increasing scale, as attested by the increased sale of dynamite to farmers. The gain in proportion to outlay is enormous; tough subsoil is broken up and the roots of the plants can go down.

A PEOPLE without any form of religion or thought of the after-life, roaming the forest and occupied in the search for nuts and roots, has been found in the interior of Sumatra. They are described as "immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe," who made tools and hunted big animals.

Civilized men and savages have at all times occupied the earth side by side; but when we search the subsoil and the old caves, the remains we find there are mostly those of the savages. The civilized men did not live in caves nor leave their bones about for posterity to pick up. A few bones of these Sumatrans will doubtless escape decay, and be discovered by some anthropologist of the future, who will infer that there was no civilization on the earth at this time. All our iron and paper will have decayed, and only our oyster-shells will remain.

A SCIENTIFIC man, who has been investigating musical sands for twenty years, recently gave a lecture on the subject. He described how various sands, when trodden on, or when struck in favorable conditions, give out sounds resembling organ notes, violins, and trumpets, or roarings, bellowings, and trumpeting. He showed by experiments that when the particles are irregular in shape they produce irregular vibrations, or mere noise; and when regular they produce musical sounds. Yet one would scarcely have supposed, from theoretical considerations alone, that such a thing as the sand on the shore, be it never so regular, could produce musical sounds; and the explanation strikes one as being of the *ex post facto* kind. Here, in short, is one of those phenomena which, in place of being predicted, are admitted reluctantly and explained afterwards. There seems to be lacking the usual combination of tense membranes and resonant cavities with which we are wont to associate musical sounds. It is clear that no reported phenomenon should be disbelieved merely because it seems improbable, for our own estimate of probability is not very reliable evidence.

FROM the *London Times* we hear that some persons were charged before a Kentish Bench of Justices with stealing winkles on private grounds. But the Justices dismissed the charge on the ground that winkles are wild animals and therefore cannot be stolen. The plea on the other side was that the winkles had been cultivated and were therefore tame or domestic animals; and, fortified by this argument, the complainants appealed to the Board of Fisheries — with what result we do not know. The winkle, or periwinkle, is “a small marine gasteropod shellfish” (Noah Webster); and though we daresay it comes under the official definition of a wild beast, it is not very savage or dangerous to man. Certainly it is an animal, since it is neither a vegetable nor a mineral, and if it isn’t tame it must be wild. One is reminded of the scene illustrated in *Punch*, of an old lady traveling with all her pets and inquiring of the railroad official which of them had to be paid for and which not. At last the bewildered official issues his ultimatum in these words: “Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, and so’s parrots; but this here tortoise in an insect, so there ain’t no charge for him.” There is another story of an archaeologist who shipped a mummy of a Pharoah from Egypt to his own country; and the customs authorities, not knowing how to classify Pharoah, finally passed him in as “salt fish.”

THE “origin of life” is a subject that is often discussed. Perhaps the origin of life is *death*, and that is as far as we can get. We have to think in straight lines, with ends and beginnings; but circles and cycles more nearly represent the truth. Life and death are alternating states, following each other in an interminable succession. The new is born out of the death of the old. In accordance with the theory that all living beings have been developed from a rudimentary cell or atom, that rudiment must have begun its own life with a full endowment of powers sufficient to yield the wonderful results of its evolution. Whence did it derive these powers? Is it not, in fact, the seed thrown by that which lived before? We can trace the tree back to the seed; but beyond that we get to the tree again. Science has appealed to analogy; let us therefore apply analogy. The geometrical form which best represents universal law is a spiral curve, a vortex, circles compounded with circles indefinitely. Perhaps atoms are being born all the time — from out the death of more complex organisms.

The theory, attributed to Kelvin, that life-germs came to earth, meteor-borne, from other orbs, may *get rid* of the difficulty, but does

not explain it; on the contrary, it merely transfers it to the shoulders of the Martians.

AN EMINENT CHEMIST writes to the papers to contradict the statement that he has given his endorsement to an alleged method of making gold artificially, that statement having been circulated. But, not content with denying this statement, he makes another, which many will think too rash. He says that it appears to him highly improbable (though as a scientific man he would hesitate to say impossible) that artificial gold will ever be produced. "Never" is a very long while, and no one can venture to forecast the conditions of science so infinitely far ahead. Also one would like to know the difference between "in the highest degree improbable" and "impossible." According to the mathematical view there is no highest degree of probability, and the expression becomes a synonym for infinite improbability, which is equivalent to impossibility. Unless the chemist intends to make out a special case for gold, as distinguished from other elements, the statement is equivalent to saying that we shall never be able to make the elements artificially. But the recent progress of science surely gives a strong hope to the contrary. We have the series of radium emanations, passing the one into the other; we have the electrons, ulterior to the atoms. Moreover substances at one time believed to be elementary have since been found to be compound.

WOMAN IN THE SCHOOL: by Marjorie Tyberg



WOMAN'S opportunity in the education of the young is practically boundless, compared to what it was even fifty years ago. All the obstacles which formerly hindered women from moving out of narrow grooves of learning have been overcome, and women can now be trained to teach almost any branch of human knowledge. This expansion has proceeded simultaneously with the growth of an intense interest in all that pertains to education. School methods, school appliances, school buildings, have all been improved. The psychology of the child and the educative value of play and of dramatic work have been carefully studied. The physical care of children is now a science in itself. And

in all the manifold activities attending this educational awakening, women are taking part most earnestly and nobly. They have, many of them, accepted the responsibility of giving to "all the children of all the people" the best opportunity in the way of education.

This enthusiastic interest in child-life and this expansive movement that has made it possible for women to work in a larger field are significant features of the new age we are on the threshold of. The human race *is* at the beginning of a new period of its development, and the women have heard the call of the higher types of humanity that are to be born and they are responding to the urge they feel to prepare the conditions and environment in which the coming race will be able to express more of the divinity of human nature than has ever yet found its way into outward life. Women have, once more, as they had in ancient times, the opportunity to gain the knowledge of how to assume the high office of fostering in the children of a new time the qualities and powers belonging especially to that time, the realization of which will carry mankind to heights undreamed of as yet by the majority. It is for women to recognize the new time and its possibilities and to seek in themselves, and in the children, the potency that lies ready to awaken at this turning-point in the life of Humanity.

With this in view, it is not enough for women as teachers to have been thoroughly educated and trained to teach the subjects they have mastered. It is not enough for them to use with facility or to follow with perseverance the methods of education that are the result of long study on the part of others. There must be the recognition of the deeper side of the child's nature, where waits the gift of the Soul to the child at the dawn of a new age. The divine inner nature is ready. Shall we let it pass unheeded, unchallenged? Its power is a power transcending mind and body, enabling the child when taught to know it, to take command of the bodily forces and grow without waste of vital energy, to direct the intellectual faculties with a keenness, alertness, and precision, that make progress sure-footed, high-mounting. It enables the child to build moral fiber with every breath.

When in school with teachers who are beginning to trust in their own divine natures, these higher elements of the child's being have been quickened by recognition and appeal, that Self of the child begins to try which is the Self that can win in every battle against the lower, selfish forces. Then a new path of learning is entered. The same subjects may and ought to be studied, but it will not be necessary to

render study *easy*, for a Warrior has been summoned who overcomes all obstacles by the right kind of effort. Teacher and pupil work in accord with the highest achievements of the past and the present, and the school environment becomes charged with the love of "the good, the true, and the beautiful." It is in this deeper current of school effort that the best influences of home and school meet and strengthen each other.

The teachers who have had the inestimable good fortune to be directed to this higher element in the child and in themselves feel assured that as Katherine Tingley says: "The grander part is from within," and that from within will come, on challenge, a divine power to hold and use all energies, all training, all education, all knowledge, for the highest welfare of the whole race, fulfilling thus the destiny of Humanity in this new time.

The keynote of this new school-life was struck by Madame H. P. Blavatsky when she began her work many years ago. We know it as it stands today, as the Râja Yoga system.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

Our Society: by E. A. Neresheimer



IN a recent visit to Germany I was strongly impressed by the earnest inquiry of a large number of people regarding the truths of Theosophy.

An impatient restlessness urges the thoughtful minds of that country to find some substantial solution of the burning questions: Whence came we? What is the object of life? What is our destiny?

The deadly negation of the still-lingering materialistic thought is most repugnant to honest searchers; buttressed dogmatism attracts no more; new-thought faddisms and social panaceas have demonstrated their insipidity; in short, no valid assurance of a reasonable or ultimate design in human existence is given that would be acceptable to the people; not even a signpost is granted the weary wayfarer pointing out the essentials concerning his spiritual being.

Where is the proof of our divine origin? How come we to be integral parts of the cosmic whole? What is our logical destiny?

These are the questions to which an answer is demanded on every side.

No answer!

Like an oasis in the desert, bright, blessed, promising succor to the heavy-laden, there stand, dear comrades, the Leader's name and the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and its Headquarters at Point Loma. In a book recently issued and widely circulated in Germany, the doctrines of Theosophy — the history of the Founders being also given — and the Headquarters at Point Loma, are elaborately described, and the Leader of the Society, Katherine Tingley, is heralded as the forceful and competent originator of a supremely acceptable idea that should be the seed of a new world-order. She is set forth as having created an institution in which this concept is already in actual successful practical operation with the aid of an imposing number of "*real human beings*," and it is pointed out that a priceless opportunity is there being given to a large body of young (and old) students receiving training and instruction to effect in themselves a perfect balance of their physical, mental, and moral nature. The results are admitted to be of a high order of usefulness on a large scale, inasmuch as the natural unfoldment of character under wise guidance is the surest means towards fitting each unit to be a power unto himself and an inspiring example to all others. Complete self-possession is instilled into all, as well as fortitude to bear the burdens of life; while an uplifting and very noble tone is conferred on all by the teachings of the essential unity of the life of Humanity with Deity and the whole Universe.

The public is therein advised that the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not a theorist but a practical illustrator and worker who understands the needs of the people to the very core; and who avers that regeneration must come through the people themselves. Theosophy is the key by means of which each one may know and unlock the mystery of his own being.

This unsolicited recognition is a tribute to the members' loyalty and devotion, and is a gratifying victory for our Leader. Through the demand for more light which these avowals imply, our Leader will have added opportunities to cheer many a harassed heart.

That the "plea for a more rational world-order" is really urgent, is evidenced by the unrest that affects political, religious, and sociological efforts and the economic institutions of every nation throughout the world. However, no one nation, sect, or organization, without a know-

ledge of fundamentals, can even remotely hope to solve the broad human problems by any mere theory. Only determined work such as is done by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which is an organization founded and molded on the affirmation of the one abiding principle of unity throughout the cosmos, whose precepts and teachings are framed in the surety of universal justice as applied to merit and demerit and in accord with immutable law — only such an organization, dedicating its services on these lines to practical work, can cope with the huge problem of human welfare.

From these laws and from a fervent desire to work in entire harmony with them in relation to human existence, has sprung this “*supremely acceptable idea*” of the Leader, which in practice is work — not in exploiting any artificial theory — but experienced, salutary, useful work adapted to the immediate needs of the spiritually hungry who seek for the links with their divinity. One who realizes nought of the underlying reality and unity of all life and being, who cannot even partially appreciate that “Universal Brotherhood is an actual demonstrable fact in nature” and who makes no sincere attempt to apply the same practically as a “living power in the life of humanity” — none such can understand the work of this organization, nor know himself, nor discover his place in life.

The wave of merely material progress has swept the masses and their leaders along to dizzy reaches of pure sensation, where they whirl ever in circles of illusion. The hollowness, the falsity of it, is becoming increasingly apparent, and frantic are the efforts that are being made to “get out from under” and to avoid the downfall of the structure. The thousands of sincere experiments which have failed to ameliorate the deplorable conditions above-named, were necessarily powerless to reach to the root of human ills; for not one of them can be said to have even understood the causes, and much less to have applied fitting remedies.

The cry for help has gone forth, and help there shall be; but not by outworn palliatives, nor by mere soothing promises, nor by theories or patchings of any kind.

Old forms are passing; new ones are being born. The last great wave of Theosophical thought, begun in 1875, has gathered a force resistless, touching the brightest minds in every land. A fiery glow of spiritual illumination is making itself felt throughout humanity. We know of a certainty that a subtle but firm realization of the con-

cept of Universal Brotherhood is entering the minds of peoples of all classes in every land.

While this is yet seed-time, the harvest is not far distant.

As members of our ancient, beloved, and universal Movement, as defenders of truth and of an exalted principle, we must not shut our eyes to the enemies of that truth nor to those who counterfeit our organization. Every true prophet has for a counterpart a false one; so has the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society its counterfeits in imitators and merely "would-be Theosophists." Make-believe reformers have no stability. The self-same elements that caused former Theosophic efforts to fail pervade the gatherings of these emotionalists. Having the usual bias for personal incense — in contradistinction to renunciation of personality in favor of a great moral cause — they are inevitably doomed to die out. No permanency is inherent in merely personal glory; nor is any cause well served — however devotedly — if tainted by personal ambition. In good time the worthy units will, by their Karma, find their way to the right place.

Members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in America as well as in other countries, recognize full well the sagacity which was operative when the Leader in 1898 recommended the change of constitution of the Theosophical Society to the present form. Since that time there is no more strife, no more wasteful dissension in our organization; on the contrary, the condition has been, and is, one of steady growth, and of harmony, and also an inspiring approach to the ideal precept of our constitution.

Would it ever have been possible to have attained to such unity, to such prominence, usefulness, success, under the ordinary administration by which the Theosophical Society was conducted before the important event in 1898? I believe that it could not have been done.

The Leader's hands are now free; and the energies and abilities of every unit are at their best. In consequence, the Society's usefulness, its power, and its dignity, have increased to such an extent that it is clearly the most efficient instrument in the service of mankind, and is being upheld — even in foreign countries — as an exemplar for all the world. Greeting!

New York, July 13, 1912



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

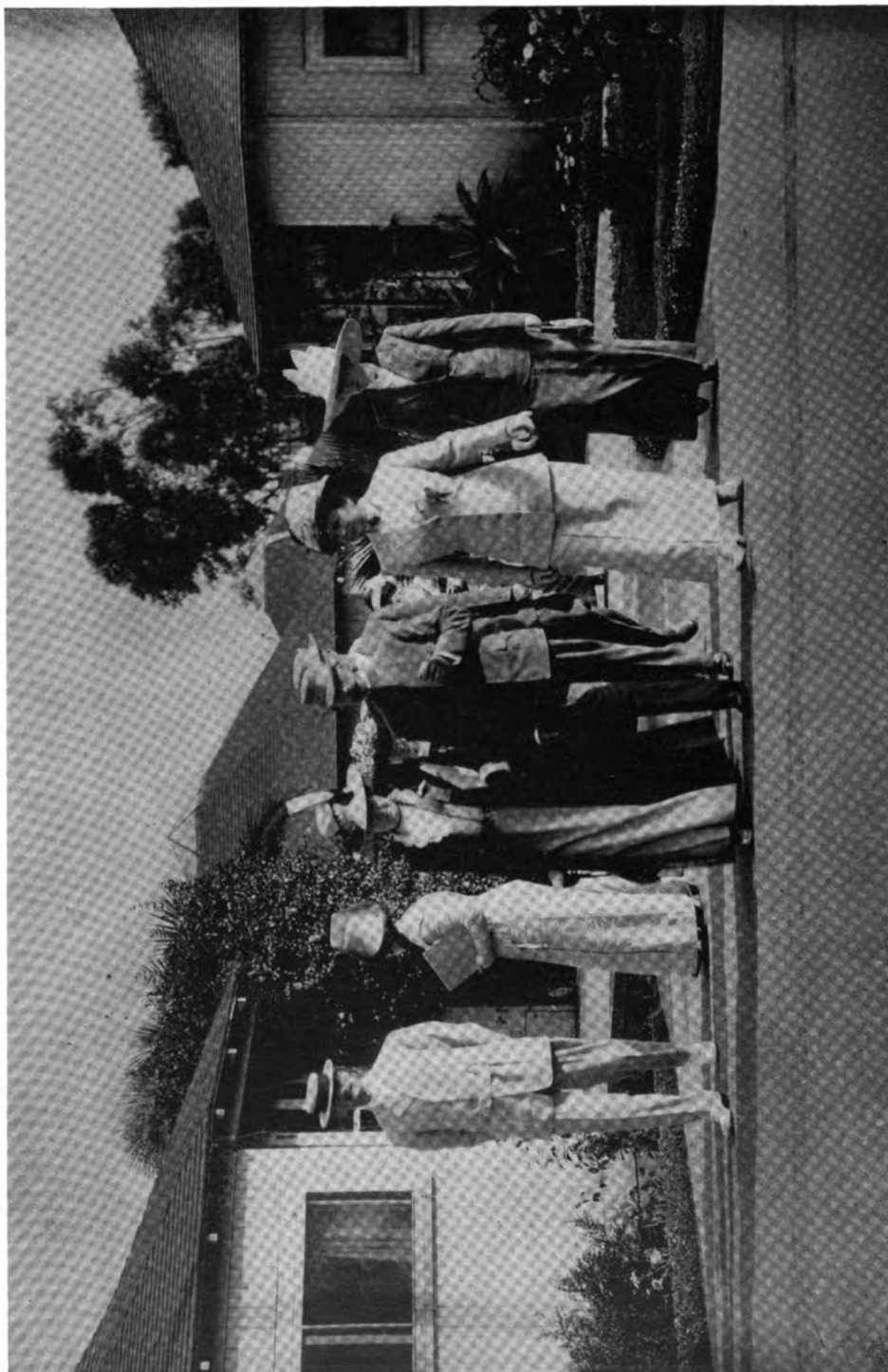
ONE OF THE GROUPS OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION ON THEIR RECENT VISIT TO THE
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Katherine Tingley is conducting the group towards the International offices.



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WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION VISITING SOME OF THE YOUNGER STUDENTS' BUNGALOWS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN'S GROUP HOMES
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



CURRENT TOPICS : by the Observer

THE Arctic Expedition to Crocker Land, which may discover further secrets of the North Pole, mentioned in our issue of July, has had to be postponed for a year owing to the untimely death of the leader.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY in California has appointed a Hindû as professor of Sanskrit and Indian Philosophy. Professor Har Dayal is an M. A. of Oxford, and a graduate of the Panjâb University at Delhi, the largest Indian educational institution.

THE late Emperor of Japan presented twenty-five thousand cherry-trees to the city of New York as a cordial expression of good will. An ancient Japanese poet called the cherry-tree a symbol of the Soul of Japan, and there is therefore more than meets the eye in the compliment. The trees are planted in groups of thirteen, mostly in the park just east of Grant's Tomb, and along Riverside Drive. Thirteen is said to be a Japanese lucky number.

AGAIN one hears about the mysterious "White Indians" of northern South America. Colonel Fawcett, who has been doing boundary work for the Peruvian Government, is preparing an expedition into the mysterious regions on the Peruvian-Bolivian frontier to obtain first-hand information regarding the reported White Indians and the supposed antediluvian animals which the natives speak of as inhabiting the swamps, and on account of which they will not venture into the unknown forests. Colonel Fawcett says:

The byways and corners of the interior, with their intensely fascinating legends of strange races and mysterious flora and fauna, are closed to all but the very strong who are independent of luxury. The difficulties that beset one are almost beyond belief. Anything worse than life in the forests in the rainy season I cannot imagine.

AN incomplete report has arrived from England that the archaeologists of the British Museum have been greatly exercised about the report of their explorer, Dr. Felix Oswald, who was sent to British East Africa to examine the geology of the Victoria Nyanza Lake region. He claims that this great inland sea, four thousand feet above sea-level, is proved to be at least three million years old by the position of a delta and the fossils therein; and that the river Nile, which flows from the Victoria Nyanza, must have been in practically its present state for a million or more years, thus providing conditions for human life as favorable a million years ago as they are today. No Glacial period seems to have disturbed the Valley of the Nile. The importance of this discovery is that it provides reasonable scientific data for the increasing belief in the vast antiquity of civilization

in Egypt. With the clear proof of the enormous antiquity of intelligent humanity, which is becoming appreciably more sure, we shall get a juster understanding of the real nature of progress and of how to hasten it. H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, says:

The earliest Egyptians had been separated [in the days of Plato] from the latest Atlanteans for ages upon ages; they were themselves descended from an *alien* race, and had settled in Egypt some 400,000 years before, but their Initiates had preserved *all the records*. . . . Egyptian zodiacs show more than 75,000 years of observation! . . . Egypt is far older than Europe as now traced on the map. Atlanto-Aryan tribes began to settle on it, when the British Islands and France were not even in existence. [As we know them, however.] It is well known that "the tongue of the Aegyptian Sea" or the Delta of lower Egypt, became firm land very gradually, and followed the highlands of Abyssinia; unlike the latter, which arose suddenly, comparatively speaking, it was slowly formed, through long ages, from successive layers of sea slime and mud, deposited annually by the soil brought down by a large river, the present Nile. Yet even the Delta as a firm and fertile land, has been inhabited for more than 100,000 years.

AFTER hearing of the immense age of Egypt, a new discovery of the age of the Vikings, a thousand years ago or so, seems quite a thing of yesterday, but it is quite remarkable enough in its way. Dr. Schnittger, a professor of Stockholm University, has found some bread dating from Viking times. Microscopical examination proves that it is made of pine bark and peas. Few finds of this kind have been made; but in 1908 the same archaeologist discovered a loaf made of grain at Boberg Castle which is not less than sixteen hundred years old. The preservation of these perishable articles of food in the climate of Sweden is a far more remarkable thing than that of the mummified Egyptian substances which we find in the tombs in the dry sand. In Ireland pre-historic lumps of butter have been found deep in the peat bogs. It is considered that the peat has the power of preserving butter from decomposition.

In the Glastonbury Lake Village (England), one of the best preserved remains of our supposed "primitive" ancestors of at least two thousand years ago, many interesting objects have been lately found. One of the most curious and unexpected was a wheel hub. A tub was also found which has been reproduced by a firm equipped with steam lathes and modern tools, and the original showed evident skill and ingenuity, for it was only with considerable difficulty that the copy was made.

LORD KITCHENER'S recent report to the British Government on the condition of Egypt, in its very satisfactory account of the wonderful material progress of the people, contains matter of great interest concerning education. It seems that the people have responded enthusiastically to the increased facilities for getting a modern education, and that in particular the newly established Girls' Schools have been overwhelmed with applicants, so much so that numbers have to go away without possibility of admission. Fortunately, Lord Kitchener fully realizes the need of a partly agricultural education in a country which depends on agriculture for its prosperity. He says, wisely, that a lack of it

leaves some of the most useful faculties of the mind undeveloped, while manual exercises train the eye to accuracy in observation, the hand to skill in execution, and the mind to a sense of the importance of truthfulness in work.

He advocates a half-time system of education allowing of labor in the fields for part of the day. Egypt is one of the few countries ill-equipped with a sufficiency of doctors, and sanitation is still not wholly satisfactory. The moral condition of the people is less satisfactory than the material, and Lord Kitchener believes that improvement can come only through the spread of a proper education. The "unchanging East" of Kipling no longer exists. Although racial and national distinctions cannot disappear, the West is beginning to understand the East in such a new way, and the East is adopting so many Western principles and practices, that the awful gulf of misunderstanding shows unmistakable signs of diminishing. The Theosophical Movement has unquestionably been the most potent agency in breaking down Western prejudice against Oriental methods of thought.

WHILE the increase in luxury, the worship of Mammon, and the concentration upon worldliness in various forms — many of them subtly disguised under the names of "art," "religion," and what not — are undeniably leading features of this age, and are no longer confined to a few regions, but seem likely to become universal factors, there is a powerful counter-movement taking place among the more thoughtful minds in many countries. Efforts to preserve or revive the languages and quaint old customs of small nations and so to keep alive their peculiar individuality which can never be replaced if once lost; attempts to lead "the Simple Life," even if the real meaning of simplicity is little understood; arbitration and Peace movements; a growing tendency to recognize the good qualities of the "inferior" races, and above all, perhaps, an increasing feeling that religious differences are not so wide as was formerly thought — all testify to the new spirit that is moving among men. It is worthy of note by the impartial historian that the counter-movement against materialism in life commenced shortly after the Theosophical Society began its international work in the seventies, and has increased *pari passu* with the growth and extension of the Theosophical Movement. In 1871 the famous Lord Lytton wrote:

Look where we will around us in every direction the sources of pure spiritual life appear to be either altogether stagnant, or else trickling feebly in shrunken and turbid streams. . . . Meanwhile society seems to be everywhere busily organizing animalism.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement, said, a little later:

The tendency of modern civilization is a reaction towards animalism, towards a development of those qualities which conduce to success in life of man as an animal in the struggle for animal existence . . . Theosophy was intended to stem the tide of materialism. . .

Particulars have been lately received of a movement, started by leading Japanese thinkers of prominence in nearly every department of active life, and

whose influence is far-reaching. The new organization is called the "Association Concordia," and is designed to promote a more brotherly civilization not only in Japan, but elsewhere throughout the world. It seems to be a very promising and thoroughly sane movement. The promoters, whose high reputation and established position prove that they have no personal "ax to grind," include such names as Mr. Tokonami, Vice-Minister of Home Affairs, Dr. Rikizo Nakajima of Tokyo Imperial University, President Naruse of the Japan Women's University, Dr. Ukita of Waseda University, Baron Shibusawa, the eminent banker, Mr. Shintaro Ohashi, the well-known publisher of the Hakubunkan firm, many professors of the Kyoto University and other universities, Mr. Nakano, president of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, Rev. Seiran Ouchi, Buddhist priest, Rear-Admiral Yashiro, I. J. N., Baron Kikkawa, Baron Megata, and numerous other leaders distinguished in social, commercial, and cultured society. A few quotations from an editorial in *The Japan Times* of June 30, will give a good idea of the objects and ideals of these gentlemen.

A number of men, prominent in the business, political, educational, and religious circles of the country, met recently in a unique gathering at the Seiyoken, Uyeno, and formed a society to be known as the "Association Concordia." . . . They believe that thinkers, the world over, are eagerly looking for a common point around which they may rally and from which they may radiate forces and influences to govern the moral progress of mankind, taking various peace, religious, ethical, and educational movements as so many attempts, separate in appearance but in reality all converging toward one common goal. The promoters of the meeting were men who would assist in facilitating this tendency for convergence and in determining a final point of concentration, and the men who attended the meeting and endorsed the formation of the new association were those who found in its aim the importance they have themselves felt for a long time. . . .

We welcome the advent of the Association Concordia. True, its program is very ambitious, being not only international but universal. But it will be readily admitted that the aspirations of the promoters and their supporters are noble and worthy of every encouragement. Turn one's eyes to the world of religion: one is tired of creed differences, sectarianism and denominationalism. Or take education; why should educationists be quarreling forever on the questions of secularization and religious teaching, when all are agreed on the indispensibility of moral training? . . . Or turn in which direction you like, you find man's conscience held fast under the grip of materialism. And that is because the ways of arriving at truth are often mistaken for, or pretended to be, the truth itself. It is refreshing and salutary that we should now have an attempt made to hold up truth first, and bury differences of ways.

Professor Naruse, President of the Japanese Women's University, is credited with the inception of the basic idea of the Association Concordia; he consulted Prince Katsura and Marquis Saionji and other leading men before taking active steps. He found them feeling the same need of another agency for the uplifting of society to a higher position of moral and spiritual responsibility. A most interesting feature in the program outlined is the attempt to infuse spiritual and ethical elements into the relationship of different classes and nationalities. The members of the Association realize that the materialistic tendencies of the age even affect the method of treating such greatly praiseworthy things as the

peace movement. The prospectus (with a few omissions), runs as follows:

The civilization of the twentieth century is breaking down the barriers of race and nationality and is transforming the world into one great corporation, not merely in the realm of commerce and industry but in that of intellect. . . . But while Western civilization, the leading factor in these world-movements, has behind it the culture and traditions of Greece and Rome, so on the other hand, has the civilization of the East the culture of, and inheritance from, India and China, running back for thousands of years, and which can not be readily changed. Furthermore, there are the commercial and industrial rivalries and the friction growing out of immigration and colonization problems. Unhappily these various causes of irritation too often lead to an undue emphasis upon national and racial differences, and so endanger the peace and harmony of the world. Consequently it is a matter of vital importance to foster mutual sympathy and the sense of common interest among nations, but especially between the peoples of the East and of the West. With this end in view, most earnest effort must be made to secure on the part of each a better understanding of the faith and ideals of the other. While in its more superficial aspects the intercourse between the East and the West grows increasingly intimate and their scientific interests wider, there is still a sad failure on either side to appreciate the deeper things of the spirit that underlie the life of the other. Without question, the removal of causes of irritation as regards political and commercial affairs is an imperative duty; but the promotion of a better understanding between the East and the West, regarding each other's faith and ideals, and the creation of reciprocal sympathy in relation to the deeper problems of the spirit, are matters of no less urgency, if we would lay secure foundations for international peace and good will. . . .

Moreover, every nation carried forward, as it is, by the tide of modern civilization, faces, in spite of its particular history and character, the same problems and difficulties. . . . Is it not the duty of both to exert themselves to their utmost, each in its characteristic way, but in a spirit of helpful co-operation, for the mastery of these great problems? No satisfactory solution can be reached without world-wide co-operation.

Hence we deem it necessary to form an association with the view of promoting the study of these and other questions, bearing upon the world's progress. This association will not be an organ for the propagation of personal principles or doctrines, but its aim will be to study the thought of the world, whether ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, in a spirit of fairness and candor, and thus foster a deeper mutual sympathy and respect on the part of the representatives of the two great civilizations, which, as we have said, are destined to converge into one strong tide. Each who may take part in this association shall be free to set forth such views of truth as he believes will further its object, and be tolerant of the reasonable opinions of others.

The first enterprise of this association will be the publication of a review, quarterly or otherwise. . . . Studies in history, criticisms of contemporary thought, occasional essays written with the view of guiding current thought, will also find a place in its pages. . . .

In short, the purpose of this association is to promote the progress of civilization by international co-operation, with special reference to the solution of the various intellectual problems that lie in its path. . . .

The formation of an association like this claims sympathy, but while its aims are high there is nothing said about the fundamental principle without which complete success cannot be expected. This is the fact that mankind is a brother-

hood, and has to be brought to the knowledge of its fundamental unity — spiritual and otherwise. The strength of the Theosophical Movement lies in its knowledge of this, based upon a scientific understanding of the real nature of man, divine and animal, and in the practical methods adopted by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society under Katherine Tingley's direction, which are the most efficacious means of arousing the higher nature in man yet brought to the attention of the world. Brotherhood has to be constructed by effort not any more than the soul of man has to be fabricated; it is only awaiting recognition. The work of inducing men — wrapped up in the trivialities and sense-gratifications of the personal life — to recognize their unity with their fellows is arduous, and the results will be slow in coming. Every effort, therefore, like that of the Association Concordia, is a welcome ally in the great battle for the Liberation of Humanity from the chains of ignorance and selfishness.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, price list, etc., see *infra*, under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke, London, England

THE editorial of the July number on "Teachers and their Limitations" deals with the burning question of education, and points out that while nearly all are agreed that the present state of things is deplorable, and that something must be done, the lack of success attending various systems is because the problem of human happiness has not been understood. Alone the teachings of Theosophy supply the key. In "The World's Unrest" the general situation today undergoes a brief yet searching analysis. "Those who are studying human nature by self-discipline will not be swept off their feet by coming storms."

In "Reincarnation as an Interpretation of Life," it is pointed out that a great part of the work of Theosophists must consist in combating false impressions created in the public mind by travesties of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings.

A most instructive article entitled "An Ancient Protest against Materialism," describes the leading events in the life of a noble Pharaoh named Akhnaton, who lived more than three thousand years ago and taught among other things that "the kingdom of heaven is within you." The notes on the antiquity of Spanish civilization and Iberia are concluded.

Other excellent articles are: one on Beethoven; "The Living Example"; "Study the Ancients"; "Weeds"; "The Growth of Neurosis"; "Corporal Punishment," etc.; while the children are remembered in a story, "Forget-me-not."

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden

THE introductory article in the July number treats of "The Nobler Forces of Life," and gives a comprehensive view of the subject, tracing as it does the intensification of the higher and lower forces which occurs during transition

periods like the present, under cyclic laws. "The brotherly attitude, the readiness to give, is in itself a shield that protects us from subtle attacks, and prevents us from being taken by surprise in moments of unwatchfulness." Next there is a splendid dissertation, "Theosophical Thoughts regarding Tegnér," the illustrious author of *Fritjofs Saga*, accompanied by a portrait. It is shown how completely the thought of this great man transcended the limitations of narrow theology or dogmatism, and also how clearly he apprehended the true spirit underlying the classic period of Greece and the Platonic philosophy. It is impossible to do justice to this theme in a brief notice; but we cannot help quoting some exalted words from *Fritjof*, a saga unparalleled in its beauty, and only spoiled by any attempts at translation.

Hvart hjärta har sin Balder . . .
 men jämte Balder växer i hvar mänsklig själ
 hans blinde broder, nattens Hödur, ty allt ondt
 föds blindt som björnens yngel föds och natten är
 dess mantel, men det goda kläder sig i ljus.

The secret of Joan of Arc's wonderful life is next ably discussed, and the compassionate law which brings great helpers among us at critical periods is referred to. The editor explains lucidly the true source and meaning of the ceremony known as the eucharist; which was, of course, a long-established ceremony in pre-Christian times, with far higher significance attached to it than those ignorant of the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion would dream of. An excellent article on "The Way to the Immortal Self," and H. P. Blavatsky's article of 1890, "Mistaken notions regarding *The Secret Doctrine*," conclude an excellent number.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany

IN some notes by "Amende" is quoted the following on "Plant Protection," from Prof. Dr. Dennert in *Unsere Welt*, the organ of the Keplerbund: "No plant-lover should refrain, in the presence of thoughtless molestation of plants, from speaking out, and where possible making his meaning plain; and this will be best done by bringing up the following facts: (1) Every living thing, plants included, has its peculiar purpose (*selbstzweck*), which no one should presume to thwart. (2) If we wish men to be 'lords of creation,' we have a high moral duty towards defenseless and irrational creatures. (3) The object of flowers is the multiplication of plants; thoughtless and wholesale plucking tends therefore to the destruction of the species, especially in the case of nature's rare treasures. (4) Every plant symbolizes an idea of beauty, and heedless destruction of it is a sign of boorishness." And the writer shows how this harmonizes with the Theosophical view of nature as being all sentient and living. No one of refined feelings and sympathetic understanding will *wantonly* molest or destroy anything. Professor Darrow writes on a new fragment of a lost gospel; Professor Sirén supplies the information for some excellent reproductions of Grecian architecture; and the number contains other interesting matter which there is not space to mention.

HET THEOSOPHISCH PAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: A. Goud, Groningen, Holland

In *Het Theosophisch Pad* for June Katherine Tingley's address on "The Nobility of Man's Calling" is concluded. These addresses of the Theosophical Leader always find eager readers, and though they cannot carry the full glow of the spoken word, nevertheless something of the inner spirit is felt and realized.

Two articles of special interest in this issue are "What is Your Gift," and "Illusion and Reality," the latter being a beautiful parable by Dr. Lydia Ross, of the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma.

"A Wonderful Woman" which is a translation of an article from the *Denver Express*, gives many interesting particulars regarding Katherine Tingley's work.

The Children's page which is always fascinating contains "A Glimpse from Fairy Land," and a charming story "The Peony."

In the review of the month, announcement is made of the publication of "A Sketch of the Life of the Three Leaders of the Theosophical Movement." This appears in the series "Prominent Men and Women of Our Age" a Dutch periodical which has a very wide circulation. The sketch was especially written for the series by Professor H. T. Edge, B. A., (Cantab.), one of the Headquarters Staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California

As usual, the August number presents much material of the greatest interest to all classes of readers. There is an article, "The Influence of Noble Women," which refers to the work of Florence Nightingale, the angel of the British soldiers at the hospitals of the Crimean War; likewise to the mother of Mencius the Chinese sage, to Abraham Lincoln's mother, and to others. A finely illustrated article on the marvelous Chilian island Rapanui, or Easter Island, with its 555 statues of profound and unknown antiquity, contains valuable references to some of the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* in connexion with this subject.

In "A Son of Ireland" is given an appreciation of the character and work of William Q. Judge, the successor of Madame H. P. Blavatsky in the Leadership of the Theosophical Movement, and the precursor in this respect of Madame Katherine Tingley, the present Leader. That Mr. Judge possessed real and beneficent spiritual insight is attested by one of his articles, "Hit the Mark," here reproduced, in which he counsels great courage in the search for truth concerning the interior life.

"The Splendor of Ancient Egypt" is a valuable and informing essay, finely illustrated, on a subject of ever-increasing interest. The important series of articles, "The Life and Teachings of Pythagoras," is continued — teachings to which modern thought has hardly as yet ascended. A lyric in French, of elevated tone and style; a sketch of some Theosophical teachings; "A Great Fisherman," and other items for young and old, complete the number; except for the many fine illustrations, among which "The Isle of Salagnon, Lake Geneva," and "Chamounix," are of simply superb beauty.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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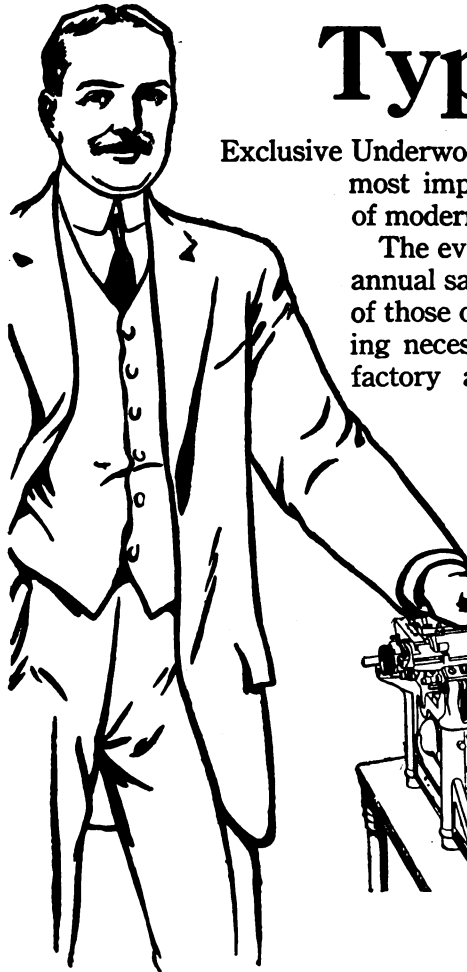
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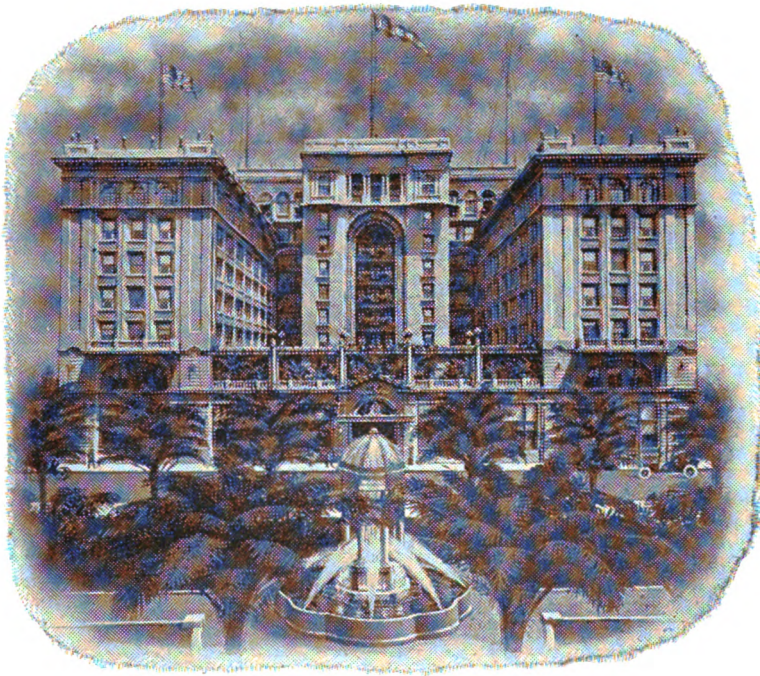
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VOL. III NO. 4

OCTOBER 1912

The Theosophical Path



THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine
Unsectarian and nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

*All knowlege, all arts are to be found in Nature; if we question her PROPERLY, she will reveal to us the truths that pertain to each of these and to ourselves. What is Nature in operation but the very divinity itself manifesting its presence? How are we to interrogate her; and how is she to answer us? We must proceed with FAITH, with the firm assurance of discovering at last the whole of the truth; and Nature will let us know her answer, through our INNER sense, which, with the help of our knowledge of a certain ART or SCIENCE, reveals to us the truth so clearly that further doubt becomes impossible. — HIPPOCRATES (Quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, I, 425.)*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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H. I. M. MUTSUHITO, THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN
(From his latest portrait.)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 4

THERE is no escape, even through death, from the supreme necessity of self-conquest. — *Japanese Buddhist Teaching*

WHAT IS "MATTER?" by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

MATTER CONFUSED WITH INERTIA



"IS Matter Indestructible?" is the title of an article by H. Stanley Redgrove, B. sc. (Lond.), F. c. s., in *Knowledge* (London, August 1912). The writer shows that the familiar statement that *matter* is indestructible is misleading; only by an illegitimate identification of the meaning of the word "matter" with that of the word "inertia" can the statement be regarded as valid, and then only in a limited sense. It is, in fact, an instance of a dogma. Dogmas are not peculiar to theology, all branches of thought being liable to them. But the writer acquits the scientific authorities of today of accepting this particular dogma and accredits the wrong belief to the multitude. The multitude inherits the cast-off ideas of bygone generations of authorities, just as fashions in clothing are handed down. Many of the scientific text-books are largely responsible, as our writer points out, by their loose statements, for such false popular impressions as the above.

When we perform the experiment of burning a candle and collecting the products, or any other experiment intended to prove the alleged indestructibility of matter, we arrive at our conclusions by a process of *weighing*. But the weights of bodies are proportional to their inertias; hence all that the experiments warrant us in declaring is that *inertia* is indestructible, or that the quantity of inertia in the system remains constant throughout the experiment, or that inertia is unaffected by chemical action. In short, we may enunciate a doctrine of the "conservation of inertia." But to substitute the word "matter" and say that matter is indestructible is not warrantable, unless we are using the word "matter" as equivalent to the word "inertia."

The writer proceeds to consider the propriety of thus using the word "matter." He mentions two uses of the word as prevalent among the scientific philosophers. First:

By a certain school of metaphysicians, who may be termed materialists, the word "matter" is used to denote a hypothetical thing-in-itself, a "substance" supposed to underlie all the phenomena of the physical universe. This metaphysical use of the word at once places it outside the domain of pure science, since science is only concerned with phenomena as such.

Next, a less speculative school uses the word "matter"

To connote the fact or, perhaps we should say, law that certain phenomena (the so-called "properties of matter"), are always found grouped together so as to form a complex, which may be termed a "material body."

This makes the word signify a mere mental category or abstraction, and the writer thinks that it is now becoming more realized that the word ought to be used with some such non-metaphysical meaning as this. Inertia is only one of the properties grouped under the generic name "matter"; and there is no valid reason for identifying matter with that particular property rather than with any one other of the properties (*e. g.* spatial extension).

INERTIA A VARIABLE QUANTITY

But now we pass on to a further consideration. The doctrine, even as thus amended, is no longer found to be true; that is, it is true within certain limits only, and these limits have been passed by recent research. The doctrine of the conservation of inertia is found to hold good — at least with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes — within the limits of what is defined as chemical action. But it no longer holds good when we come to the recent refinements in electrical investigation.

Professor Sir J. J. Thomson has proved mathematically that an electrically charged particle in motion possesses inertia in virtue of this motion, and that if its velocity is sufficiently high, an increase in the velocity produces a considerable increase in its inertia. This has been experimentally verified by Kaufmann, who measured the inertias and velocities of the small particles emitted by the disruption of the atoms of radium. He found that the greater the velocities of these particles the greater were their inertias.

From this it follows that if matter and inertia mean the same thing, we can create or destroy matter by means of a positive or negative acceleration. Arriving at this result, the writer concludes that

It is evident, therefore, that, at the best, the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is a pure hypothesis, entirely unsupported by scientific evidence: indeed, so far as we can see, contradicted thereby. This fact is very generally recognized by physicists nowadays, but many people still believe that the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is a law of the highest scientific importance, supported by the most convincing evidence.

We are now brought to the conclusion that inertia itself, hitherto accepted as an irresolvable and inalienable quality in matter, is a variable property; and if we are not content to consider matter as merely a complex of properties, but seek to know its essence, then we have to go back behind inertia to find the invariable substratum upon which inertia is grafted. If we say that inertia is a function of acceleration, then what is acceleration? If force is a product of acceleration and inertia, and inertia is a function of acceleration, then force has no longer two components but only one, and we must try to form a notion of force without mass. Our dynamic conceptions become reduced to a system of mutually opposing forces, inertia being simply a more passive kind of force opposed to the more active kind. So we are thrown back on the old difficulty of defining "motion."

NOUMENA AND PHENOMENA — AND ABSTRACTIONS

It appears that however we may carp at the above-mentioned metaphysical materialists for believing in matter as a hypothetical thing-in-itself, a substance underlying all physical phenomena, we do need such a conception. Possibly a man pluming himself on his practicality and freedom from metaphysics would seek to replace the hypothetical conception by an observed fact. But that will never solve the real question at issue; that fact, if discovered, will obviously stand as much in need of explanation as do the present facts. In short, so long as the human mind persists in peering behind phenomena in search of their cause it will never in the phenomenal world reach the end of its quest; there will always be something else behind. *Behind phenomena stand noumena.* This is not a dogma — merely a statement of the inevitable conditions of thought.

If, therefore, we are to use the word "matter," as suggested by the writer, to connote a complex of phenomena, we need some other word to denote that fundamental substratum of the physical world of which we fain must be in search. For the practical man will not be content to build his philosophy on a foundation of abstractions, whether materialistic, monistic, hylo-idealistic, or what not. This

leads to another point. Certain acute thinkers, in criticising the philosophy of modern science, have demonstrated, and rightly enough, that many of the terms which that philosophy has often used as though they stood for realities actually denote mere abstractions; thus force and atoms are found on analysis to be concepts. But these critics have gone too far. If "force," as understood in scientific philosophy, reduces to an abstraction, this does not mean that force is non-existent; nor, though the scientific "atom" can be shown to be an abstraction, are we thereby justified in asserting that there is no such thing as an atom. We must not escape from one kind of delusion to fall into another. "Spirit" can be made into a vague abstraction just as well as "matter"; and we may be just as vague and visionary under the name of spiritists as under that of materialists. Hence writers who, like H. P. Blavatsky, undertake to set forth the ideas of ancient science upon such subjects, are careful to distinguish between the meaning to be assigned to the words "force," "atom," etc., as used by modern science and as used in the explanation of ancient science. Over and over again H. P. Blavatsky insists that ancient science believes in the existence of actual living Beings as the causes behind all natural phenomena; and shows that no other conclusion is possible if we are to avoid positing abstractions instead of entities.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

Hinging closely upon this point is that concerned with the meaning of the word "metaphysics." The proper use of the word is to denote a branch of science that deals with actual phenomena lying beyond, or not included in, the department of physics. The essential point is that metaphysics, thus defined, is as real and legitimate a branch of science as is physics. The wrong use of the word is to denote a vague excursion into the wilderness of loose and illogical speculation, where phantasies of the mind are mistaken for actualities. The word, as thus defined, applies about equally well to physicists as to other classes of speculators; it all depends on the extent to which they deceive themselves by the said fallacies. In considering the dictionary definition of metaphysics, or what may be regarded as the orthodox use of the word, we may say that any branch of inquiry thus denoted is more or less a true science according as it deals with actualities or fancies.

Real metaphysics, then, as understood by Theosophical writers,

means a science of actualities, but of actualities that lie beyond the limits of sensory perception and hence do not come within the department of physical science. And surely this is a branch of science that needs to be studied. We can never, within the self-imposed limits of physical science, reach that finality which our minds desire. If our minds did not desire it, we might rest content with not reaching finality; but not thus are our minds constituted; and, failing to find finality in the phenomenal world, people will inevitably invent abstractions to take the place of the needful but missing realities, and so impose upon us what might be called scientific theology. Of this character are the various schools of thought called by such names as Monism, Hylo-Idealism, Materialism, Animism, and what-not.

There must be a fundamental unit in the physical world, a substratum to all those phenomena which, when grouped together, we call "matter" or "the physical world." We see now that inertia is not that rudiment but only one of its qualities; even force is but a mode of it. If it is to be (as demanded by the hypothesis) the basis of physical properties, it must in itself be devoid of those qualities and hence undetectable by physical means. This brings us to the confines of physics, and in order to pursue the inquiry farther we can do one of two things: speculate and create some system of belief; or examine farther. To do the latter means that we must now employ instruments other than the physical senses.

At this point we shall doubtless be told that we have entered the domain of transcendentalism and are preaching a system of Theosophy, which is indeed the case, but we do not intend to be knocked down by a name. The fact remains that people must either be content to remain ignorant or else must enter this domain; for the key to the sensuous world is in the supersensuous worlds; and this statement again is no dogma.

Occult Science, as said by H. P. Blavatsky, recognized these facts boldly and grappled with the problem of knowledge, holding that nothing which man, in his imagination, can aspire to lies beyond the reach of his possible attainment. This doctrine she preached in our day, issuing, however, a warning that the folly of man would give rise to many perversions of the teaching. This is fulfilled in the present-day vogue of pseudo "occultism," "psychism," and all the other crank theories and fads which bring unmerited discredit on Theosophy and cheat anxious inquirers out of the true goal of their aspira-

tions. But the truth must prevail as long as the heart of man remains faithful to it; and these mists, raised by the first rays of the sun on an earth damp with the dews of night, will clear away. It will become possible for man to study intelligently the mysteries of his own nature and the mysteries of supersensuous nature in the world at large, without wandering into these bypaths of folly.

LIVING ATOMS

On the subject of atoms the following quotations may be found helpful:

Every elemental *atom*, in search of which more than one Chemist has followed the path indicated by the Alchemists, is, in their firm belief (when not *knowledge*), a SOUL; not necessarily a disembodied soul, but a *jīva*, as the Hindūs call it, a center of POTENTIAL VITALITY, with latent intelligence in it. . . .

Modern physics, while borrowing from the ancients their atomic theory, forgot one point, the most important of the doctrine; hence they got only the husks and will never be able to get at the kernel. They left behind, in the adoption of physical atoms, the suggestive fact that from Anaxagoras down to Epicurus, the Roman Lucretius, and finally even to Galileo, all those Philosophers believed more or less in ANIMATED atoms, not in invisible specks of so-called "brute " matter.—*The Secret Doctrine* (H. P. Blavatsky), Vol. I, pp. 567, 568

. . . The ancient Initiates, who were followed more or less closely by all profane antiquity, meant by the term "ATOM," a Soul, a Genius or Angel.—*Ibid.*, p. 569

It may be pointed out in connexion with the above that recent researches have tended to replace the older-fashioned atom by a center of living force in the shape of the electron which is often defined as a particle of electricity.

Science has directed its attention towards the regions of interplanetary space where it is surmised matter may be in a state of evolution, not having yet reached the stage of matter as we find it on this globe. And following along the lines laid down in *The Secret Doctrine*, science has speculated as to whether comets may not be composed of some such inchoate matter. Cometary matter is described in *The Secret Doctrine* as being entirely different from the matter on our earth. Again, science has to fill space with an ether, yet is strangely surprised to find that this ether refuses to accommodate itself to the conditions required of matter — though this is hardly to be wondered at if ether is not matter. Do the roots of physical matter exist in interplanetary space, devoid of all recognizable (by our physical

senses) properties? And is it true that comets play a part in the building up or evolving of this rudimentary matter into stuff fit for the making of planets?

The *living being* is destined to take the place of those two abstractions, scientific "force" and "matter" (inertia or mass); for thus only can we escape from an interminable chain of abstractions. The one unassailable fact in our own lives is our own conscious existence; for, this article not being written for Bedlam, it is assumed that no reader will begin by denying his own existence. This then should be the starting-point of our philosophy. From it we infer the existence of other beings, our fellow men, the animals, the plants. The ancient Science declares that the whole world is made up of living beings, and the progress of modern science tends ever towards the confirmation of that statement.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE AND ITS REQUIREMENTS

A final word as to the practical side of this question, which involves a consideration of the real purpose of science. In truth there is but one Science, and it may be defined as the Science of Life; and all lesser sciences, which are but branches of this one Science, approximate the more closely to it as we fathom them more deeply. In passing beyond the customary restricted sphere of modern physics and chemistry, in our search for the origins of matter and force, we have reached a point where science becomes an inseparable part of the great Science of Life. Nature can no longer be studied as though it were external to man and separate from him. We have now to study our own faculties in search of those subtler channels of knowledge through which we may know the subtler aspects of nature. In short, science has become a question of self-knowledge, self-development. Our own nature is the most marvelous chemical and physical laboratory we can find; in it we see force and matter at work. Let us learn to know it and to master it, so that we may not fail in observing those conditions of integrity which always guard the gates of knowledge.

HIDDEN LESSONS IN SHAKESPEARE:

by Kenneth Morris

I



LET the stage manager concentrate his attention and that of his audience on the things seen which are temporal, and such a play is robbed of half its majesty and all its significance. But let him . . . raise the action from the merely material to the psychological, and render audible to the ears of the soul if not of the body "the solemn uninterrupted whisperings of man and his destiny," point out "the uncertain dolorous footsteps of the being as he approaches or wanders from, his truth, his beauty, or his God," and show how, underlying *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, is "the murmur of Eternity on the horizon," and he will be fulfilling the poet's intention instead of turning his majestic spirits into sepulchral-voiced gentlemen with whitened faces and robes of gauze.

Now the above, we take it, is a very beautifully worded expression of a profound artistic truth; but when we find such a gloss put upon it as a certain journalist puts in the following sentence:

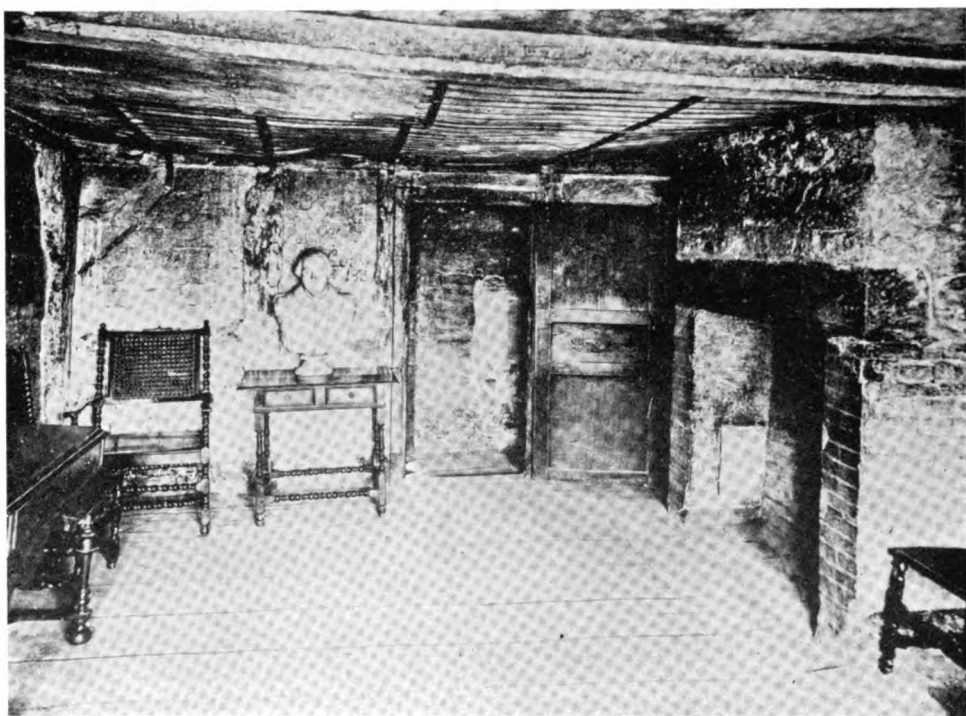
The play, in short, should make man realize that he is an embodied ghost in the presence of ghosts not embodied, more potent, more masterful than he —

we begin to feel that it is time to exercise a little caution.

Some one wrote an essay on *Hamlet*, and devoted the bulk of it to proving that Shakespeare, like himself, was a spiritualist. He did not see that thus he had only succeeded in proving himself, at least, a very thorough-paced materialist, one insisting upon the letter and letting the spirit go. That almost goes without saying. It does not matter to us, and it did not matter to Shakespeare, what views might be held on this matter or that. For example, in some of the plays the whole machinery of old Paganism is taken for granted; in others, the whole machinery of medieval Christianity. It is profitless to assign dogmas to Shakespeare on the strength of the scheme of things made use of in this drama or that; because he makes use of whatever scheme of things is suitable to the local color of the play in hand.

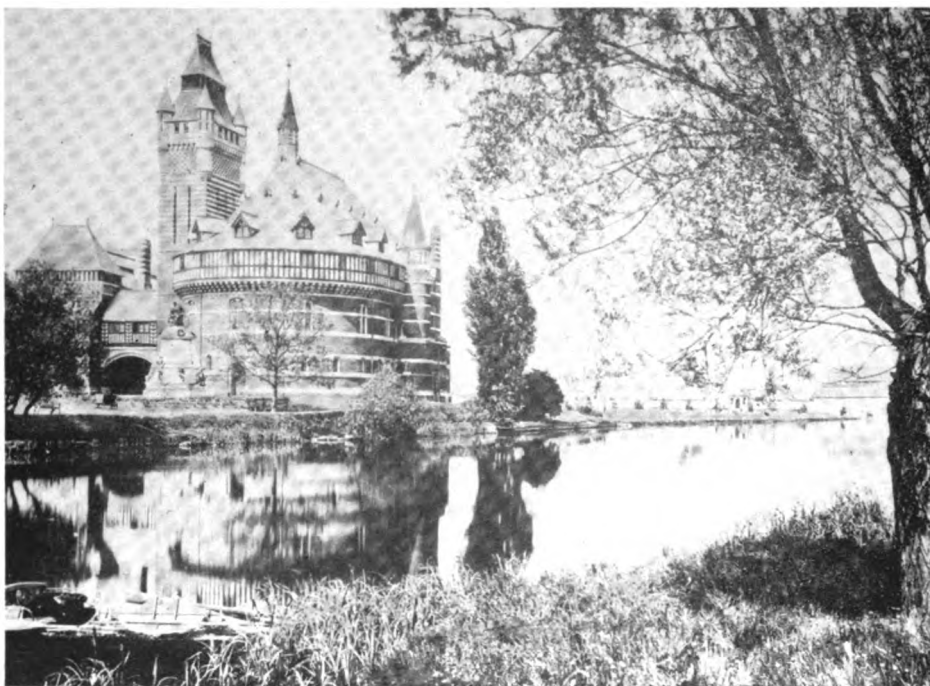
He had to say his mighty say, and proclaim the things that are true in all ages. Men may be Buddhist, Christian, or Muslim, Jews, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics; but still the Law works. Truth and art stand superior to all religion and all creeds; and so with the artist there may be this set of personal beliefs or that; but the moment he ascends into the real region of art, those beliefs are lost sight of, and he handles the eternal verities.

Half the world is worried that we can get no clue to Shakespeare



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ROOM IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOME, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

the man. We deny his existence; we prove that he was Bacon; we write biographies of him, mainly relying on imagination for our facts. What is not sufficiently realized is that this very illusiveness is what makes him so uniquely great. Impersonality is the secret of him; "self-emptiness," as the Chinese say. "Cursed be the man that moves my bones," says Shakespeare from his tomb; in other words simply, *Let my personality be; that which is of account came not from it, but from universal and spiritual sources.*

He could take any belief, any system, and twist the paraphernalia of it into a symbol for world-wide stable truth. No religion specifically denies such facts as that the nature of man is dual, good and evil; that he may follow the evil side of him to destruction, or the bright side to high summits of being; that "whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." The trouble is that most religions have skilfully overlaid these truths with a tangle of dogmatic perversities, so that they remain concealed and forgotten. But if a man might proclaim them so the truth of them should "bite," as we say; should lay hold upon the minds of men, and force itself insistently into memory — that man would be among the teachers and benefactors of the race.

Shakespeare certainly did that. He does not care whether it is Jove that is wielding the thunderbolts, or whether they fall driven by no visible or ascribed hand; fall they shall, it is certain, to smite, not the unbeliever, but the unrighteous. It is true, indeed, that he showed a certain leaning to Pagan symbology, rather than Christian; he does bring in Pagan Gods as agents in the working of his plots, but not ever, I think, a Christian angel or saint. But that was, one may say, because paganism lends itself more readily to the uses of the symbolic treatment of realities. It was more lifted out of the field of dogma, presented a more dispassionate, impersonal arena; and so there was and is more chance of Truth striking home through it. So Shakespeare the Artist, either with or without the conscious design of Shakespeare the personality, used it more often and more intrinsically in the structure of his plays than he used the Christian scheme. But that does not prove that Shakespeare believed in Juno, Iris, Jove, Ceres, etc., in the old exoteric pagan way. No doubt he went to church and conformed outwardly to the religion of his day. Indeed, had he not done so, the results might have been unpleasant for him. It does not matter. What of Truth there is in a man will live after him; it will shout through all his acts and writings, a voice not to be silenced, a light

unquenchable; his creed, on the other hand, is "oft interred with his bones."

Not that we can believe that even the man Shakespeare was much hampered with such a thing as a creed; he could put by and rise above it too easily, if it existed at all, for it to have sat otherwise than very lightly upon him. But what we are concerned with is not the creed of him, but the manner in which he handled any creed or material for the purpose of symbolizing his teachings.

"The solemn uninterrupted whisperings of man and his destiny": but if Shakespeare proclaims one thing with no shadow of uncertainty, it is that that destiny is made by man himself. All its ministrants are the reflections of man's own acts and character; the spirits of good and evil are whisperings within his own mind. Eternity does "murmur on the horizon"; this deep eternal truth of Karma sounds forever through the tragedies, like the sea-sound in a shell. Nothing could be farther from the spirit of this man and his work than the clammy atmosphere of Spookology. Which of his characters was the victim or creature of any other power, except in so far as some internal weakness made him so? Certainly not the hero of any play, not one of those archetypal figures that represent embodied Man. Rash and ungovernable Lear, without any fixed anchorage or steadfast point within his being, comes to no harm until he has deliberately given himself up into the power of his own evil progeny. Here Shakespeare uses no ghost or "supernatural" figure; but Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia serve him in the same stead as the spirits in certain other plays. They stand for the principles of good and evil; they are the children of Lear, the fruitage of his own acts, the accumulations of his own history. The "Moment of Choice" having come for him, he has to choose in accordance with his character — rashly, seizing the seeming sweetness of the moment; turning from the stern honorable words of Cordelia, who is symbol of the Higher Life; and flinging himself upon the greater promise of ease, delight, and honor held forth by the life of the personality and senses, Regan and Goneril. Says the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*:

Those who thus desire riches and enjoyment have no certainty of soul and least hold on meditation.

And again:

The uncontrolled heart, following the dictates of the moving passions, snatcheth away his spiritual knowledge, as the storm the bark upon the raging ocean.

And does not Shakespeare intend to symbolize the choice between "that which in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the waters of life, and which ariseth from a purified understanding" — Cordelia; and "that arising from the connexion of the senses with their objects which in the beginning is sweet as the waters of life but at the end like poison" — the two elder sisters? It is *when he has made the choice*, and chosen wrongly, that destiny begins to overwhelm King Lear. In the death of Cordelia we have another mystic teaching foreshadowed, that of sacrifice; on which there is no space to enlarge here.

Now there in *King Lear* we find the pattern of the tragedies, and the main purpose and current of them. The absence of any ghost there, or in *Othello*; the absence of any so-called "supernatural" figure; shows that supernaturalism was incidental and a mere convenient method of symbolization, to be made use of when required, but quite apart from the grand purpose. But in every one of the great tragedies, the work of the years when Shakespeare had come to his own, we do find the same insistence upon spiritual, not psychic, things: we do find Karma, not fate, at work; man, not the plaything of "ghosts not embodied, more potent, more masterful than he;" but the maker of his own destiny, the victim of his own acts.

II

It is claimed that man is

an embodied ghost in the presence of ghosts not embodied, more potent, more masterful than he.

Now three plays stand out pre-eminently as depending upon "supernatural" machinery; and it will be well to examine these briefly, in order to find out how and why this kind of machinery is used. These plays are, of course, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Julius Caesar*; and the point to be decided is: Were these plays written to preach spiritualism, or for some other purpose?

To take first the least important of the three, *Julius Caesar*. The story could have been told without introducing Caesar's ghost at all. The conspirators, centering about Brutus Cassius, constitute the hero. They kill Caesar, whereafter (and wherefore) fate slowly weaves its web around them, and brings them to doom. You have there the elements of a tragedy; a moving, terrible tale. Such a drama would

have been tragic enough, and great enough, for the ordinary playwright and for the ordinary audience. There is man at war with fate, and man defeated; all that exoteric drama asks in a tragedy, so it be properly handled. From that standpoint the ghost seems unessential; you might cut the scenes in which it appears, and still have a presentable, and even a great drama.

Not so from the deeper standpoint; not so for the great art; not so for Shakespeare. Brutus, let us say, is the embodied ghost; Brutus, symbolically, is that much of the soul of man which is incarnate in the personality and brain-mind. Mark his position, standing as he does between the all-evil Cassius, Envy impersonate, and the impersonal, dominant, superman principle, Caesar. Noble he was essentially; but, as soon as the Cassius idea gains the ear and heart of him, clouded, ineffectual, befogged, worthless. His participation in the murder of Caesar foredooms his own pitiful end as clearly as Macbeth's murder of Duncan foredoomed *his*. In both cases, the man by a definite act on his own part, put himself in the power of fate.

True, Brutus does not lose all his nobility. His is the fate of those whose very good qualities are turned against them, because of some lack of intuition on their part. They will not see clearly; they turn against the Law, the Higher Self, that which is inevitably destined to win; but they are honest in their blindness, and their crime is that they have allowed circumstances and the evil-minded to deceive them. Why did he not see through Cassius? The answer is, that Cassius found a weak spot in him to play upon; there was buried ambition there, ready to be fanned into a potent and destroying flame. He must emulate his ancestor; *he* must liberate Rome. But clearly Rome was moving in the nature of things towards that principle which Caesar stood for, and needed Caesar above all things. Let Caesar be taken for the symbol of the dominant Soul in man. Brutus-brain-mind has loved and been loved by him. And yet this Brutus fears the complete submission, cannot take the step, holds back, dreading the curtailment of liberties. On that indecision, allied as it always is, to ambition, the evil forces play. So the blow is struck, Brutus becomes traitor, and Caesar is killed. They could never have done it without Brutus, and would not have dared the attempt. Even materially, in the action of the play, it is the Brutus-stab that kills: "*Et tu, Brute! Then fall Caesar!*" Which indicates that Cassius in a sense knew what he was doing, and that all blows would be powerless unless Brutus struck too.

Now follow the play from that point, and note why art, which is one thing with Truth, when you have reached such a plane as this, demands that the Ghost be brought in. Without it, you have merely the failure of a plot; merely the greater skill of Antony and Octavius overcoming the chaotic counsels of the conspirators. With it, you have the indestructibleness of a Principle. Caesar is more potent, more masterful than Brutus, whether embodied or not. You may turn against that principle, you may stab it; but you cannot kill. Rather, and only, it is your end that you are fashioning. He who fell in the Senate house is yet inevitably victor on the plains of Philippi. He will have another embodiment — we treat these figures symbolically, and do not here imply the reincarnation of a human soul — as Octavius. You kill Julius, but the Caesar is not to be killed. So it must be indicated that he whom Brutus is to meet at Philippi, when he falls, when he runs upon his own sword, defeated — is the same Caesar whom he stabbed at Rome. No other symbol would have told the tale. In effect, the Ghost does not terrorize Brutus, raises no remorse or mental confusion; it appears for only one purpose, to symbolize the indestructibleness of the principle that Caesar stands for.

Let it be said that there are many interpretations for a play such as this, according to the plane on which you choose to read it. The thing is as true if you understand it merely from a politico-social standpoint, as an allegory of the awful results of assassination in that sphere. Killing of a personality is the wrongest and most fatuous method; for the principle that was incarnate in the slain one immediately will find some other personality to embody and express it. But whether we take it as referring to the history of an individual or to that of a community; whether we find in the impersonal Caesar a good or a bad force, the lesson remains that it is not a personality, but an indestructible principle; and in order to symbolize this vividly, the Ghost has to appear.

But to recur to the interpretation that has been attempted above. There are men who make such fateful mistakes as Brutus made, and remain honorable in spite of it, up to the point of their deaths. We might indeed read the Ghost's warning to Brutus in another way: "*Thou shalt see me at Philippi*"; *the breach between thee and Me is not so complete but that it shall be healed over when thou art dead. We shall meet again.* I do not see why it should not be interpreted thus, as a forewarning of forgiveness and reunion when the Karma

of the great blunder is worked out on the field of ruin. This would be of a piece, too, with the words of Octavius, the new incarnation of the Caesar, on the battlefield:

*Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie.
With all respect and rites of burial.
According to his virtue let us use him,*

True, the Ghost's announcement that he is "Thy evil spirit, Brutus," would seem to militate against this; but then to Brutus, persistent in his error, the Caesar would be "his evil spirit." And it is not claimed that there was verbal inspiration throughout the play; or that Shakespeare the personality *necessarily* fully understood the symbolism of what he was writing. And the Ghost made no appearance to Cassius, which it might have done, had it merely been intended to represent the spiritualistic idea of a dead man's personality, seeking to inspire terror and reap revenge. There is no talk whatever of meeting Cassius again; and yet Cassius was as courageous as a soldier as Brutus was, and it would have been as profitable to endeavor to terrorize him. The point is that the person who errs to an extent honorably, who blunders into such blindness and desertion without becoming altogether base, does meet his Higher Self again, does have another opportunity, either in this or another life, when he has paid the Karma of his crime; but there are those who are altogether base, and they do but with difficulty.

III

Macbeth is steeped in ghost-life; it represents that pole among the tragedies. A ghost walks here and does strike terror, is most ghost-like, a mere haunting, dreadful thing; and beside the ghost there are the Three Weird Sisters. There is more of the ghostly in *Hamlet* than in *Julius Caesar*, and more in *Macbeth* than in either. And let it be said at once that there *is* this psychic region in the universe; there is such a thing as the Astral Plane. If Shakespeare did not personally know about it, at least he served it up to us in a symbol. But he had to do so. There would have been a type left out, a warning unuttered, if he had failed to devote one tragedy to the exploitation of

this thing. But to say that *Macbeth* (the drama, not the man) preaches ghostology! Why, it is the most fearful warning against it, probably, that ever was crammed into a drama.

There are those three types of dreamers: Brutus on his plane, the politico-philanthropic, ruined by personal ambition, even though it was what many would call a noble form of ambition — the old sin under a great disguise of nobility; Hamlet on his plane, the speculative, free from ambition, but marred by indecision and the inability to *do*; and Macbeth on his plane, the psychic-emotional. And which of these three was irretrievably lost? Only one, Macbeth. And why?

Let us remember that each of the three stands for that principle which is the ordinary consciousness in man; the "I" of everyday life. It links the animal and the divine nature; and is the field and instrument of conflict between these two. Thus Hamlet stands between his father's ghost and his uncle; Brutus between Caesar and Cassius; Lear between Goneril-Regan and Cordelia. Hamlet stands highest of them; *he* is in sharp, if ineffective, antagonism against Claudius; ineffective for long, because of his indecision; yet he does win a kind of victory in the end. We feel that with the entry of Fortinbras, for whom Hamlet himself has prepared the way, the "something rotten" is purged out from the state of Denmark; Hamlet, dying, is victorious and receives the crown. The dead Brutus too is not without honor; Shakespeare preserves for him our sympathy and pity. As for Lear, he has gone far; and yet he too in a sense is redeemed by Cordelia: he stands on the side of the angels at the end: Cordelia returns from France to meet her death, but pays by it, we may say, for the deaths of Goneril and Regan, and Edgar. So also Desdemona dying redeems Othello from Iago; the Moor at last turns upon his tempter and stabs him, and though he does not kill, leaves him to a worse fate. Of all these the death is not utter loss, nor without some feature and hue of hope; but the case of Macbeth is different.

We are not to suppose that he was altogether a bad man, this Gaelic chieftain. Duncan praised and honored him as deserving beyond the possibility of recompense: from Lady Macbeth we have a revelation of his character. Full of the milk of human kindness he was; ambitious, but without the illness that should attend ambition; what he would highly, that he would holily. Each of the tragedy heroes has much that is splendid in him; each has to contend with some weakness or passion; in each play there is some human figure

that represents the hero's lower nature, actively evil. Lady Macbeth of course takes that place here.

Now up to a certain point, all her workings had failed to destroy his nobility. She had been with him, we presume, for some years; yet still there was that "milk of human kindness;" still he "would holily;" still "would not play false." Then came the change and sudden breakdown. He comes into contact with the psychic world; that is the meaning of the Weird Sisters. "Metaphysical aid" is suddenly poured like naphtha on the smouldering fire of his ambition; and all that was good in the man is burned away.

We cannot doubt that those three witches represent astralism. Those who dabble in it should read what H. P. Blavatsky taught on the subject. The lower astral light, she said, is the storehouse wherein are all the seeds of human vice and crime; once open the door of one's nature to it, and one is flooded with the whole mass of the accumulated foul thought of mankind. She quotes Éliphas Lévi, who called it "Satan" and the "Great Serpent." It is bad enough for a man to contend with his own personal devil, his own lower, animal nature; yet one might contend with that to the end of life, and die respectable, without being a great hero; even falling under its power, one might part with life without the utter loss of hope, the utter severance of the link with his divinity. So Shakespeare teaches in these tragedies. He confronts Brutus, Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, only with their own passions and weaknesses, symbolized by the "villains" of the plays; and leaves us assured that they will do better in their next incarnations; they die penitent, or still retaining something of nobility. But not Macbeth. He has not only Lady Macbeth to tempt him, his own lower self; but also that supernatural astral world; and so his ruin is complete and without hope of redemption. He kills Duncan, as Brutus killed Caesar; and then he turns and kills Banquo likewise; as if Cassius should out of sheer malice and devilry have killed Brutus. Lady Macbeth dies before him; that is, even the inspiration of his lower self, even his personal potency for evil vanishes; and at the end he is the mere semblance of a man, a wreck, a remnant, a shell; a hollow thing through which surges unadulterated hate and passion.

It is that touch with the "supernatural," that "metaphysical aid," which breaks him. Note that after the interview with the witches all restraint ebbs away from him: it is exactly so in real life. The

evil of the world, stored there in the lower reaches of the Astral Light, seizes upon the weak spot in the nature of the "fool who treads" there, and inflames that until the whole being is burned away. So we see that Shakespeare taught the danger of Psychism. At this present time what warning could be of greater importance?

Now it will be well to look at the ghost of Banquo; the third of Shakespeare's important ghosts; the other two being, of course, those of the elder Hamlet and Julius Caesar. These *represent*, in the case of King Hamlet obviously, and in the case of Caesar but little less obviously, the Higher Self. If Macbeth had been no worse than Hamlet or even Brutus; if the slaying of Duncan had been of no deeper damnation and finality than the slaying of Caesar; it is the ghost of Duncan, and not that of mere Banquo, that would have walked: but we hear nothing of such a "spirit." The separation of the Higher Self and personality is, in this instance, absolutely complete. Caesar, being dead, yet lives, as Brutus' innate nobility yet lives. Duncan, being dead, is as dead as Macbeth's own better qualities. All that remains is Banquo; and he only for a little while.

Banquo, I would say, represents personal soundness, sanity, and respectable outward showing. As a character apart, we note that he too meets the witches; but he is not ambitious, and neither begs nor fears their favor nor their hate. In all things we find him level and composed, a man of balance. While he remains with Macbeth, he is, if the latter but knew it, a protection to him; being a trust-worthy man, and one of good-seeming, upon his side. His murder is the throwing off the mask of respectability; and is the second great step downward in the career of Macbeth. His ghost must be introduced, to fill the king with public terror. Until then, Macbeth has carried things well enough, wearing his mask efficiently; he retains the respect and loyalty of his court, at least to a degree, and has not been driven to foregather further with the witches. But he is *obliged* to murder Banquo; just as the votaries of evil may walk well in the eyes of the world for a time, but sooner or later are compelled to come forth without disguise, to some action which proclaims them and murders their good name and outward respectability. The appearance of Banquo's ghost is not set there for its surface value; if we think so, we rob it of its whole worth and depth of teaching. It is, no doubt, a psychic possibility; but it has its place in the play to symbolize a spiritual fact. It means the unveiling of the monster before the world; after which

he can no more keep up appearances, but must race and riot down into perdition. Now Lennox understands him, and with Lennox the others: now he must go straight again for courage and appeasement to the witches; now comes the useless murder of the family of Macduff; and — Macduff and Malcolm in England begin the work of his undoing.

“The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.”

OUR FRONTISPIECE

THERE is no second way whereby to show
The love of Fatherland.

Whether one stand
A soldier under arms, against the foe,
Or stay at home, a peaceful citizen,
The way of loyalty is still the same. — *H. I. M. Mutsuhito*

IN THIS issue we have the honor to present to our readers a reproduction of what we are informed is the latest portrait of H. I. M. Mutsuhito, late Emperor of Japan, which we received too late to accompany the article “The Late Emperor of Japan,” by Mr. Kenneth Morris, appearing in our September issue. This portrait, we believe, has not hitherto been reproduced in any magazine or journal of the Western World, except in our own Spanish magazine, *El Sendero Teosófico*, issue of September 1912, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.



It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts, as the motive, effort, and aim; for judgment is not passed upon us among the things of sense where human time exists, but in that larger sphere of being where time ceases, and where we are confronted by what we *are* and not by what we have done. — *William Q. Judge*



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H. I. M. THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, REVIEWING HIS TROOPS
DURING THE WAR OF 1904
(From a painting.)



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H. I. M. YOSHIHITO, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN



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H. I. M. THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

H. I. M. THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF JAPAN

REINCARNATION IN THE BIBLE: by William Brehon

(W. Q. Judge in *The Path*, pp. 280-283, December, 1892.)



AN exhaustive paper on this subject is not contemplated in this article, but even a sketch will show that the Christian Bible has in it the doctrine of Reincarnation. Of course those who adhere only to what the church now teaches on the subject of man, his nature and destiny, will not quickly accept any construction outside of the theological one, but there are many who, while not in the church, still cling to the old book from which they were taught.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the writers of the biblical books were Jews with few exceptions, and that the founder of Christianity — Jesus — was himself a Jew. An examination of his own sayings shows that he thought his mission was to the Jews only and not to the Gentiles. He said: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This clearly referred to the Jews and as clearly excluded the Gentiles. And on one occasion he refused for some time to do anything for a Gentile woman until her importunity at last compelled him to act; and then too he referred to his mission to the Jews. So in looking into these things we must also look at what were the beliefs of the day. The Jews then most undoubtedly believed in reincarnation. It was a commonly accepted doctrine as it is now in Hindûstân, and Jesus must have been acquainted with it. This we must believe on two grounds: first, that he is claimed by the Christian to be the Son of God and full of all knowledge; and second, that he had received an education which permitted him to dispute with the doctors of divinity. The theory of reincarnation was very old at the time, and the Old Testament books show this to be so.

Elias and many other famous men were to actually return, and all the people were from time to time expecting them. Adam was held to have reincarnated to carry on the work he began so badly, and Seth, Moses, and others were reincarnated as different great persons of subsequent epochs. The land is an oriental one, and the orientals always held the doctrine of the rebirth of mortals. It was not always referred to in respect to the common man who died and was reborn, but came up prominently when the names of great prophets, seers, and legislators were mentioned. If readers will consult any well-educated Jew who is not "reformed," they will gain much information on this national doctrine.

Coming now to the time of Jesus, all the foregoing has a bearing

on what he said. And, of course, if what he said does not agree with the view of the church, then the church view must be given up or we will be guilty of doubting the wisdom of Jesus and his ability to conduct a great movement. This, indeed, is the real position of the Church, for it has promulgated dogmas and condemned doctrines wholly without any authority, and some that Jesus held himself it has put its anathema upon.

When there was brought into the presence of Jesus a man who was born blind, the disciples naturally wondered why he had thus been punished by the Almighty, and asked Jesus whether the man was thus born blind for some sin he had committed, or one done by his parents. The question was put by them with the doctrine of reincarnation fully accepted, for it is obvious the man must have lived before, in their estimation, in order to have done sin for which he was then punished. Now if the doctrine was wrong and pernicious, as the church has declared it to be by anathematizing it, Jesus must have known it to be wrong, and then was the time for him to deny the whole theory and explode it, as well as definitely putting his seal of condemnation upon it for all time. Yet he did not do so; he waived it then and said the blindness was for other reasons in that case. It was not a denial of it.

But again when John the Baptist, who had, so to say, ordained Jesus to his ministry, was killed by the ruler of the country, the news was brought to Jesus, and he then distinctly affirmed the doctrine of reincarnation. Hence his waiving the matter in the case of the blind man is shown to have been no refusal to credit the theory. Jesus affirmed the doctrine, and also affirmed the old ideas in relation to the return to earth of the prophets by saying that the ruler had killed John not knowing that he, John, was Elias "who was for to come."

On another occasion the same subject arose between Jesus and the disciples when they were talking about the coming of a messenger before Jesus himself. The disciples did not understand, and said that Elias was to come first as the messenger, and Jesus distinctly replied that Elias had come already in the person called John the Baptist. This time, if any, was the time for Jesus to condemn the doctrine, but, on the contrary, he boldly asserts it and teaches it, or rather shows its application to certain individuals, as was most interesting and instructive for the disciples who had not enough insight to be able to tell who any man was in his real immortal nature. But Jesus, being

a seer, could look into the past and tell them just what historical character any one had been. And so he gave them details about John, and we must suppose more particulars were gone into than have come down to us in the writings naturally incomplete and confessed to be but a partial narrative of the doings and sayings of Jesus.

It must now be evident that there is a diametrical disagreement between the church and Jesus. The church has cursed the doctrine he taught. Which is right? The true believer in Jesus must reply that Jesus is; the church will say it is right by acting on that line. For if the doctrine be taught, then all men are put on an equal basis, and hence the power of the human rulers of heaven and earth is at once weakened. Such an important doctrine as this is one that Jesus could not afford to pass over. And if it is wrong, then it was his duty to condemn it; indeed, we must suppose that he would have done so were it not entirely right. And as he went further, even to the extent of affirming it, then it stands with his seal of approval for all time.

John the Revealer believed it of course, and so in his book we find the verse saying that the voice of the Almighty declared that the man who overcame should "go out no more" from heaven. This is mere rhetoric if reincarnation be denied; it is quite plain as a doctrine if we construe it to mean that the man who by constant struggle and many lives at last overcomes the delusions of matter will have no need to go out into life any more, but from that time will be a pillar, what the Theosophist knows as "Dhyân Chohan" forevermore. And this is exactly the old and oriental doctrine on the point.

St. Paul also gives the theory of reincarnation in his epistles where he refers to the cases of Jacob and Esau, saying that the Lord loved the one and hated the other before they were born. It is obvious that the Lord cannot love or hate a non-existing thing, and that this means that Jacob and Esau had been in their former lives respectively good and bad and therefore the Lord — or Karma — loved the one and hated the other before their birth as the men known as Jacob and Esau. And Paul was here speaking of the same event that the older prophet Malachi spoke of in strict adherence to the prevalent idea. Following Paul and the disciples came the early fathers of the church, and many of them taught the same. Origen was the greatest of them. He gave the doctrine specifically, and it was because of the influence of his ideas that the Council of Constantinople five hundred years

after Jesus saw fit to condemn the whole things as pernicious. This condemnation worked because the fathers were ignorant men, most of them Gentiles who did not care for old doctrines and, indeed, hated them. So it fell out of the public teaching and was at last lost to the Western world. But it must revive, for it is one of the founder's own beliefs, and as it gives a permanent and forceful basis for ethics it is really the most important of all the Theosophical doctrines.

“A PARABLE”: from “Le Mirage de la Vertu” (The Mirage of Virtue): by Albert Bayet.



O transport the idol to the top of the mountain, ten days are necessary, and ten men. But listen, O King, to what happened. On the second day the high-priest took his seat on the chariot at the feet of the God and began to pray. The next day the three sages imitated him, saying, “Thanks to our prayers, all will go well.” The third day the three warriors also stopped pushing, and having taken their places on the chariot, said, “From here we shall be better able to keep watch, and if an enemy comes, we will strike him more surely from above.” Thus the three men of the common people remained alone to push the chariot, which only advanced with difficulty, and even stopped at moments. But at each stop laments of astonishment arose. “My heart is pure,” cried the high-priest, “and my prayers are in accordance with the law.” The warriors, their hands on their swords, burned to defend their God; but they no longer understood why the chariot progressed so slowly. As the stops became longer and more frequent two of the warriors fell asleep, and the third thought within himself, “Perhaps that is the best thing to do.” The sages then began to dispute among themselves. “What is the good of going up there at all?” said one. And another, “Is this the right road?” And the last said, “What is right?” The noise of their discussions reached even the ears of the men of the common people who, tired and disconcerted, were without energy, almost without hope. From that time on the chariot advanced so slowly, so slowly, that even those who still pushed it believed, at times, that it was stationary. But none of those on the chariot thought of getting down to unite his efforts with the efforts of those below. And that is why, O King, that after forty days the idol is not yet at the top of the mountain. (*Translated by H. A. F.*)

THE DEATH-PENALTY: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE horrifying account of a recent electrocution of a batch of seven people at Sing Sing has sent a wave of disgust and indignation through the country and may doubtless be counted on to do much towards hastening the general abolition of the death-penalty in civilized countries. The reports tell of one man dying amid his protestations that "he never had no chance"; while the declarations of innocence poured forth by some of the other victims in their last moments raise fearful doubts as to the possibility of a miscarriage of justice, now rendered irremediable except by Divine Wisdom. Again, to what degree may a man be technically guilty and yet feel that in his heart of hearts he was the innocent victim of his own uncared-for nature? One of the victims was a boy, and he was cut off in the midst of his prayers.

Such an account as this brings vividly before our mind the brutality, the grossness, the stupidity of this penalty. In the same paper we also read an account of an attempted execution in Nevada, where the culprit had availed himself of the law which permitted him to choose shooting instead of hanging. Nobody could be found to shoot him — not even when the guns were shuffled so that none would know who dealt the fatal blow.

One feels that whatever arguments may be put up in favor of the death-penalty, the argument supplied above would outweigh them all. The case against is so strong that the other side might well throw up its hand. But what argument is there in favor of the death-penalty?

For the most part such arguments consist in the citation of certain particular cases wherein the enforcement of capital punishment has been followed, or is alleged to have been followed, by a suppression of criminality. But first it is necessary that such cases be fully established; next they must be shown to be of general and not exceptional import; next the reform, if such there be, must be shown to be permanent and not followed by a relapse. It must also be proven that the good done (if any) outweighs any evil that may be done by the same procedure. And finally there remains the important question whether, even if crime can thus be suppressed, we have the right to adopt such means of its suppression. In other words, is society justified in promoting its convenience by cutting off the life of some of its members? And if this question can be answered in the affirmative, logic leads to

the justification of wider applications of the principle, such as would not be endorsed even by those upholding this particular application.

It may be said that the above considerations apply largely, if not wholly, to the case of judicial punishment in general, as well as to that of capital punishment in particular; and that for this reason we must either condone the death-penalty along with judicial penalties in general, or else extend our condemnation of the death-penalty to the other forms of judicial punishment. This is reasonable, and there are many signs that society is coming round to the latter view — that it is changing its idea of the purpose and nature of judicial punishment in general. Where formerly the ideas of revenge and prevention predominated in our conception of the object of punishment, we now pay more attention to the reforming of the culprit. In fact, we are adopting the same saner kind of view as we have adopted towards the treatment of disease and insanity — the view of mercy and reason, as opposed to the blundering of ignorance and want of feeling. It may be said, therefore, that the rule of mercy and consideration, inspired by the wish to help the culprit, but tempered of course with that true firmness that is inseparable from true kindness, applies to judicial punishment in general.

Yet there is a special case to be made out in favor of forbearance in the matter of capital punishment; so that, even though we held and practised more rigorous views in regard to punishment in general, we might still hold back our hand with regard to the death-penalty. And what is this distinction that makes capital punishment a special case? It is that capital punishment involves a rude interference with the natural laws determining the life and death of individuals, cuts people off abruptly from the experience which they are undergoing in this world, and launches them into a world of which judicial wisdom and procedure takes no account whatever. It is this consideration which bids the thoughtful, whatever their views as to other kinds of punishment, to forbear, and to prefer anything, however severe and prolonged, to this extreme and irrevocable step.

We are every day taking saner and more merciful views of the nature of crime and the character of criminals. We know that a large majority of criminals are not worse on the whole than many not so classed; and that they are susceptible of reformation if only the right means be applied. Even the minority of extremer cases come under the same ruling, if in a less degree. They are bad, but not utterly bad;

they are reformable, but the task is harder and longer. And if at last our sifting process leaves us with a small residue of people who seem utterly intractable — even then we realize that execution is a clumsy expedient to get rid (if possible) of an encumbrance which we are too lazy or too unwise to dispose of in a better way. If society were more united in fellow-feeling, means could readily be found to keep such characters out of harm's way and busy, so that, failing reform, they could at least be prevented from doing more harm and could even be made useful.

After all it is but the unspent momentum of a past age that keeps the death-penalty alive in times when it conflicts violently with the average level of contemporary sentiment; and the same is true of many other superannuated survivals. But little heed need be paid to those who argue that the present age is too merciful, and who profess to discern something of the heroic — nay even of the divine — in methods of procedure which they characterize as a manifestation of stern discipline. It is very easy to point out the self-deception and casuistry which confounds the meanings of words so as to confuse sentimental weakness with mercy, and brutality with discipline. If the age is too sentimentally weak in some respects, the reason is that it is too heartless in other respects; and methods of ruthless violence are the resort of those too weak or too unwise to maintain discipline by normal means. In fine, we may reserve our respect for the few who, holding such views, have the courage of their opinions and would, like some ancient Greek or Roman, heroically consign their own son or their own person to the relentless operation of the stern law they invoked.

The views of human nature and human life promulgated by Theosophy — views which are every day infusing more and more of their leaven into the opinions of the generality, and which must therefore be taken increasingly into account — supply even weightier arguments against the death-penalty. They make clearer to us, what we intuitively felt before, that the mere killing of the body does not bring to an end the life of the man himself. They render comprehensible the statement, otherwise somewhat cryptic, that crime cannot be cured by killing the criminal. We feel that these things are true, yet what extant philosophy of life, whether religious, scientific, or otherwise, gives us a rational interpretation of our own convictions in the matter? This interpretation Theosophy supplies — or does *not* supply (for

nobody is asked to accept dogmatically teachings which were intended to be critically examined and tested).

What becomes of the man after his body has been killed? According to a Protestant evangelical publication, which prints its articles of faith, the soul passes into a deep sleep-like state, wherein it remains passive and quite inaccessible until the day of judgment. This at least is definite, for which one feels thankful, as the views of theology are more often vague and non-committal on the point. To science, as usually understood, few would seriously look for an explanation, its views being for the most part agnostic and in any case unserviceable. We shall not attempt to answer the question whether a belief that death ends all weighs for or against capital punishment, as we are unable to put ourselves into the attitude of mind of a person *really* believing in that doctrine.

The Theosophical teachings afford unlimited information as to the various conditions of the various parts of man's nature after death — that is, in the interval between two earth-lives. These teachings, however, must not be accepted as dogmas, but weighed and tested at every point, the criteria of truth being the same as always. When it is suggested that a human soul does not begin its experience at birth, nor end it at death, the suggestion is accepted by many people because it gives them the key, the missing link, in their own meditations.

A murderer, for instance, is one to be placed under restraint with a view to effecting as much reform as may be possible in this life; and with a view to preparing him for the opportunities that will be his in lives to come. As to deterrent effects — it all depends on whether society is to be kept in order by fear or by other means. The best way to destroy criminals is to destroy their criminality, not their bodies.

Theosophy, again, affords such greatly enhanced means of effecting reformation of character that many rude methods now considered inevitable would be rendered unnecessary. Its power to make real and practical the faith in our own Divinity is a mighty lever applied at the foundation of character. It is generally conceded that the divine qualities in man are the real saviors both of the individual and of society; but the practical problem is how to evoke them and render them effective. This Theosophy has done; it is able to deal with men in a way that no other influence has shown itself able. For this reason the resort to clumsy methods must by Theosophists be postponed indefinitely.

Ignorance and impatience strike petulantly at the symptoms of a

disease, but wisdom seeks the cause. The causes of crime lie deep and their ramifications are subtle and manifold. In how many cases may it be true that violent measures at one end of the scale are the ultimate fruitage of culpable weakness at the other — of that kind of parental weakness that mistakes its own selfish sentiments for love and allows the sapling to grow awry? How many criminals have pleaded that their youth was spent in neglect and misunderstanding on the part of selfish guardians and a heedless public? Surely more could be done by efforts to stop the manufacture of criminals than by rough-and-ready ways of getting rid of them while creating more.

THE VIVISECTOR'S UNDERSTATED CLAIMS:

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE vivisectionists, in asking the legislatures to uphold them with laws and the laity to support them by public opinion, have been accused of other things than too much modesty in presenting their case. With the weight and carrying-power of position and numbers, they have aggressively defended their position against the active anti-vivisectionists.

From the standpoint of the Theosophical philosophy, however, the question remains unsettled in many minds because both sides *understate* their claims, as to the rights of man and of the brutes, and as to the results of vivisection. It is also paradoxically true that if the advocates and the opponents of vivisection had more knowledge of the subject, it would unite rather than separate them. As it is, they are traveling in opposite directions, without either going entirely around, and thus comprehending, the subject.

There has been much intemperate talk by the partisans on both sides. The opponents seem to feel a repugnance and horror which extravagant language still leaves unsaid. The advocates — especially professional men — maintain a desperate and abnormal resistance beyond their own logic to justify. Psycho-analysis, however, would show this attitude to be the subconscious sign of a hidden, if not unrecognized wrong and weakness. It is an open secret that with all the modern marvels performed by an improved diagnostic and surgical

technique, the *treatment* of disease has by no means kept pace in medical evolution. The facility with which new remedies, however bizarre, are presented, adopted and rejected for the next promising product, shows that treatment is *the weak point* in the dominant school, which leads in scientific fads by force of their numbers. The intolerance inherited from theologic forbears has prevented investigation of the drug methods which have been worked out by the newer schools of practice. This concealed and avoided weakness in equipment for a business of healing, reacts upon the physician's psychic status, and influences his gravitation to morbid methods.

In fact, both the advocates and opponents of vivisection seem impelled to defend their positions by a powerful urge, the full meaning of which neither of them evidently can understand or explain. Why question their sincerity? The opinions of most men are usually sincere and quite consistent with their own viewpoint.

Here both sides are arguing for the welfare of humanity; and the arguments hinge mainly upon two points: *First*, has man the moral right to sacrifice the brute race to the human, regardless of the former's suffering? *Second*, has humanity been materially benefited by vivisection? Certainly this is no case for sentimentality; rather does it call for a broad scientific survey of the relation of humanity to the lower animals, and of the results of animal experimentation.

Whatever stand is taken regarding man's right to experiment upon animals, there can be no division of opinion as to whether the subjects suffer or not, with or without anaesthesia. To bake, or boil, or starve, or poison, or infect, or partially dissect or otherwise mutilate any living creature will hurt him, whether it be a willing human martyr in a good cause, or a shrinking monkey, ignorant of the purpose. Nothing could daunt the heroic soul of Joan of Arc, but the girl's tender body shrank at the thought of the flames. Animals will take a positive stand and face pain and even death to defend their young; but in the laboratory they are negative victims, with no sustaining action or interest. The natural instinct of a sick or wounded creature is to crawl out of sight, and to chew some healing herb, or lick the sore place well again, or to die in peace; the following of this natural instinct is denied them. They are forced into man's strange world, made to drain the dregs of his worst diseases, helplessly to endure pain, disability and death, in the limelight of unfeeling inspection and under the hand that hurts them. Their instinctive distrust and fear of man

is intensified. Their spirit is so broken, or the whole venom and passion of their nature is so aroused, that the very quality of their blood and tissues must be changed. The unnatural physical and emotional conditions present certainly must affect their reaction to the experiments, even if the difference between the conscious quality of their body-cells and that of man's did not already make the reading of results unreliable data for his case. The "irritability" active in the single cell collectively makes up a conscious body of sensation and desire, interwoven, fiber for fiber, with the more material but less vital and enduring physical body.

Theosophy demonstrates — to logical minds — that this conscious mold for the fleshly form dictates the growth of all creatures. It is this animating body which changes nutrition into physical cells, stimulates them to functional action, to growth, and to disintegration, and then initiates and repeats the process. That it is unrecognized by the physiology of materialistic science no more affects its vital reality and its wireless messages than the average man's ignorance of his sympathetic nervous system prevents its existence, reflexes, and important functions. The astral mold — the conscious body — is as evident and as invisible as the mysterious motor and sensory nerve currents which no skill of scalpel or vision of microscope can ever detect. H. P. Blavatsky restored to Physiology a knowledge of this lost but illuminating clue to many present mysteries of heredity, pathology, etc. It is this subconscious aggregate of impulses and sensations which dictates the special characteristics of form and of feeling, the type of constitution, and the average length of life. It is noted that the well-known fact that dogs dream shows the higher animals, at least, to have a subjective consciousness and existence. If this body of sensations and desires is unnaturally deprived of its physical form in which to function, its impulses to activity still survive for a time in the astral world, which interpenetrates the entire physical sphere, even man's personal handful of the "dust of the earth." This is the medium which conveys the telegraphy of thought and feeling, linking man to man, and humanity to the animals. It is the developing psychic sense of humanity which makes so many persons susceptible to the vague and wandering impulses and ideas which often dominate the disorderly and restless minds of neurasthenic cases.

The vital urge to expression — the common purpose of life in all forms, whether brute or human — becomes naturally weakened or

exhausted by prolonged sickness or old age. But the characteristic desires, unduly deprived of their familiar vehicle by premature or sudden death, become freed and stimulated by the loss to seek any medium through which to act vicariously. To turn loose into the atmosphere of civilization uncounted entities of depression, of fear, hatred, and strong animal instincts, must result in reacting upon the social mind, health, and morals. Especially susceptible are the thousands of rapidly evolving, sensitized, negative natures, peculiar to the present period of transition along every material, mental, and moral line.

The ill effects of vivisection are not limited to the individual operators who, by their cruel objective and subjective linking with the animal kingdom, are thus blunting their own finer sensibilities and beclouding their intuitive perception of truth. By means of serum therapy countless patients are put more closely in touch with the brute world. Society at large, in permitting these things, also reaps the diffused social effects. In these strenuous days the active life forces impel each nature into *characteristic* activities. Many are practically automata, busily repeating the dominant social note around them. Without the balance of well-defined moral purpose, a self-seeking generation will naturally work out the strongest impulses of the individual body or of the social organization. Of course even a brutal man does not bark or whine, or scratch and bite, as a suffering and terrified dog would do. He expresses his feeling of fear or hatred or resistance in a human way just as he does when threatened by a mad dog, or caught among stampeding cattle, or in defending himself at close range from a wild beast. A strong impulse of primitive fear, seeking expression in him, might easily be correlated into a moral cowardice which would sacrifice any innocent agent to escape the results of self-indulgence or disease.

Pari passu with the growth of animal experimentation among *civilizees*, they have shown, with a decrease in common contagions, a general increase in mental and nervous cases; in degenerative, malignant and venereal diseases; in suicide; in precocious vice; in self-indulgence, sensuality and perversions, and in cruel and inhuman crimes. These conditions, apparent to any thinking mind, and too imperative to be ignored, spring from sources so subtle, unrecognized, and potent, that the best efforts of the specialists and of the public, still leave them uncontrolled. It is the unanalysed horror of the whole

situation, even more than the mere suffering of the animals, which the anti-vivisectionists dimly feel and vainly try to express. They may well agree with their opponents, in the light of the larger truth of the case, that man's welfare *has* the first claim. But human rights must rest upon their humanity. The *higher* kingdom cannot evolve out of its psychological errors through the vicarious suffering and death of helpless and irresponsible creatures. Nature will not permit it. It is the exact justice of her laws that protects order from chaos and restores the equilibrium of forces which man disturbs in selfishly "seeking out many inventions."

The animals are Nature's younger children, closely in touch with the mother heart which guards them in ways that her self-willed older family rejects. They are as generally strong and healthy as *civilized* man is weak and diseased. Without man's intelligence, the higher animals surpass him in the psychic sense that often foreknows of storm, disaster, etc., and instinctively guides them to natural antidotes and healing means and natural living. The serum therapist could learn something of wholesome drugs from them. Balaam's master was not the last well-meaning man to be three times slower than the abused ordinary ass to see a good thing in his path awaiting recognition.

Sentiment and science, legend and learning, all agree that cause and effect are equal, that action is balanced by reaction, and everything brings forth fruit after its own kind. The knowledge or protection which is bought by suffering must be paid for in like kind. The growing tide of strong animal impulses and disease quality which is flooding the astral atmosphere with its influence is a peculiar menace to an age where great material and mental evolution precedes a marked development of the latent psychic senses. It is but natural that human consciousness should develop its finer senses, which must meet the more subtle and potent phases of the extended problems of good and evil. But meantime there is the insecure transition stage between the lost foothold on the old ground and the uncertain forward step to the new and unknown consciousness. Unfortunately — and yet consistent with an era of vivisection — the present dangers are supplemented by the practice of hypnotism and by capital punishment. Truly they are a trinity of evils which belie and mock at civilization.

Even where the hypnotized subject adopts some specific good habit at the dictation of the operator's will it is at the price of his own. The

benefit is more than offset by the negative attitude induced which leaves him a prey to any powerful impulse, embodied or free. The popularity of hypnotic church-parlor clinics shows the medical failure to recognize or to meet the psychic need of the times. And no less do they show the ministerial ignorance, both of man's complex nature and of the sacredness of the individual will, whereby a soul must "work out its own salvation."

Closely allied in influence with hypnotism and vivisection is the barbarism of capital punishment, which physically liberates, to prey upon society, the lower impulses of its worst citizens. Here the human desires of expression are more potent and clearly-defined because of the mental powers and the mental pictures which filled the mind of the late murderer. He leaves to society, which has helped to make him the objective criminal, a legacy of his last thoughts and feelings of active hatred, revenge, cruelty, appetite, and lust.

In view of this evil trinity of causes, how puerile it sounds to propose, as social remedies, more cancer and lunacy commissions, longer sentences for the wholesale white slave dealers, segregation of vice, sterilization of criminals, and other dealings with effects.

Vivisectionists justly claim to have brought forward the whole line of serum therapy. Whether the serums and antitoxins materially affect the mortality rates may be left to the statisticians who have something to say for both sides. The question is, even if the immunity claimed, or lengthened life, depended on such means, whether it is worth the price which just nature is already demanding. Will not a few generations, preserved by vampirizing the physical force of the animals and being vampirized in turn by their impulses, result in practically dehumanizing the race?

A study of the essential nature of serum therapy begins with Nature's realms where certain inherent characteristics mark the matter variously used in the forms of minerals, vegetables, animals, and in man's body. The dim sensibility, low in the scale, develops gradually until it becomes individualized in human self-consciousness. The ingestion of minerals and vegetables by man as medicine or as food results in his life-force being affected and supplemented by the force in them. He also takes on something of their distinct though impersonal qualities. So do the crops vary with the soil, and animals with different diets, etc. But in digestion and assimilation, man stamps over the original type of matter the more dominant impress of his own

nature. His quality of greater consciousness frees him more or less from its influence, while he uses the force thus furnished for his own activities. The distinctive quality which is generally diffused through whole types of the lower kingdoms is more concrete and marked in the more conscious animals. Thus the effects of a full meat diet are noticeable, not only physically, but the man's nature is affected, his stronger imprint blurring but not effacing the distinct type characteristics.

To separate and select the desired remedial elements from crude mineral and organic drug forms, and to break up food types into more palatable and digestive matter, civilized man prepares his medicines and cooks his foods. There is an instinctive preference for cooked foods, a popular repugnance for raw meat, and a natural abhorrence for cannibalism. The sight of savages devouring pieces torn from the freshly slain animal, or supping on a stew of noble-minded, healthy missionaries, outrages something even in the eager hunter or calloused murderer. The picture does violence to some strong feeling other than the appetite or the aesthetic sense. The most enthusiastic vivisector or serum therapist would revolt at the proposal to present to others or to partake of like menus — *as such*. The modern scientific vision, however, is so adjusted to fine distinctions of laboratory and microscopic matter, that it is sadly out of focus for viewing the larger issues of life that define the differences between right and wrong.

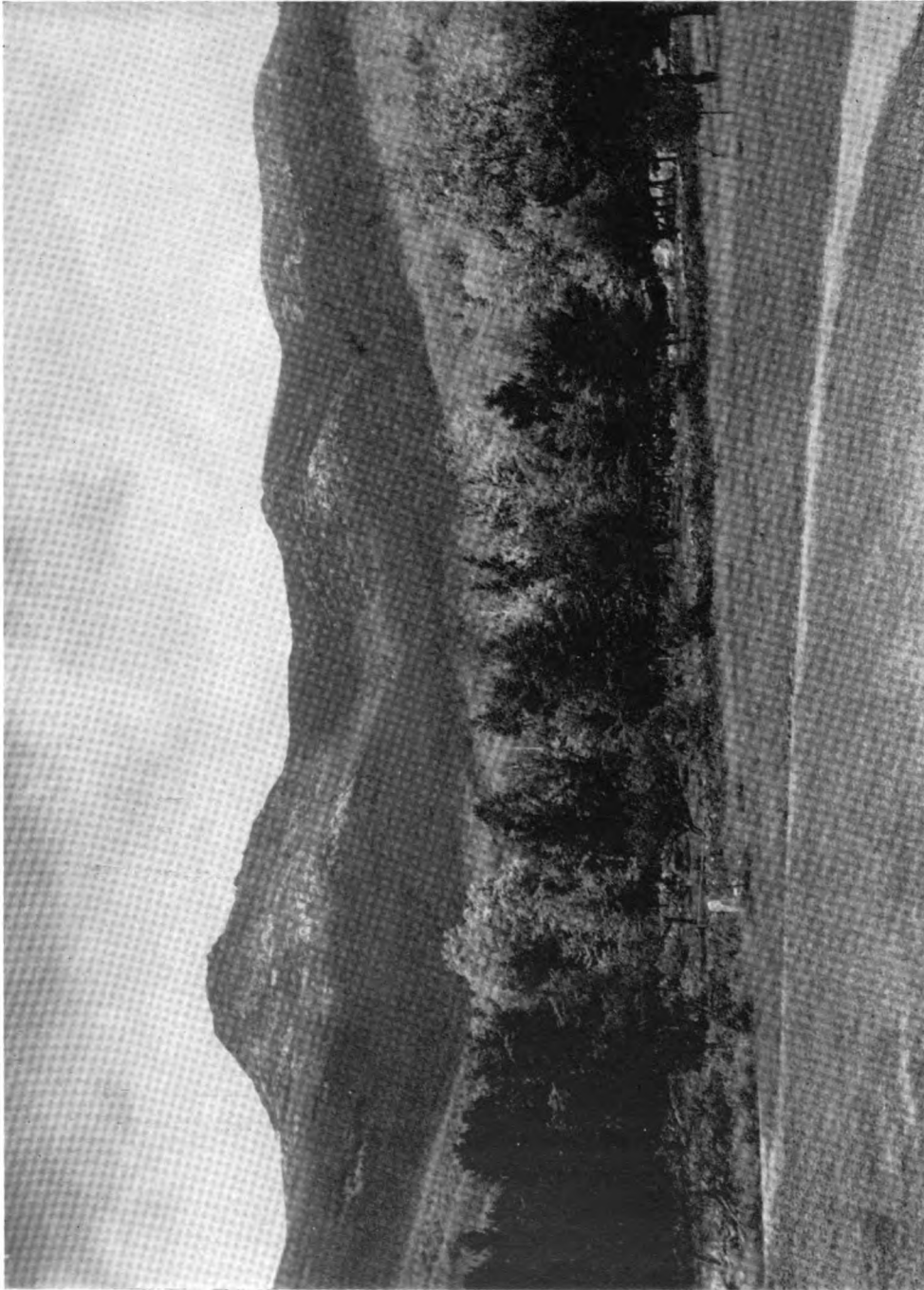
Any one would shrink from close confinement with even healthy animals, always contacting guinea-pigs, rats, cats, vipers, monkeys, etc. Nor would one wish to be in constant, intimate relation with seriously diseased men. Certainly most persons would starve rather than use either kind of flesh for food. Even a debased soul would intuitively feel that its own image would be further defaced by taking on such imprints and would reject such desecration. Yet the process of digestion would afford the eater some chance to stamp this matter with the quality of his own tissue and of his thought. He would be less helpless than the human victim who is injected with the quality of a foreign virus which has been both *animalized* and *potentized* by its blood serum attenuation. If diseased uncleanness, in its worst human and animal forms, is repulsive to contact with the protecting skin, and too loathsome to ingest, what of the practice of injecting it *directly* into the tissues, to be rapidly carried to the heart and from thence, by the vital blood stream, to every cell of its contaminated body?

This is the principle and the *modus operandi* of serum treatment,

which no one denies is the legitimate product of vivisection, or need question that it is capable of inducing results! This insane sacrifice of human decency and of the dignity of man's rightful place in planetary evolution engenders conditions which the victims cannot work out of in one life.

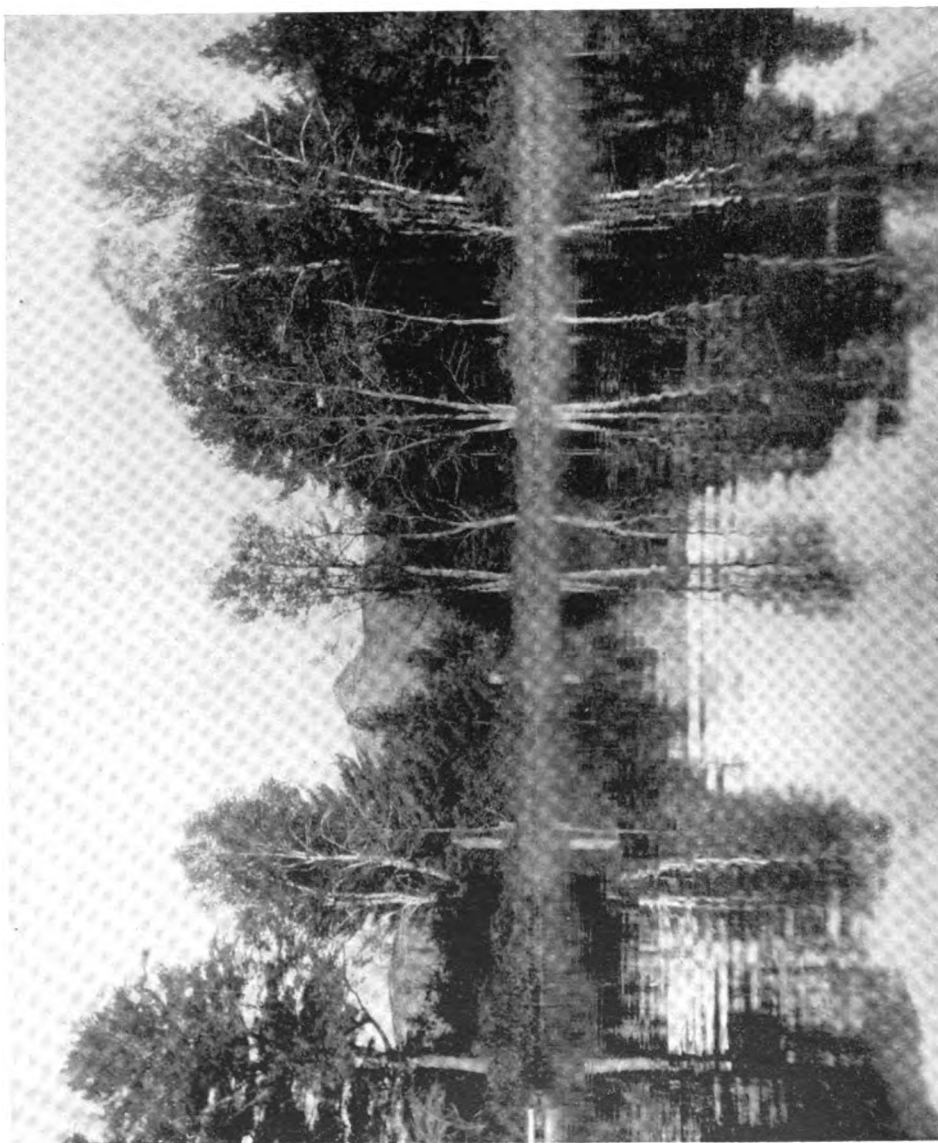
The most delicate chemical test or the most powerful lens cannot reveal the fact and the phases of thought and feeling which are patent enough to the naked eye, and especially to the *sympathetic* understanding. Neither the faithful pet dog or the kind master can see the tie of affection and trust which makes of him a better man and helps to humanize the animal in his evolution. So also, the fact of the abnormal ties of cruelty and suffering between man and hundreds of thousands of animals must contribute in the aggregate, something to be seriously reckoned with in the common psychic atmosphere, which transmits the subtleties of feeling. If the co-existing animal world did not interpenetrate the human sphere to a degree, they would not even be available victims for tests of alien and undeserved types of virus. That they sicken, suffer, and prematurely die, from disease, mutilation, or anaesthetics, is not a sentiment to be disposed of by legal juggling. It is a colossal fact under the jurisdiction of the universal law of adjustments which has made man suffer and thereby kept him from making worse mistakes, ever since his first experiment in evading the consequences of tasting good and evil. That which is bought with suffering must be paid for in like kind. The serums bought by carrying the vile potencies of some stranger's disease through the poisoned tissues of a lower animal, entangles the patient with the characteristic qualities of both infected bodies. Subconsciously he is permanently infected with foreign, unclean, and unnatural influences which cannot fail to complicate his whole welfare and evolution. The price is not crudely paid in broken bones, but in unexplained increase in brain and nervous pathology — wrongs of the most highly organized tissues — and in degenerations and perversions of the whole nature.

There is an evident and admitted failure in moral resistance in our civilization. The cause is not some undiscovered microbe, but in the degenerate phases of a materially and intellectually great age that tolerates hypnotism, vivisection, and capital punishment.



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THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. VIEW OF MT. CHOCORUA, FROM ENTRANCE TO PIPER TRAIL, LOOKING WEST



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PEAK OF CHOCORUA FROM LAKE CHOCORUA (FROM THE SOUTH)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
VIEW FROM ALBANY INTERVALLE. IN THE REAR, MT. PASSACONAWAY, NEARLY 5000 FEET HIGH



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ECHO LAKE ON THE ROAD TO CONWAY



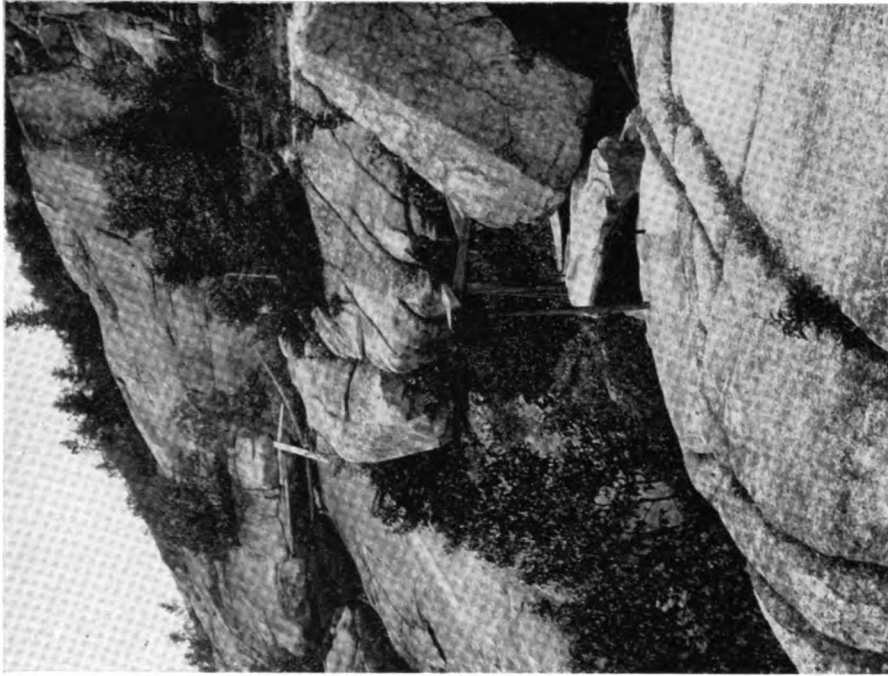
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WINTER SCENE, SHOWING CHOCORUA LAKES; GRANITE RIDGES IN PROFILE



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HALF WAY UP MT. CHOCORUA BY HAMMOND TRAIL
VIEW OF FIRST AND SECOND GRANITE LEDGES
AS SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN FIRST VIEW



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MT. CHOCORUA, SIX HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE SUMMIT
TO BE REACHED BY A SHARP TURN TO THE RIGHT
BEHIND THE TREES AT TOP OF PICTURE



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ROAD THROUGH THE PINES NEAR LAKE CHOCORUA

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS: by H. Alexander Fussell



AMONG the many beautiful holiday resorts of this country is the White Mountain region of New Hampshire. At its southern end, for that is the part best known to the writer, it is a wonderland of hills, lakes, and mountains, with great stretches of primeval forest, spruce and hemlock and pine, into which the lumberman is, alas! already making great inroads, often stripping the slopes absolutely bare, for the smallest tree can be made into wood-pulp for our daily newspapers.

Lumbermen were not so ruthless in the olden days, when from Gloucester to Salem, and other ports along the New England coast, were sent out on long voyages in the India and China trade, the finest sailing vessels ever built. Then only the finest trees were taken out to form the timbers of some good ship. There is an old logging-road which still bears the name of "The Old Mast Road," and along the Swift River at the head of the Albany Intervale may still be seen old pines one hundred and twenty feet high or more.

Turning to the left, up Sabba Day Brook, about half-a-mile, is a fine waterfall. The stream strikes a great vertical cliff, and turning at a right-angle, plunges into a caldron of seething water, to flow out again, after a second fall, over a granite ledge, scarcely a foot below the surface of the water, while every niche and smallest ledge of the cliff is covered with moss and fern.

Climbing Mount Chocorua from the Albany Intervale the trail leads past the Champney Falls, two-thirds of the way up, and a couple of hundred yards to the left is the beautiful Pitcher Falls, a single stream of water which, flowing over a high cliff, has worn a depression like the lip of a pitcher, hence the name. From a point a little below one can see both falls. Thence through a fine spruce forest the trail leads to bare granite peaks, falling abruptly several hundred feet towards the east. From the summit the view is superb: to the north is a wilderness of peaks, some of them wooded to the top, dominated by Mount Washington (six thousand feet) and the Presidential Range; the Crawford and Carrigain Notches are distinctly visible, while to the west are to be seen Paugus, Passaconaway, Whiteface, and Sandwich Dome, the other mountains in the Sandwich Range, of which Chocorua is the eastern extremity. On a clear day can be seen, a little to the south and west of Black Mountain or Sandwich Dome, Squam Lake and Winnepesaukee, the latter over thirty miles in length, and beyond these the Belknap Mountains. Due south are the Ossipee

Mountains, and at the foot of Chocorua the beautiful heart-shaped Chocorua Lake, with its beach of gleaming white sand. In all, more than a score of lakes can be seen. It is a most beautiful sight in the early morning to see the mists lift from these lakes and the level rays of the rising sun shine under and through their delicate trailing tracery as they slowly lift and roll away.

There are many trails up Chocorua, for though not a high mountain (about three thousand five hundred feet), it throws off in every direction long spurs and buttresses. The most striking are the Hammond trail from the southeast; the old Piper trail from the east, now disused, which takes one up granite ledges where the finest blue-berries grow; and the Brook trail from the southwest, following a mountain stream which comes tumbling down over big boulders, forming many a miniature waterfall and clear pool, through a heavy second growth of trees.

This southern part of the White Mountains is not without its literary associations. In the Ossipee Range is Mount Whittier, named from the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, and near the village of West Ossipee is still shown the tree under which some of his poems were written. And Mount Larcom, in honor of Lucy Larcom, who wrote some charming old-fashioned books about New England. Near Squam Lake is the Harvard Engineering Camp, and around Winnepesaukee and on its many islands are summer-camps, some of which are for poor city boys, who there make their entry into Nature's wonderland and learn to love the woods and the creatures in them.

How beautiful is the life of the woods and the mountains! It has been well said that "a mountain is a mystery," especially if it be forest-covered. What deep ravines and beetling crags does it not conceal; what rushing streams; and in the foot-hills are deep, silent pools, where grow the loveliest flowers, and where the deer come to drink, and sometimes a bear! On Passaconaway may be seen in the early summer that most beautiful of small wild flowers, the *Mitchella*; the petals are white at the outer edge, but towards the center most delicately tinted. They cover the ground like a carpet, creeping among the ferns and mosses and the rich humus made of the fallen leaves of centuries. Then there is the *Linnaea borealis*, the favorite flower of the great naturalist Linnaeus, clinging to the moss, with "a complexion like a milkmaid; and oh! she is very, very sweet and agreeable." And you can find the checkerberry, the partridge-berry, and the indian-

pipe, and the purple brunella, wild asters, and a host of other flowers.

There is a fine camp on Passaconaway, about six hundred feet below the summit. Near by is a spring flowing under moss a foot thick, with here and there little pools mirroring the trees and the sky. It is pleasant to sit round the camp-fire at sunset and listen to the last clear notes of the Wilson Thrush or the Peabody bird, and to hear again in the early morning the first notes of the birds, who have come to drink, calling to their mates. There are but few birds in the depths of the forest, but on the outskirts they are very numerous and of great variety, the vireo, the nuthatch, the indigo-bird, the humming-bird, and many others are to be met with, and of course the ubiquitous woodpecker. And if you happen to know his haunts, for he is most shy and retiring, you may hear the Hermit-Thrush, the sweetest-throated of American song-birds. Sometimes, too, from some mountain-top may be seen a great eagle soaring, ready to pounce upon some luckless creature in the brush.

Most glorious are the woods and mountains in the clear days of late September, when there has been a frost at night, just enough to show that "the Color Fairies" have been at work; then dark hemlock and white crag serve but to enhance the rich coloring. You may walk or drive for miles amid the most gorgeous colors, in the most bracing air, and under the bluest skies, and see the granite peak of Chocorua glistening in the sunlight. It is hard to say when the mountains and woods are most beautiful, for they are beautiful at all seasons, even amid the winter snows, when snow-shoeing and sleighing take you over the old routes once more, with the temperature below zero and the bright sun overhead.

The White Mountains are interesting to the geologist, for, lying in the line of glacial drift which terminates in Cape Cod, they show in many places the striations, or scratches made by the grinding of the glaciers in the ice-age. Everywhere are to be met huge erratic blocks, left by the retreating glaciers, some of them perched in almost impossible positions, looking as if they might fall at any moment. One of the most remarkable of these is to be seen on the Weetamon trail on the eastern slopes of Chocorua. A few miles to the northeast of this imposing block is the Madison Boulder, lying in a swamp a little off the Conway Road, the largest erratic block in New England.

THE WANDERER

by Viktor Rydberg

(Translated from the Swedish by F. J. D.)

HE wanders many and many a year
Seeking, seeking her footprints here.

But pathways throng
And roads are long,
Crossing and twining in tangled lace
With track on track and trace on trace —
A labyrinth hard to unravel,
So many are they who travel.
Soon all vestiges vanish again
By winds and drifts and pouring rain.

He seeks, while years and ages wheel
Beyond the ken of memory's flight,
And yet his locks no gray reveal,
No wrinkle mars a feature.
The glance is clear, the walk is light,
The lips are whispering music bright,
For wisdom tells he'll greet her.
His youth remains unfading:
Within the heart he surely knows
That youth in her eternal glows,
The deathless form pervading.

In all the storm and shower and stress
Snow-white his linen, like new his dress:
'Twas so in days primeval.
Then wonder not, if some folk tell
That fays who dwell
In hill and dell
And float in space ethereal,
Have spun the finest lily-fleece
For him, in light sidereal;
And woven a starry garment,
Sewing in moon-rays, piece by piece,
The Wanderer's coat and raiment.

They say where'er the Wanderer fares,
With cornflower blue in beaver,
That though the clouds be darkest, flares
A sheen o'er mountain and river.
And softest music good-folk hear
In cottage lowly when he is near,
Cheering hearts mid daily cares,
While lovely dreams follow ever.

Ah what if dead, his long-sought friend!
 Nay, this he can never opine;
 For daily Sûrya's rays descend
 And nightly stars yet shine.
 For her, he knows the heavens enfold
 The myriad orbs that strew their gold;
 For her sake life hath will to be;
 Were she to die, all life would flee.
 In sudden doom
 All color-play would change to gloom.
 Space would darkly thicken;
 Sun and stars would blacken.

 But day hath rainbowed splendor still,
 Night's gems in glory hover;
 The Wanderer speeds o'er dale and hill
 With cornflower blue in beaver.
 And purest music mortals hear
 In cottage and palace when he is near,
 Freeing fetters and wafting cheer,
 While lovely dreams follow ever.

From *Fantasos and Sulamit*.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN RUSKIN: by a Lomaland Student

THERE were few living in England twenty-five years ago who were not touched somewhere, even if only by its outer ripples, by a movement stirring cultured young England deeply, a movement which originated in the field of art but found its *raison d'être* in the realm of morals; which began with the cultured but reached out to the working classes; this influence came from the soul-stirring words of John Ruskin. His influence cannot be entirely separated from that of the group of literary lights that formed such a brilliant constellation in the nineteenth century; but we can see how Ruskin plowed deeply into the hard soil of indifference and planted seeds that are now springing up with great promise.

What a teacher Ruskin was! He gave himself to those who came, entering keenly into the young delight in the perception of new truths and beauty, knowing how to take the learner step by step as he saw the way ahead. He charmed all with his inimitable style even when he spoke to the humblest in the Guild of St. George.

To the sensitive, impressionable nature of childhood he came with a flood of artistic criticism that made us yearn to draw and paint, to depict the delicate tracery of tree stems or catch the varied tints of mountain, lake, or cloud; while his scorn for careless unconscientious art-work drove us to strive for the best.

To the growing youth he brought such a keen perception of moral beauty as made us desire to realize some noble ideal in life, to enter seriously some pursuit with a pure love of doing beautiful work; while his contempt for machine-made articles of poor finish taught us to value those noble craftsmen of all ages who took infinite pains with all that was worth doing.

To our ripening manhood and womanhood he opened the ideals of unselfish life, where all might let their hearts delight in the labor of their hands and none should toil with suffering for a miserable pittance; while his prophetic denunciations of the hideous conditions prevailing in our large manufacturing districts made us earnestly seek to probe these sores and find their cure.

So far he shone as a bright morning star (and here I can speak for myself only). So far he still led me on until he brought me to the brink of an abyss where I saw unrealized man's vain Utopian schemes, and then his light began to fail before the dawning sun of Theosophy.

Great and noble soul, John Ruskin! Surely one who has led so many towards "The Path" shall himself before long stand at the feet of the Teachers, see with intense delight the great "orphan humanity" embraced in the arms of Universal Brotherhood and nurtured in the Ancient Universal Wisdom.



BUSHIDO as an independent code of ethics may vanish, but its power will not perish; its schools of martial prowess or civic honor may be demolished, but its glory will long survive their ruins. Like its symbolic flower, after it is blown to the four winds, it will still bless mankind with the perfume with which it will enrich life. Ages after, its odors will come floating in the air as from a far-off unseen hill. — *Bushido, the Soul of Japan*.

HEALTH BY MOVEMENTS:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



CONSIDERATION of the modern cult of health by movements leads unexpectedly far into human nature, making connexions with psychology and at last with ethics. The connexions are in the fact that thought and emotion always tend to express themselves in muscular movement and that muscular movements react on consciousness.

We must remember first that every thought, no matter how abstract, has *some* halo of emotion. The thought attached to such words as death, victory, sunrise, manifestly has. But there is no one that is perfectly colorless. And any emotion or feeling, diffusing itself through the body, must have a direct bearing upon health, however slight. The continued thought of say ruin, pain, death (as ordinarily viewed), working through the associated emotions, would soon show itself in depressed vitality; whilst thought of life, victory, light, health, would as certainly react beneficially.

Man, in the lower part of his nature, is an animal. Of this part we may consequently learn much by the study of animals proper, remembering that in man the phenomena are much more complicated.

In a general way the animal's reply to any impression on its senses — resulting in what in our own case we should call a thought — is a muscular movement. Its continued existence depends on its immediate reaction to everything it hears, sees, or smells. It must as a rule at once *do* something, advance towards prey, retreat from danger, prepare to fight. Even the breaking of the sun through the clouds or a wave of cold wind may excite a luxurious stretch or a general muscular contraction and bracing. Such thoughts as are possible to its mind, arising independently of any immediately received impression, also tend to pass at once into some sort of expression in movement. The animal's life mostly consists, however, in the reception of impressions and movemental reaction thereto. The same is true of the infant and the young child.

How about older people?

In the first place ordinary thought is carried on by means of unspoken words. Whatever thoughts may "lie too deep for words" we need not here consider. Now an unspoken word, however rapidly it pass across the mind, does *begin* to set in motion the mechanism of speech. The beginning goes so far in some people that when not

actually talking their lips are nevertheless in constant muttering movement. In chatterers there is the completed stage. As long as they can get an auditor their whole stream of thought runs out at once in speech. Beside that the *words* — lip, tongue, and larynx movements — are answering to the *thought*, there are other motions corresponding to the feeling, the emotion. There will be changes of facial expression, gestures, perhaps the assumption of entire bodily attitudes. The great emotions do of course always exact their full expression in attitude and movement. Fear, dread, rage, anger, irritation, vanity, pride, aspiration, have each its manifestation. If they are permitted often enough the manifestation will have permanent registration.

But the reverse of all this is likewise true. We express part of its truth in the broadest way when we say that muscular exercise stimulates thought — and therefore emotion. So true is this that many people almost dread mechanical work which does not employ all the energy and attention of the stimulated mind. The movements set free a stream of thoughts that may be nearly uncontrollable and may at the same time be wearisome, noxious, or painful in the extreme. The ordinary stream which goes on when we are “lazing,” foolish and futile as it usually is, may generally be kept on pleasant lines. But when stimulated by the mechanical movements of drudgery, the will being at the same time preoccupied, it may become at once too quick and insistant for guidance. It is this which makes drudgery *drudgery*; it is this and not so much the work that induces the exhaustion. The brain is incessantly churned into thoughts whose utterance in word and gesture must be checked, the check being itself fatiguing; whilst states of feeling, mostly centering around memories, repeating themselves again and again, are usually such as to wear down rather than encourage vitality.

The stimulating power of motion is often made use of by thinkers. Whilst they may have the power to hold their minds fairly close to the topic in hand they cannot always make them *move* upon it without the inductive stimulus of *muscular* movement. So they get up from the chair and walk about.

Some people at any rate, *read* by this principle. In pronounced cases the lips move inaudibly as the eyes travel along the page. In others there is only the *starting* of that current which if maintained and strengthened would provoke the saying of the words. Only after

this rudimentary pronunciation does the mind grasp the meaning of what is read.

The recent philosophies of "assertion and denial" depend upon this principle. The practitioner "asserts" for instance that he has health, asserts it in the muscular movements constituting words, in those which produce the erect and confident attitude characteristic of health, and in a general muscular bracing and toning. The reaction is consequently an intensification of the thought of health, of its feeling, of the pleasure belonging to the feeling — and vitality is correspondingly bettered. But the practice is of course in its very nature a psychologizing of the mind. It is no natural process of thinking. And the stability of the health is subject to another limitation never considered by these practitioners.

Acting depends in greater or less part upon the same principle. Just as an emotion induces movements and an attitude, so those same movements and attitude will more or less strongly create the emotion. Take up an attitude, make a set of gestures, expressive of some emotion, as rage or joy, and that emotion will begin to be felt.

The principle goes further into a corollary of the law of association of ideas. A scent may awaken memory of some long past event with all the then attendant emotions. If its presence has accompanied many scenes it will awaken no one individually but so vague and general a complex of them all that we notice nothing more than the peculiar appeal the scent makes to us. In the same way any pronounced muscular movement, made, we will suppose, once only, while some strong emotion was running, would, whether naturally connected with that emotion or not, tend to reawaken it when repeated even long after. But if repeated many times during the prevalence of different emotions it would come to arouse that vague complex of them in which we should be able to distinguish no one individually.

Every muscular contraction, even of one fiber only, has millions of times been a part of the several larger movements occurring during our states of feeling and emotion, either naturally expressive of them or merely concurrent with them. The fiber has borne its part. And consequently, by the above law of association, we never make any muscular movement, even the smallest, without some vague, utterly unrecognizable, probably minute, but real stir in the field of emotion, in the field of thought and of memory. The body is an instrument on whose strings we have been playing — alas, not melodies always! —

from the moment we were born. About the strings is somehow present all that we have ever played, and we never touch one of them without awakening infinitely complex echoes, not to be disentangled, not to be individualized, but real enough and effective enough in their influence on conduct and life.

But it is along the line of muscular exercise that we are recommended to walk to health. We must make a special business of it, train every muscle to its finest.

Let us turn back to a point we have hitherto but touched, the classification of emotions.

In the usual case the exercises are undertaken because health is found to have vanished or to be vanishing. What injured it? Usually one of these four causes: (1) Actively bad habits. (2) The mere want of exercise. (3) Worry. (4) Leave this open for the time.

(1) Unless these are reformed it is obvious that the bad health will either remain unaffected or return at last against any amount of exercise. *If* reformed, the bad health, so far as really due to them, will tend to disappear of itself.

(2) If there are no bad habits, and especially if there is not too much eating, lack of exercise seems to be a very feeble cause of bad health. Many men have lived to a great age who never made a business of taking any exercise at all.

(3) If the worry ceases the ill-health it caused will tend to cease likewise. If it does not cease no exercises will do much.

Now let us fill in (4), classifying emotions as life-giving and death-dealing.

To take some extreme cases, we know that anger, mounting to rage, cannot only suddenly stop such functions as digestion, but actually kill. Fear can do the same. Apprehension and anxiety are names for moderate fear, very depressant to vitality. Jealousy and greed do not kill, but they manifestly gnaw the roots of health. So do hate, dislike, general irritability, and bad temper. So are ambition and vanity the enemies of that mental peace in which alone health can reach perfection.

Sum the case up. *Any* emotion or feeling which involves antagonism to others is more or less death-dealing, fatal to the mental desire. The same with any degree of fear. If exercise evokes thoughts attended by any of these in any degree there must be harm mixed with its good.

But as we have seen, exercise *does* evoke the latent mental and emotional forces and accumulations, either in definite form or in vague masses.

What are these? Let us consider for the moment only such as in their emergence will be unfavorable to health and nutrition, much the majority with nearly every one.

Of fears, we have the all-present fear of death; the lesser fears of pain, of injuries, of calamity, of bereavement, and of disease.

We have present prejudices, dislikes, often hates. We have perhaps frictions and quarrels in hand, and permanent sources of irritation.

And we have memories of places in our past, of old deeds, which we would gladly forget or keep buried. Of desires unsatisfied, perhaps never to be satisfied, and of disappointments, there may be almost no reckoning.

Lastly, there may be some practice in our daily life which we are aware is a continued affront to conscience, a permanent enemy to mental peace.

Are not these, considered in their totality, a pretty good filling of (4)? Do they not, when massed, seem competent to account for four-fifths of the prevailing ill-health, competent as a general background to give final potency to the more manifest causes which are alone usually taken into account? Do they not seem competent to occasion the quite usual failure to accomplish by any method the permanent bettering of health? And if there is anything in the considerations we have adduced, the whole mass must be especially stirred and accentuated when the method adopted is that of muscular movements.

We do not suggest that proper exercises will at the worst do *nothing* to the good. Circulation of course is bettered, glands stimulated, waste products squeezed out, nerves cleaned. But when all that is done the chief enemies remain, nearer to the most conscious part of the mind and constantly breaking through into it by reason of the stimulation of the muscular basis.

It seems therefore evident that if permanent good is to be got, another set of tones altogether must be set sounding, another set of mental and emotional associations made with the muscles. Consciousness must be stored with renovators instead of destroyers and enemies.

Let us go back to the drudgery occupations. A mother is cleaning and arranging a room for her home-coming son from oversea. The

details *might* be drudgery. But they *are* lighted up into pure joy by the reason for which they are done, by love. They may tire, but beyond that they are giving life. She is accumulating it with every motion of her hands.

And here indeed is the final key, herein the difference between the motives of service and of merely *self* benefit, between thinking out and thinking in. There is no other way to keep added life than to add it for the purpose of service. Whatever is accumulated for self only, becomes the ally of the evil in consciousness and is already changing into an enemy. Whatever is accumulated for service, with the thought of gift, is ever self-reproductive, a continual protective radiance in consciousness. Unless the soul co-operates there is no permanent health. And so the path to health turns out to contain the path to the Heart of the world. Said Gautama-Buddha, speaking of this latter:

The man who walks in this noble path . . . cultivates good will without measure among all beings. Let him remain stedfastly in this state of mind, standing and walking, awake or asleep, sick or well, living or dying; for this state of heart is the best in the world.

THE RED MEN: by H. Travers

My heart is filled with a great sorrow that the race of Red Indians is departing to the setting sun of lost hopes, beyond a horizon which closes darkly upon them. Were they not to most of us symbols of nursery romance?



SO laments a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly*, reviewing a book called *The Great North Trail*. Races are subject to the same cyclic law of birth, growth, decline, and death, as individual men. And as, with individual men, the physical earthly tenement alone dies, while the Soul passes to its home to await the return of the cycle of incarnation; so, in the case of races, it is merely the visible organism that passes away, while the Soul of the race continues to live and must one day reappear, clothed in a new form. Likewise each individual Soul in that race has its own history and destiny, and must return to earth in some other race.

We regret the passing away of a simple noble people. But, in our collective capacity, we have no just complaint; for how have we treated them?

Is it inconceivable that conditions might have been made such as

to prolong the life of that people? To quote again from this writer:

The Red Indian was the aristocrat of America, whose ways now are darkened and his nobility clouded by the illusion of progress.

The once powerful confederation of the Blackfeet or Siksikaua Indians is of Algonquin origin. A hundred years ago they were a race of warriors faithful to the religion of their tribe, handsome and unspoiled in vigor. Their great quality lay in their acceptance of a wider ideal than that of the family.

I have been told by a clergyman who worked among them that there was nothing evil or cruel in their religion. Before they became contaminated by civilization, by cheap alcohol, and the vices from which as savages they were free, no nobler people ever lived. . . . Take this example of a religious chant:

"Great Sun-god! Continue to give us your light that the leaves and grass may grow so that our cattle will increase and our children may live to be old.

"Our mother (the Moon), give us sleep that we may rise again like our father (the Sun). May our lives be strong and may our hearts feel good towards our white brothers, as we are all your children."

An Indian said to the writer of the book:

"We fast and pray that we may be able to live good lives and to act more kindly towards each other. If they deprive us of our religion, we have nothing left. We do not understand the White Man's religion."

To which the reviewer adds that the White Man would understand his religion better himself if he had more of the simple faith of his red brother.

The story of relentless greed, satisfied by violence, treachery, and broken faith, is too familiar to need repeating. We have sown seeds that must bring us a harvest of affliction. But that affliction is a trifle in comparison with what we must suffer one day when our hearts are opened so that *we* realize the full horror of the crime against truth, love, and trust. A heart so wrung by remorse can only hope to heal itself by the daily and hourly practice of deeds of mercy and honor.

Our duty towards ancient races is simple. In this, as in all other dealings, must we not follow the laws of honor and chivalry? Does not right action require that the actor should fling aside motives of self-interest in full confidence that he can never suffer so long as he follows the right — that any apparent blessing gained at the expense of honor must prove a curse?

Let us waste no time discussing what ought to be done with native races; for it is a problem of benevolence, not of policy. Such discus-

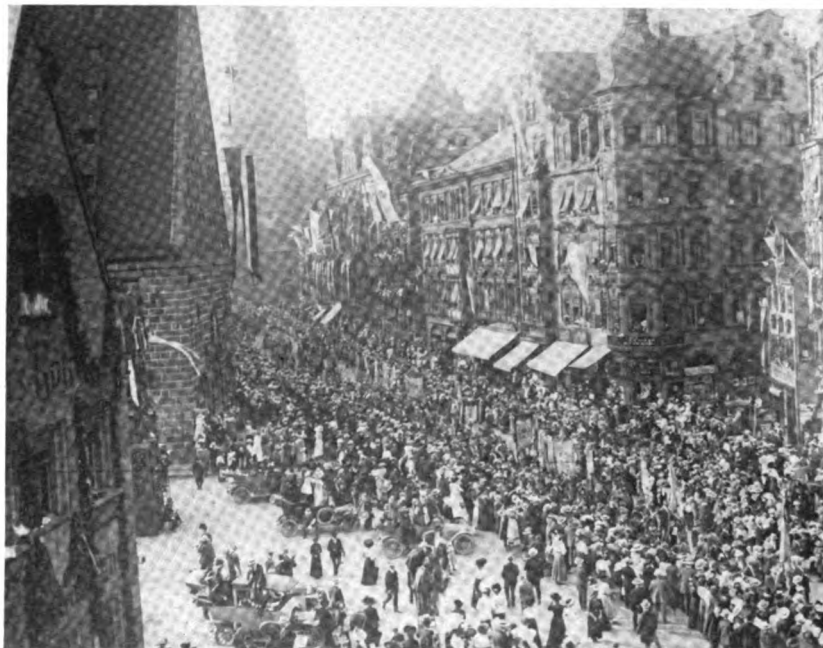
sions are apt to be discussions as to how to reconcile our desires with our conscience — a fruitless task. The truth is that we have to learn to behave. It is not how can we behave like gentlemen, but how can we become gentlemen; then we shall behave right without difficulty.

Our race has a living spirit in it that promises better things in the future; but if we do not hearken thereto, we too may perish and be blotted out even from memory.

PROLOG TO ECCLESIASTICUS, with a Student's Note

THE knowledge of many and great things hath been shown us by the law, and the prophets, and others that have followed them: for which things Israel is to be commended for doctrine and wisdom: because not only they that speak must need be skilful, but strangers also, both speaking and writing, may by their means become most learned. My grandfather Jesus, after he had much given himself to a diligent reading of the law, and the prophets, and other books, that were delivered to us from our fathers, had a mind also to write something himself, pertaining to doctrine and wisdom: that such as are desirous to learn, and are made knowing in these things, may be more and more attentive in mind, and be strengthened to live according to the law. I entreat you therefore to come with benevolence, and to read with attention, and to pardon us for those things wherein we may seem, while we follow the image of wisdom, to come short in the composition of words: for the Hebrew words have not the same force in them when translated into another tongue. And not only these, but the law also itself, and the prophets, and the rest of the books, have no small difference, when they are spoken in their own language. For in the eighth and thirtieth year coming into Egypt, when Ptolemy Euergetes was king, and continuing there a long time, I found there books left, of no small nor contemptible learning. Therefore I thought it good, and necessary for me to bestow some diligence and labor to interpret this book: and with much watching and study in some space of time, I brought the book to an end, and set it forth for the service of them that are willing to apply their mind, and to learn how they ought to conduct themselves, who purpose to lead their life according to the law of the Lord.

Such is the Greek prolog to the book of *Ecclesiasticus* written by Jesus the grandson of Jesus the son of Sirach of Jerusalem, the Jewish author of the work. *Ecclesiasticus* is just as authentic as the other "books" of the Old Testament, but being written after the time of Esdras the editor, was not in the Jewish canon. The translator evidently recognized the difficulties of translating Oriental wisdom into Western form for European use. We wonder what he would have said had he anachronistically read some of the Anglo-Saxon marvels of mis-translation of the Authorized Version of King James.



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PAGEANT PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NÜRNBERG

Forty thousand singers took part, with thousands of banners and numerous allegorical festival cars. The pageant was five hours in passing.

1. Festival car "Frau Minne." 2. The pageant passing through the Königstrasse.

(Photographs by courtesy of C. Otto Krauss, Nürnberg.)



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1. Festival car "Befreiungshalle Kelheim." (The Hall of Liberty, Kelheim.)
 2. Festival car "Das Vaterländische Lied." (The Song of the Fatherland.)
- (Photographs by courtesy of C. Otto Krauss, Nürnberg.)

GERMAN SONG FESTIVAL AT NÜRNBERG: by H. Davin



WE live in a time of transition. From the chaotic conditions of the present moment a new life is beginning to develop. Humanity is throwing aside its old garments, and, while looking with pleasure at the new, still casts a regretful glance back at the old. The contrast between the new spirit and the old shell can hardly be better observed than upon the occasion of one of the Festivals which are so frequently celebrated in these days. This contrast was very plainly manifested during the great German "Sängerfest," or Festival of the German Singer Union lately held in our city of Nürnberg. How great were the sacrifices, how splendid the efforts made, both for the preparations and for the actual festival! What a joyous outburst of brotherly feeling! It seemed as if the Golden Age had begun again. It was a visible sign that the eternal spirit of love, patriotism and enthusiasm which can move mountains and do miracles, still lives. Yet the old shell made itself felt, the ingrained habits and illusions which hide the beautiful light of the soul like the frosty cloud which blights a promising harvest. But the soul continues on its way.

We find ourselves in a great Hall flooded with golden light. The enormous choir is filled with singers, whose heads alone are visible. The conductor ascends the platform, which is on a little tower standing by itself. Silence! And then the great song goes forth from the voices of more than fifteen thousand singers.

It has been said, and not without good reason, that four or five thousand singers is the limit for an effective chorus, because the refinements are lost and co-operation becomes practically impossible with a larger number. This may be right for so-called, artificial, songs, but not for the folk-song which awakes feelings and ideas in the human breast that are common to all, a song that becomes a kind of prayer, a solemn invocation. What else can we call the song *St. Michael* by Otto Max Kernstock, sung at the second main performance?

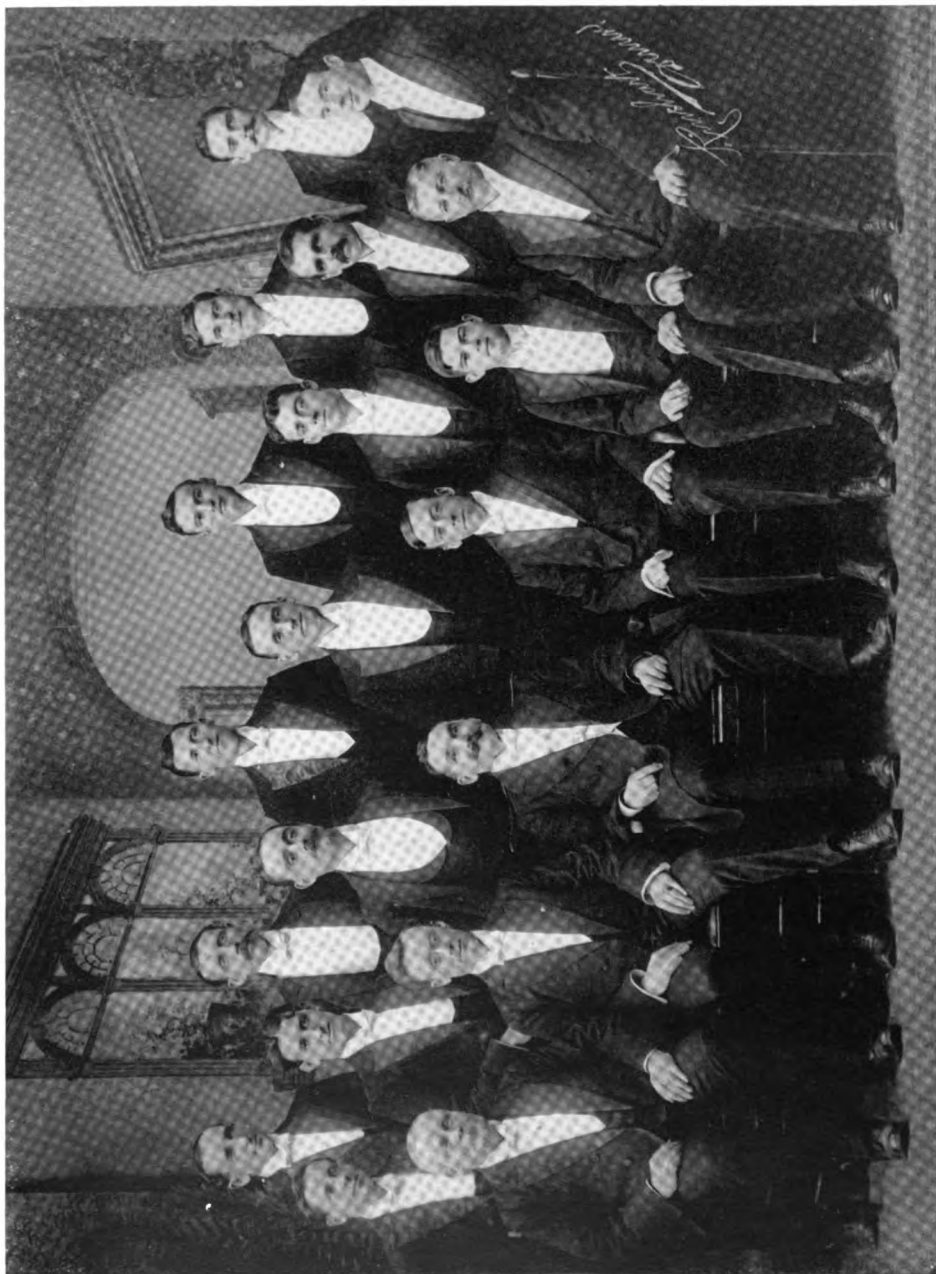
In the literature of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society much has been said about the power of song and sound. Even if we know little about the laws of vibration it must be admitted that there is a great difference between a song sung by four or by sixteen thousand voices. The difference may not be expressible by a simple proportion. The dynamics of the finer forces — thoughts, wishes, aspirations — are very little known in our times. We do not know under what conditions these powers may produce effects. We know

the effects of the energies in the gross physical world. The potential energy of a pond or a piece of coal is changed by a machine into kinetic energy capable of doing useful work. Before the force concealed in coal could move our trains the steam-engine had to be created. Our power motors are the tools necessary for the transformation of the existing potential energies of matter. But where are the tools capable of transforming the potential energies of desires, of aspirations, of vows and prayers, into active comprehensible powers?

There must be some sort of analogy throughout all the kingdoms of nature! And indeed there is such a machine for transforming those finer forces. And this machine is the most perfect product of nature; it is man himself. But when we think of what man is today compared with what he might and should be, we cannot be astonished that the stream of forces locked up in good wishes and prayers runs so slowly and that it is so frequently diverted into wrong beds. What mankind needs is men, men who are what they ought to be and what they pretend to be. How we are to become such men is the problem that concerns all humanity. Self-education and self-mastery in adults and right education of the children are the two methods for making mankind an efficient tool for the transforming of the fine and helpful forces of nature. One of the most potent factors in education is music, song, which Katherine Tingley has said should be made a part of life itself. The earth sends the waters up into the sky and receives them back in fertilizing rain. Why should not the clouds of selfless wishes and thoughts which rise day by day come back? On this plane also the conservation of energy holds good. The enthusiasm of a great common cause makes us forget all that separates us. Selfishness must abdicate if we give the power into the hands of the soul. The greatness and beauty of the German Song Festival in Nürnberg consisted in the glowing enthusiasm that rose to the heavens like a blazing beacon heralding the coming age of Brotherhood.



Know all that you can. Become conversant with and sift all that the schools have declared, and as much more on your own account as is possible, but at the same time teach, preach and practise a life based on a true understanding of Brotherhood. This is the true way. — *William Q. Judge*



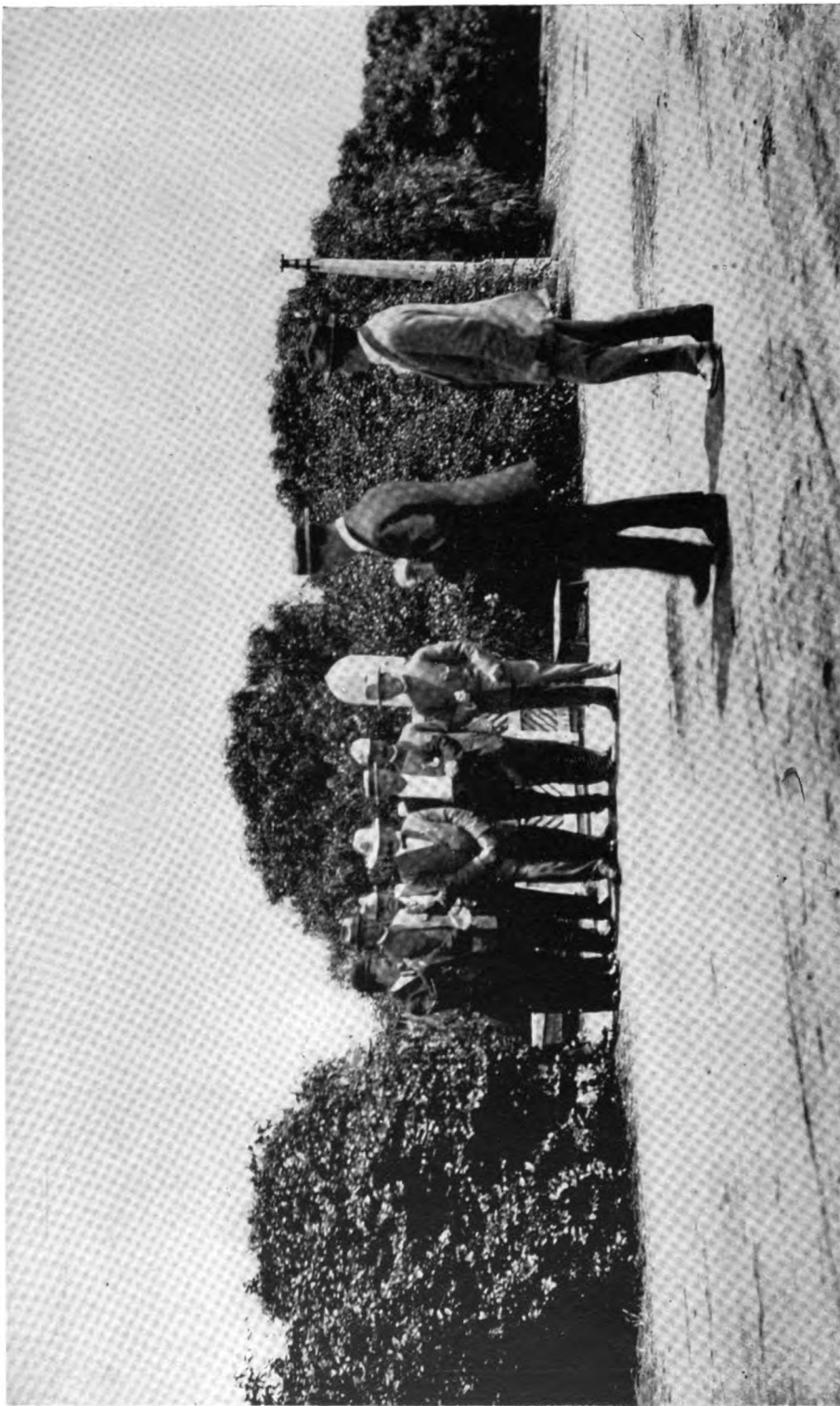
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THE MOUNTAIN ASH CHOIR
(Photograph by Rinshart, Denver.)



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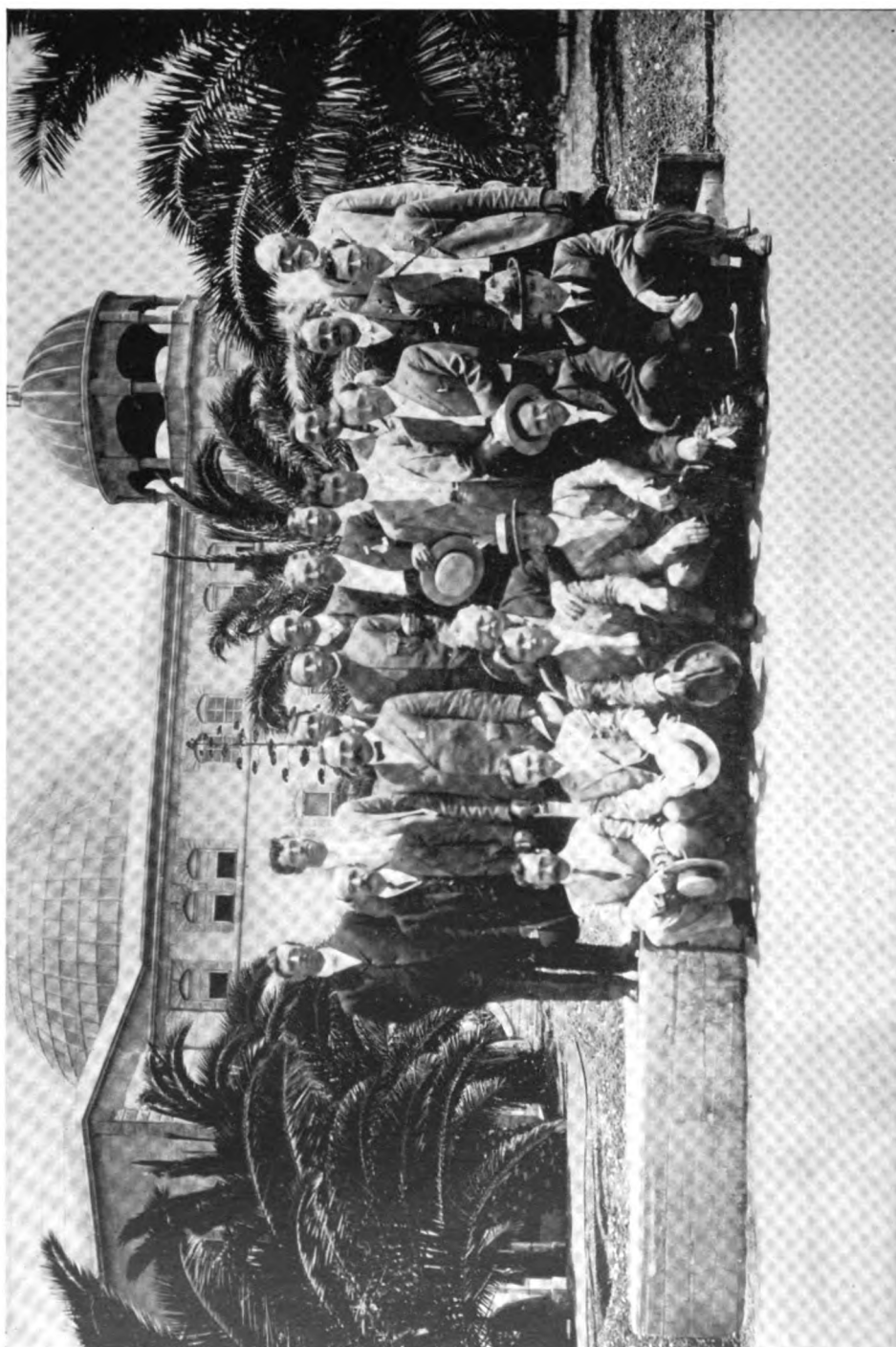
VISIT OF THE MOUNTAIN ASH CHOIR TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS AND RAJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA



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A SNAP-SHOT ON THE HEADQUARTERS GROUNDS

In the center of the group, Mr. Glyndwr Richards, Leader of the Choir; on the right, Mr. Kenneth Morris of Lomaland.



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MOUNTAIN ASH CHOIR AT POINT LOMA

Mr. Kenneth Morris between Mr. Glyndwr Richards and Mr. Gwilym Taf.

On the right, last row, Mr. Evan Evans, president of the Welsh Society of San Diego, California.

VISIT OF WELSH SINGERS TO LOMALAND:

by Robert Maxon

A DELIGHTFUL day, long to be remembered, was July 25, 1912, the occasion of a visit to Lomaland of the Mountain Ash Choir, which includes the most famous Welsh singers out of a nation of singers. Hearing that they were to sing in San Diego, an invitation was extended to them by our Welsh poet and writer, Kenneth Morris, on behalf of the students at the International Theosophical Headquarters and the pupils of the Râja Yoga College.

As our guests arrived at the main entrance to the Râja Yoga College and were ushered into the College Rotunda they were greeted by the Râja Yoga Orchestra playing Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*. Then followed the Welsh National Anthem, joined in by the thrilling voices of our guests. Before the concluding number of the short program which had been arranged as a welcome, Mr. Glyndwr Richards, the Leader of the Choir, to the great delight of all, said that the Welsh Choir would sing one of their songs. It was *Men of Harlech* sung in Welsh, and the great dome of the Râja Yoga College rang with the stirring battle-song.

Afterwards our Welsh friends, for so they were from the moment they set foot within our gates, were escorted to points of interest on the grounds, several photographs being taken, some of which we reproduce, finally leaving with most cordial invitations on the one hand and hearty promises on the other for another visit should they or any of them ever come to California again.

Love of country and love of their fellow-countrymen are specially characteristic of the Welsh as every one knows. One of the smallest peoples (in numbers) on the face of the globe, and living in one of the smallest of countries, the Welsh heart beats with undying love of home, the dear home-land, little White Wales. A beautiful and touching incident occurred during the stay of the Mountain Ash Choir in San Diego. When taking an automobile ride across the border into old Mexico, they heard that living in National City, which joins the City of San Diego, was a native of Mountain Ash, blind, paralytic, not expected to live another week, though still not old in years. They went to see him. Would he like them to sing? What should it be? A hymn? No, something that would give him life, and courage and hope. And they sang *Comrades in Arms*.

SCIENTIFIC ODDMENTS: by the Busy Bee

A PROFESSOR has been dosing hens with urotropin, sodium benzoate, and sodium salicylate, to see if he could make them lay eggs that would not go bad. They did lay eggs that "proved far more resistant to the ravages of time and the decomposing effects of temperature"; but on the other hand nobody wanted to preserve these eggs, as they never were good, being abnormal from the start. There was "something noticeably unusual" about them. So until we find a market for noticeably unusual eggs, the experiment must be considered a failure.

A SCIENTIFIC belief that is now *in articulo mortis* (so we are assured) is that of the alleged fluid condition of the earth's interior. We have been assured that the heat is so great that the inside must be molten. But now we are told that, if that were so, the moon would cause tides in that internal sea, strong enough to shiver the crust to fragments, even though it were two thousand five hundred miles thick. Also the way in which earthquakes are sent hither from Japan through the interior of the earth shows that this must be rigid like steel. So now we are told the inside is probably metal.

A NATURALIST named Brown observed nearly a century ago that when a liquid containing suspended matter is viewed under a powerful microscope in an illuminated field of view, the particles are seen to be in motion. The motion is irregular and incessant. This was called the "Brownian movement." More recent investigation shows that it cannot be attributed to any known cause and that it exists even in the drops of water shut up in the crevices of quartzose rocks, where the drops have been for unknown ages. This perpetual motion is evidently analogous to the motion of the particles of gases; for, as is well known, the particles of gases are in a state of perpetual movement in all directions. Motion seems to be a fundamental property of matter, an inveterate habit.

THE CAMPAIGN against the common drinking-cup, resulting in the provision of paper cups instead, is a recent development in sanitation; and so is the plan of having individual paper towels in public lavatories. There is an outcry against the indiscriminate kissing of children, for fear of infection conveyed by the lips. These precautions, and many similar ones that could be enumerated, are doubtless wise — under existing conditions. But how regrettable are conditions in the world today which render such precautions necessary!

Sanitary science is progressing rapidly, but the real question is whether it manages to keep pace with the progress of sources of infection. Health is after all the best safeguard; but it is not individual health but public health that is in question. We are so interdependent that we can hardly expect immunity for ourself in the midst of an unhealthy society. Sanitary science, in its true sense, must mean the cure, rather than the prevention, of diseases. That would be sanitation indeed which should render us so healthy that we need no longer fear to partake of a common cup or permit a stranger to kiss our baby.

It is suggested that the art of printing was by no means beyond the powers of ancient civilizations, but that they lacked the motive for practising it. There is evidence here and there of the use of movable types for certain limited purposes, such as stamping. Printing would have been of no use for the kind of civilization they wanted. The same remarks apply equally well to other inventions characteristic of the modern period. It is evident that the ancient civilizations did not contemplate or desire development along the lines we have followed. Among the Greeks physical science was rather looked down upon. From this point of view it may be unreasonable to compare ancient civilizations unfavorably with our own because they did not develop in this particular direction, or to say that their failure to do so implies ignorance and impotence. So far as happiness, well-being, and beauty are concerned, they certainly did not fall behind us — to say the least. What if our kind of inventiveness is but a phase that races pass through at certain stages of their history, and which has been often tried before and given up or gotten beyond?

If a sense of humor is not inconsistent with sincere respect, the following scientific item affords an excellent opportunity for exercising this combination of qualities. One may be deeply convinced of the importance of music as a means of harmonizing the nature and rendering it responsive to the harmony within, and yet laugh at the particular instance given below. It is entitled "The Higher Education of the Docile Cow," and relates to the experiments of a Wisconsin man, who claims by the administration of music to have enabled his cows to give one-third more milk than had heretofore been their wont. Non-milkers, he thinks, need a little music to soothe their jangled nerves. One wonders if *The Holy City*, played on a cornet in the

pigsty, would enable the pigs to give better bacon. Probably the music would calm the temper of the milkman, and thus act indirectly on his animal friend, as well as directly. If we could get more harmony into our lives, and carry it about with us even in our humblest duties, it would be better for us, better for our friends, animal and otherwise, better for all nature.

IN the Willard Gibbs address, delivered last year by Professor Svante Arrhenius, on his theory of electrolytic dissociation, and reported in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, there are some amusing remarks, though some allowance must evidently be made for the language difficulty. Here is a quotation:

The reason why barium sulphate is precipitated out, Berthollet said, was because the molecules have, so to speak, a feeling that if barium sulphate is formed, then it gives a precipitate, and all precipitates tend to be formed. Of course, this feeling of the molecules of what would happen is something very anthropomorphic and not very scientific; still Berthollet was one of the most prominent scientists of his time. It was an instance of what is called predisposing affinities.

This is a kind of scientific theology; it is deductive and scholastic, starting with the postulate, "Let it be granted that all precipitates tend to be formed," and proceeding, "But barium sulphate is a precipitate; therefore barium sulphate tends to be formed."

Gay-Lussac, however, did not believe in these predispositions — he upheld chemical freedom of the will as against molecule predestination. He said that when we mix sodium sulphate and barium chloride solutions, thus having four radicals, namely those of sodium, barium, sulphuric acid, and hydrochloric acid, all possible combinations are formed, but that the barium sulphate, being a precipitate, becomes removed from the scene of action, thus leaving the sodium and the hydrochloric acid alone together and bringing all further promiscuity of partnership to a close. This theory reminds us of the biological school of evolution; instead of predestination and predisposition on the part of the molecules, we have indifference; and the result is due to natural selection.

While at one time the current in electrolysis was represented as *tearing asunder* the molecules of the salt, it was soon found that the very slightest electric force was sufficient to cause electrolysis; and the only explanation was that the molecules in a solution are already dissociated before the current is turned on, and that the current merely sorts out the ions. But the difficulty was to account for the properties

of the solution: if a solution of sodium chloride is really dissociated into sodium and chlorine, why is it salty, why does it not smack of sodium and chlorine? Professor Arrhenius' work on the relation between chemical combination and electrical conductivity, and on the condition of salts in solution, deals with this question.

His experiences in trying to get other men of science to attend to his theories and discoveries are amusing. To one he said: "I have a new theory of electrical conductivity as a cause of chemical reactions;" and was answered: "That is very interesting; good-bye." Another explained that he had received on one day the Professor's thesis, a toothache, and a new daughter, and that while the last two developed normally, the thesis was forgotten. He concludes his paper by pointing out the importance of solution, quoting the alchemist principle that there is nothing which acts chemically but solutions. Solutions fill the ocean, run in our veins, and form the chief part of all organisms; terrestrial and celestial bodies consist chiefly of solutions.

THE CASE of natural curative waters, radioactivity, and the change of scientific opinion thereon, has already provided matter for comment in these notes; but its recent reappearance in the columns of a scientific periodical affords another occasion for commenting on it. It is important, not only as a sign-post on the road of progressing knowledge, but also as an illustration of the fallibility of many dogmatic pronouncements, even though backed by a weight of authority.

An eminent physician, it appears "with scathing nihilistic words," dissected the waters of Carlsbad, Vichy, and other famous springs, as what irreverent small boy might dissect his sister's doll, and found therein nothing but plain H_2O and a few salts. As none of these ingredients possessed the alleged curative properties, resort was had to that convenient hypothesis which glorifies the intelligence of a few moderns at the expense of many generations of ancestors; in other words, the curative properties of the waters were a superstition, and our fathers fools; it was merely the change of air and scene, the careful diet and regimen, that worked the cure. But one or two things had been overlooked that certainly should not have been if strict scientific procedure had been carried out. For one thing, a whole may possess virtues which no single one of its ingredients possesses alone; just as the little sister's doll will squeak and say, "Mama," while the heap of rags and sawdust in the hands of the inquisitive brother will do nothing of the kind. Sawdust will not squeak,

neither will rags nor wax; therefore the doll did not squeak, but the girl only thought it did. Again, there may have been ingredients in the water which the doctor did not happen to see. Finally he attached more value to the evidence of his own senses and judgment than to the experience of thousands and generations; which is surely very unscientific.

But radium was discovered; and found in natural waters. Also artificial waters were impregnated with radium and thus made salubrious.

And now a new element has been announced by Sir William Ramsay and named "niton;" it is identified with the "radium emanation" of Soddy and Rutherford, produced by the decomposition of radium. And it has been proved that the curative value of the spring at Bath, England, depends on the niton in its waters. So universal experience was right, and it was the iconoclasts who were superstitious. Perhaps there is niton in the waters at Lourdes, or perhaps there is something else which Professor Ramsay has not yet discovered.

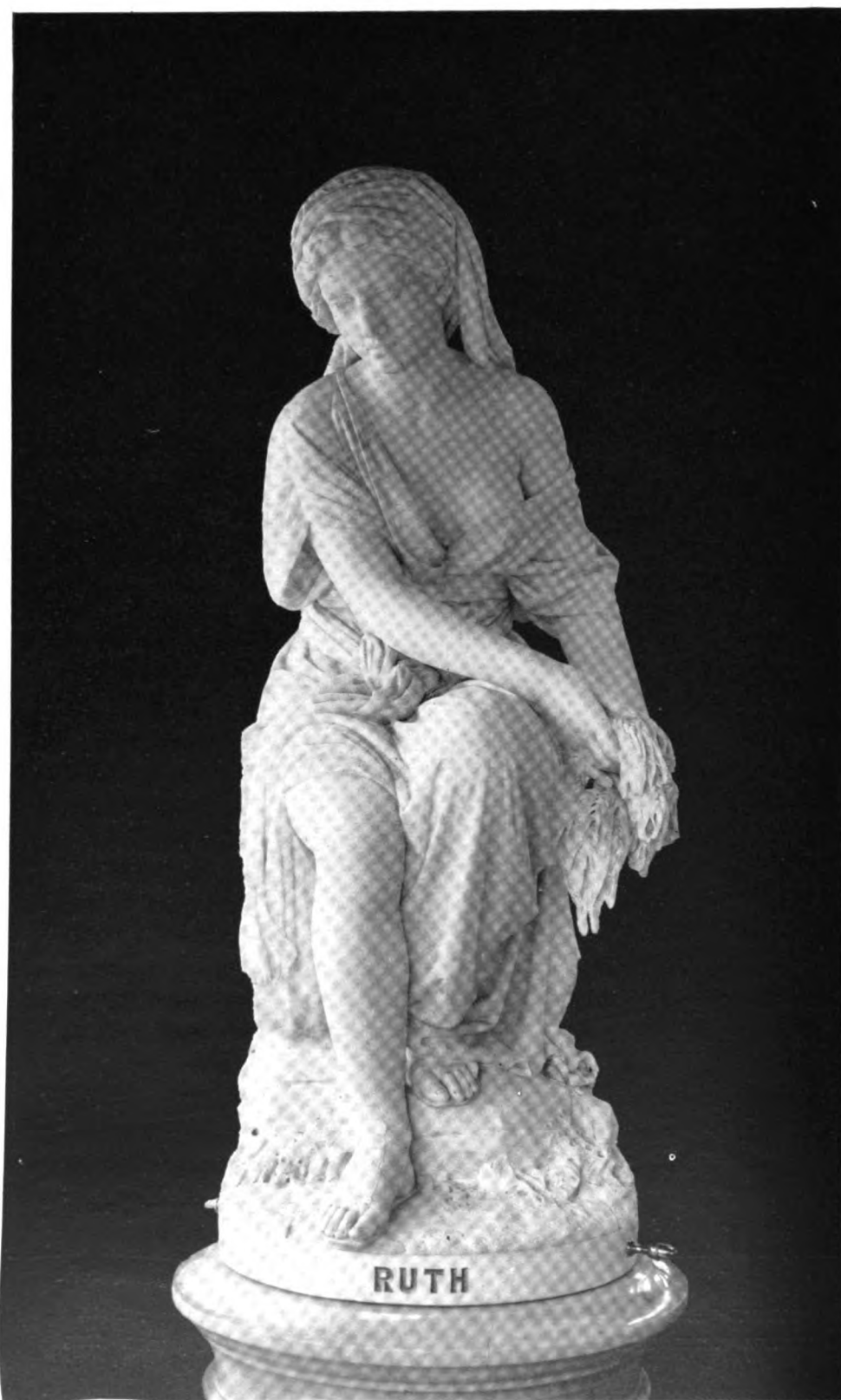
Radium changes into helium and niton; it takes 1760 years for an ounce of radium to turn into half an ounce of niton and helium and leave but half an ounce of radium remaining. Another 1760 years leaves us only a quarter ounce of radium; and so indefinitely. Niton forms no chemical salts and decays to one-half in less than four days, passing into something else. The powers of radium are due to the niton — there is always a god behind the scenes who does the real work. It can be condensed to a liquid and a solid. The atomic weight is equal to the difference between those of radium and helium: radium 228, helium 4, niton 224. The decay gives rise to a succession of bodies, all of which give out electrons; so that the Bath water may be said to be sparkling with healing rays.

It is clear that we cannot afford to deny any well-supported statement of fact on the mere ground that we cannot explain it scientifically. This is of course quite a commonplace remark, but its truth is more apparent since these recent advances of science. The divining-rod is now accepted, on the strength of overwhelming evidence, although we are as yet without a theory of its action. But who knows how soon an explanation may be forthcoming?



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

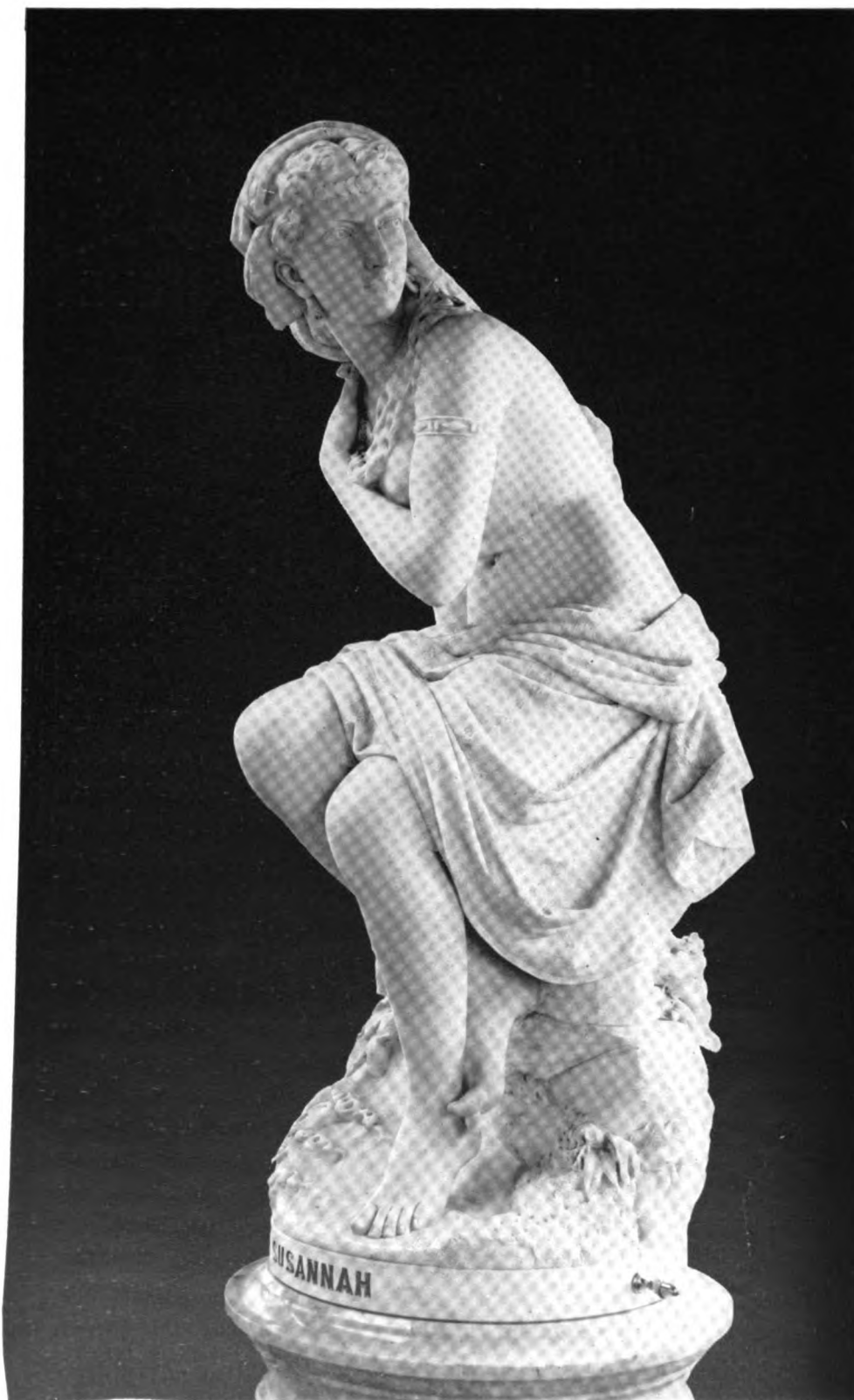
A CORNER-VIEW OF THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

STATUARY IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA: by C. J.

THE three single statues illustrated herewith are from the Pavilion of Sculpture at Ballarat, and are the work of the late Charles Summers. They are very effective and characteristic representations of two heroines of the Hebrew Testament, Ruth and Rebekah, and of Susannah, whose story is found in the Apocrypha. The story of Ruth is one of the most charming idylls of the Hebrew books, and throws a vivid light upon the life of the period (B. C. 1322, according to the Oxford Bible). Ruth is represented seated among the grain, resting after her gleaning in the fields of Boaz, who afterwards marries her. Ruth was supposed to be an ancestress of King David.

The statue of Rebekah brings to mind another beautiful chapter in the Hebrew Testament — the meeting of Rebekah and the servant of Isaac (*Genesis* xxiv), one of the most poetic and unaffected narratives that have come down to us from antiquity. Rebekah afterwards took part in the trick played by Jacob, a master of wiles, upon his elder brother Esau, by which Jacob obtained the "blessing" of his father, Isaac, an endowment which Isaac could not rescind though it was obtained from him by fraud. This appears, on the face of it, a very strange thing, but when we remember that the Bible is an esoteric book, as H. P. Blavatsky proves, and that many parts of it are written with an inner meaning known only to the initiated, much of its superficial singularity ceases to repel. The competition of Esau and Jacob for precedence seems to be told in explanation of the condition of certain tribes claiming to be their descendants; but there is a deeper meaning still behind this and other curious narratives in the Hebrew books.

The story of Susannah, from the Apocrypha, is a favorite subject in art, particularly Italian Renaissance painting. Susannah was accused on a false charge by two hypocritical Elders, but although pure and virtuous, she could not clear herself. A youth named Daniel (not the prophet) was aroused by the injustice of the case, and demanded another trial for Susannah. Upon her accusers being separately examined they contradicted each other in one important particular, and were found to be the guilty parties. They were thereupon put to death in place of their innocent victim, and Daniel gained great honor. The statue represents Susannah surprised when about to bathe.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

The Genuineness of Lomaland: by H. T. Edge



THE most important feature of the life and work in Lomaland is its genuineness.

This fact is not very easy to realize in this age of shams, mixed motives, half-hearted efforts, and abortive projects.

Yet it is a fact, and it is the reason for the great power and influence which that life and work is exercising.

To describe the workers in Lomaland as a select body of people might give rise to false impressions, if the remark were left unqualified; for it suggests invidious distinctions and arbitrary methods of selection. Yet they are truly a select group — using the word in a truer sense. For the conditions of life in Lomaland, though not exacting in other respects, do certainly demand earnestness and sincerity. No compulsion is put upon the coming and going; the process of selection is not arbitrary or artificial; it is natural. Those who are sincerely devoted to the purposes of Theosophy find in Lomaland the conditions they desire; those who are not sufficiently in earnest, but cherish expectations of another kind, may prefer to seek elsewhere that which they desire.

In view of these facts, the notion that there is any arbitrary influence in the life at Lomaland will be seen to be absurd. The uniting bond is a common devotion to the purposes of Theosophy; the allegiance shown by the workers is to this common ideal; to this ideal they bind themselves in duty and faithfulness — not to any personality or organized authority.

The organization is for the purpose of facilitating the work. It may be defined as the rules made and observed by the workers for their guidance and for the furtherance of their work.

Everybody occupies the position for which he is fitted. It is nobody's interest to keep him in a position for which he is not fitted, or to keep him out of one for which he is fitted. It is not his own interest to occupy a position which he is not competent to fill or to undertake work which he cannot do.

The Leader, Katherine Tingley, holds that position by virtue of her unswerving devotion to the common cause — Theosophy — her competence to act in that capacity, and as a teacher with the full confidence of all the workers in her devotion and knowledge. She is the director of each worker, subject to the final approval of his conscience.

And no one has yet been, nor will ever be, put in the position of having to choose between his conscience and the Leader's counsel. This is sufficient to account for the perfect understanding that exists between Leader and workers, and between the latter among themselves.

Every individual worker is devoted to Theosophy and the work in Lomaland on his own account. He stands on his own base. He is not working in the interests of another; the cause is a common cause. Every attack made on Theosophy or its work is felt by him as an attack on his own ideals. If the genuineness of the work is questioned, he feels his own honor impugned. He is at all times ready to stand up in defense of his sincerity and the sincerity of all his fellows. And so the group of workers in Lomaland do not in the least resemble a crowd of followers bound to a leader by some inducement or personal interest and carrying out objects to which they are not personally devoted. On the contrary, they are a *unity of individuals* — the one true and only condition of co-operative success. Each individual feels and knows that he is a free agent, recognizing but one obligation — to truth, right, and conscience. Should he lose interest or his faith in himself, he is free to withdraw; but seldom does such a regrettable occasion arise. There are many workers for whom Theosophy has been a life-work, embraced at the earliest opportunity and followed faithfully for perhaps twenty to twenty-five years. When they responded to the invitation to take part in the work at Lomaland, they felt that their past hopes and labors had been consummated. Free to retire, bound by no obligation except such as may be self-imposed by conscience and honor, they remain; for "where the treasure is, there is the heart also"; and surely a man's treasure is there where his daily life is a daily fulfilment of his ideals and where his associates are the friends of his heart.

Thus it will be seen that the conditions of life in Lomaland are such that insincerity or half-heartedness are not tolerated; not that there is any personal intolerance, but insincerity is eliminated by a natural process; the hypocritical and lukewarm person finds no congenial surroundings there. The sincerity of all the members is surely apparent to observers, and constitutes at once a revelation and a mystery; those who are not able to comprehend such sincerity seek in vain for an explanation more suited to their beliefs; while those whose own natures are capable of a sympathetic response feel themselves greatly encouraged by such a visible manifestation.

There are some cavilers who seems to think that a life like this involves a subordination of the "intellect" or "intelligence," but perhaps these critics have not fully understood the meaning of these words. Theosophists consider that an important part of the Theosophical program consists in learning how to use one's intellect and intelligence, and that a large part of what is usually called intellect and intelligence is not worthy of the name. There is no subordination or giving up of the intellect required, though it is usually found convenient to abandon a few wrong methods of thought. But after all, what is intellect? Most dwellers in Lomaland value their intelligence far too much to do anything implying an abandonment of it; but they have a notion that if we can but succeed in stopping some of the rattling of the useless machinery in the brain, we may be able to acquire the art of thinking. Those who consider themselves cramped in their intellectual activities by the demands of practical Theosophy have not succeeded in realizing the best that is in them, and will have to spend more years in the attempted enjoyment of the false liberty to which they are wedded. As for those who hold a larger idea of what intellect is, they have found, as a result of their own experience, that the only limitations imposed under the rule of the Theosophical life are the obstacles thrown in their way by their own weaknesses. They are conscious of an infinite expanse of knowledge to be attained, and of an ever-open door of invitation to enter and learn.

And the same door is open to everybody, for Theosophists are not a body of "superior persons." The majority of Theosophists do not live in Lomaland, but duty and opportunity are with them just the same; for duty and opportunity are the constant companions of every man. This article is not written to extol the virtues of Lomaland, but to vindicate it and to help remove false impressions. The life and work there are very real and genuine and the members are thoroughly in earnest.



AND here they say that a person consists of desires. And as is his desire so is his will; and as is his will so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that will he reap. — *Brihadarayanaka-Upanishad*.



"SOUTH AMERICA OF TODAY":*

by George Clemenceau (Formerly Prime Minister of France)

HAVING reached his seventieth year, the ex-premier of France spent about three months traveling in the republics of the Argentine, Uruguay, and Brazil, and now presents the world with a most brilliant and witty account of what he saw. M. Clemenceau had opportunities of seeing almost everything of importance from which to draw important and just conclusions. City life and country life, the homes of the rich and the poor, public institutions of every kind, the social and political situation, the scenery and natural products—all received careful attention. It is particularly interesting to observe that, although M. Clemenceau has been occupied during his official life with the stormy affairs of political management and international struggling for advancement, he declares that "commercial interests are not the only factors in civilization, and that moral influences are not inferior in results to monetary affairs." He holds the opinion that South America is not only destined to a great future, but that many of its nations have already demonstrated qualities of greatness which place them upon a level with the most advanced European countries—possibly in some cases and in some points in a superior position. He says:

While we waste our time quarreling about individuals and names, they are directing a steady effort towards taking from each country of Europe what it has of the best, in order to build up over yonder on a solid base a new community which will some day be so much the more formidable that its own economic force will perhaps have as a counterbalance the complications of a European situation that is not tending towards solution. . . . With the sole exception of Bolivia, every republic of South America sent a representative to the Pan-American Congress which so fitly closed the splendid exhibition of the Argentine centenary, to discuss their common interests—an imposing assembly which in the dignity of its debates can bear comparison with any Upper Chamber of the Continent of Europe. For my part, I sought in vain for one of those excitable natures, ever ripe for explosion—the fruit, according to tradition, of an equatorial soil. I found only jurisconsults, historians, men of letters and science, giving their opinions in courteous language, whose example might with advantage be followed by many an orator in the Old Continent.

M. Clemenceau was profoundly struck by the evidence of French influence which is plainly visible in South America, particularly in the Argentine. He says:

Latin idealism keeps these South American nations ever facing towards those great modern nations that have sprung from the Roman conquest. . . . The great Anglo-Saxon Republic of North America, tempered by the same Latin idealism imported in the eighteenth century from France by Jefferson,

* G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

is making of a continent a modern nation whose influence will count more and more in the affairs of the globe. May it not be that South America, whose evolution is the result of lessons taught to some extent by the Northern races, will give us a new development of Latin civilization corresponding to that which has so powerfully contributed to the making of Europe as we know it? It is here no question obviously of an organized rivalry of hostile forces between two great American peoples, who must surely be destined by reason of their geographical situation, as also by mental affinities, to unite their strength to attain to loftier heights. The problem, which ought not to be shirked by France, will be henceforth to maintain in the pacific evolution of these communities the necessary proportion of idealism which she had a large share in planting there.

M. Clemenceau, in an instructive chapter on foreign colonists in the Argentine, shows that the French and Italians, in contradistinction to the English and Germans, rapidly undergo transformation into Argentinos — not Spanish — for there is a vast difference between the Spanish in Spain and their descendants in the Argentine. In Canada the French live in harmony with the British but do not mix, and M. Clemenceau suggests that it is natural that they should not do so, for as the English proverb says "Blood is thicker than water;" but in a Latin country the case is different and it is only reasonable to find, as we do, that after two or three generations nothing remains of the original French stock but the name.

In the city of Buenos Aires our author was greatly struck by the fact that the Argentinos are a new type, formed with the aid of those unknown forces which he would class under the general term "climate." This is one of the most impressive points that he brings forward, and one that he repeats with emphasis. To quote again:

The Argentine is not, and firmly refuses to be, a Spanish colony. It has successfully freed itself from the historic shackles — those of theocracy, first of all — which have so disastrously tied and bound the noble and lofty impulses of a people eminently fitted to perform exalted tasks. And hence, notwithstanding a large alluvion from Italy, symbolized by the monument to Garibaldi, notwithstanding the growing influence of French culture, the atavism of blood preserves an indelible imprint which will characterize the Argentine nation down to its most distant posterity. . . . Here, then, is a base, immutably Spanish through all the changes that one can foresee, together with a fusion and perfect assimilation of the Latin elements in the immense influx of European civilization: such is the first condition of Argentine evolution to be seen and studied in the city of Buenos Aires. To make the picture complete, we must notice an important contribution of Indian blood that is very marked everywhere.

M. Clemenceau carefully examined the excellent State school system. The primary schools are free and undenominational. The Argentine clergy, he says, have been taught by circumstances to make an *outward* practice of toleration, though the social influence of the Roman hierarchy is still powerful on what remains of the old colonial aristocracy and on most of the women of the superior ranks of life. The hospitals in Buenos Aires impressed him most favorably, and he says that they possess all the most recent improvements of modern science. The great Lunatic Asylum of Lujan, which is constructed on the separate house system, without walls or material restrictions, is so admirably designed and managed that he is able to assert that it gives the lead to other nations.

To students of Theosophy and members of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who are helping Katherine Tingley in her efforts for the amelioration of the lot of prisoners, one of the most pleasing parts of M. Clemenceau's book is that which contains his observations and his thoughtful and humane comments upon the advanced prison system of the Argentine Republic, which, he believes, has far surpassed all that has been attempted hitherto in this department. This subject is of such great importance that a few quotations must be made, for M. Clemenceau has penetrated deeply into the heart of the matter and has had the courage to admit that the older nations, including France, have not succeeded so well in attempting the solution of the problem of the proper treatment of criminals as one at least of the new republics of youthful South America.

In moving out of its path those who would live within its pale in defiance of its laws, society but exercises its natural right. The real question open to dispute is rather the treatment to be meted out to these rebels. In the primitive code of the *talion* nothing was more simple—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—thou hast killed; I kill thee. . . . I expect to deter thee from future crimes by fear of the pain in store for thee. . . . But when evil instincts . . . have caused the fall of delinquents, the morbid moral sense, more or less distorted, which urged them on to violent deeds, makes them conscious solely of the violence of which they are now the object, and drives them to take sinister revenge. Thus they are prevented from exercising their calmer judgment, from which, by the mere force of reaction, there might spring a desire and hope for a new life within the pale of the established order of things. . . .

It is evident that the time-sentence must inevitably restore a prisoner sooner or later to society. Is not, therefore, the public interest bound up in his returning with a good chance of leading a regular life, and not falling back into the disorder that was the cause of his temporary removal? And is not the very first condition of this fresh start the possession of a trade with sufficient skill therein to ensure some chance of success? If, then, we can give technical instruction in our prisons, and at the same time improve the intellectual and moral standard of the prisoner; and if, on his discharge, we can place the man whom society has thus—temporarily only—removed from its midst, in a position immediately to earn an honest living, instead of throwing him on his own resources, to be again confronted with the same temptations—would not society in this way infinitely multiply the sum total of the probabilities that its money and trouble would have the desired effect? . . . In my opinion the Argentine Republic has far surpassed all that has been attempted hitherto in this department of work.

The Governor of the Central Prison of Buenos Aires told M. Clemenceau that very few old offenders returned to prison, for, he said:

"Our point of view is this: Every time a man commits an offense or a crime, it becomes the duty of the community to begin, immediately, the work of re-education. Probably in no country shall we ever do all we might for the individual offender. But when one member of the social corporation falls he must be made over again. This is what we are trying to do, and I admit it is the greatest joy to us to see the success of our efforts. I have seen most of the prisons of Europe. Did you notice among our inmates that expression of the tracked beast which you find in all your prisoners? No! Our inmates have one idea only—to begin life again and to prepare, this time, for success. This is the secret of that tranquil confiding air of good children at their task which you must have observed on so many faces."

M. Clemenceau then concludes his valuable observations on the Argentine prison system with these mildly sarcastic words:

With that I left, having learned a very interesting lesson from the Argentinos, whom so many Europeans are generously ready to teach.

M. Clemenceau touches upon Argentine politics with a light but firm hand. His criticisms are never harsh, but are uttered in the true spirit of helpfulness and friendliness. He pays the Press an excellent tribute, and was particularly struck by the absence of a certain class of periodical which panders to the grosser elements in many European countries. He noticed the absence of pictures of a kind which defile the eyes of every passer-by in his own and many other European countries. On this, he says, we may congratulate a race whose healthy energies find too continuous employment in the sunshine for them to develop any tendency towards the excesses of "civilized" corruption.

Nearly eighty pages are given to a fascinating description of life in the Pampas, cattle raising, sugar planting, and sport. The beauty and wild grandeur of the romantic forests of Santa Ana, Lulés, etc., are not forgotten. The author's picturesque style makes every scene stand out vividly. Though he quotes few statistics, he gives an excellent general idea of the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the Argentine Republic. With regard to the ruthless destruction of the famous *québracho* trees he strongly advocates a more efficient forestry service.

Speaking of the universal prevalence of the habit of drinking maté tea, M. Clemenceau believes it would be a great boon if it could be substituted in Europe for the alcohol which is, as he says, "threatening us with irrevocable destruction."

Having spent more than two-thirds of his allotted time in the Argentine Republic our author had not the opportunity of seeing as much of Uruguay or Brazil as he wished; but he made good use of his time, and the chapter devoted to Uruguay, and those in which he discusses "Brazilian Society and Scenery," "Rio de Janeiro," and "Brazilian Coffee," are full of sagacious remarks and vivid impressions of the most important points. He studied political conditions in Uruguay very closely, and came to the conclusion that the occasional "Revolutions" are little more than fits of "hysterics" and cannot in any way impede the real progress of the country. He speaks highly of the "splendid qualities of these courageous and modest statesmen who are engaged in building up a social structure that is worthy of all our admiration." In Uruguay, as in the Argentine, and in a slightly less degree in Brazil, he found French influence very potent.

M. Clemenceau speaks highly of the purity of social life in Uruguay, and takes the opportunity of making an occasional thrust at certain contrasts which he says are far too apparent in his own national capital. It is pleasant to hear that capital punishment is no longer legal.

In Brazil, though he only spent a few weeks there, he had sufficient opportunity to be able to refute many calumnies which have been too hastily uttered about that magnificent country. For instance he says:

Brazilian society is very different from that of the Argentine, its elements being more distinct and more complex, while equally European in trend, and with the same immutably American base; the strain of French culture is more

attenuated, the impulsive temperament more apparent, but for steady perseverance and capacity for hard work the Brazilians cannot be surpassed. . . . The Republic of Brazil is an "ancient" Latin community which can show titles of intellectual ability and lofty social ambitions. The effort of a fine race has too long been held in check by slavery, but its incessant activity has already produced astonishing results. For numerous reasons, one of the principal being the domination of theocracy, neither Spain nor Portugal has up to the present time been able to give in modern Europe the full measure of their force. In South America they are making ready a magnificent revenge, which, however, will not, I hope, prevent their taking and keeping in Europe the position that is their due. If I may venture to make a hasty judgment from what I was able to see, the distinctive traits of this people would appear to be an irresistible force of impetuosity in an invariably gracious guise, and every talent necessary to insure the fulfilment of their destiny.

As an example of splendid energy the author mentions the perseverance and zeal with which Dr. Oswaldo Cruz (*Mata Mosquitos* as he is nicknamed) has devoted himself to the improvement of the sanitary condition of Rio and, by dint of unwearying labor, has freed the city from yellow fever.

The chapter on Brazilian scenery is one of the most delightful in the book. The magical beauty of the surroundings of Rio, the astounding forms of foliage and the illimitably dense profusion of vegetable life reduced him to a state of "speechless surprise." He tells of the

Wagnerian fury of the virgin forests which produce a stupefaction that leaves you incapable of analysis and a prey to a tumult of superlatives. And all this happens simply because we have been exposed to the shock of a higher manifestation of the terrestrial forces of the world.

South America of Today will be read with profit as much by South Americans as by North Americans, French, or others, for it is friendly without being partial. It is the genuine tribute of an acute observer to a great civilization which is destined to change the balance of the forces of the world.

C. J. RYAN

"THE SECRET OF THE PACIFIC" *

A new book significant of the progress of recent opinion towards the Theosophical position

THE author of this important and well-written work on the cultures of ancient America and the Pacific, Mr. C. R. Enock, F. R. G. S., an experienced archaeologist and the author of several other able books upon the Pacific shores of America, brings a delightfully open mind to a subject which has only been studied for a comparatively short time and is fraught with extreme difficulties. In fact it may be truly said that the problem of man in ancient America and Polynesia has only just been seriously attacked, and that years of research must elapse before the scientific world will have enough facts to prove beyond dispute the real origin and development of the races which built the wonderful structures which are scattered chiefly along the western shores of South America,

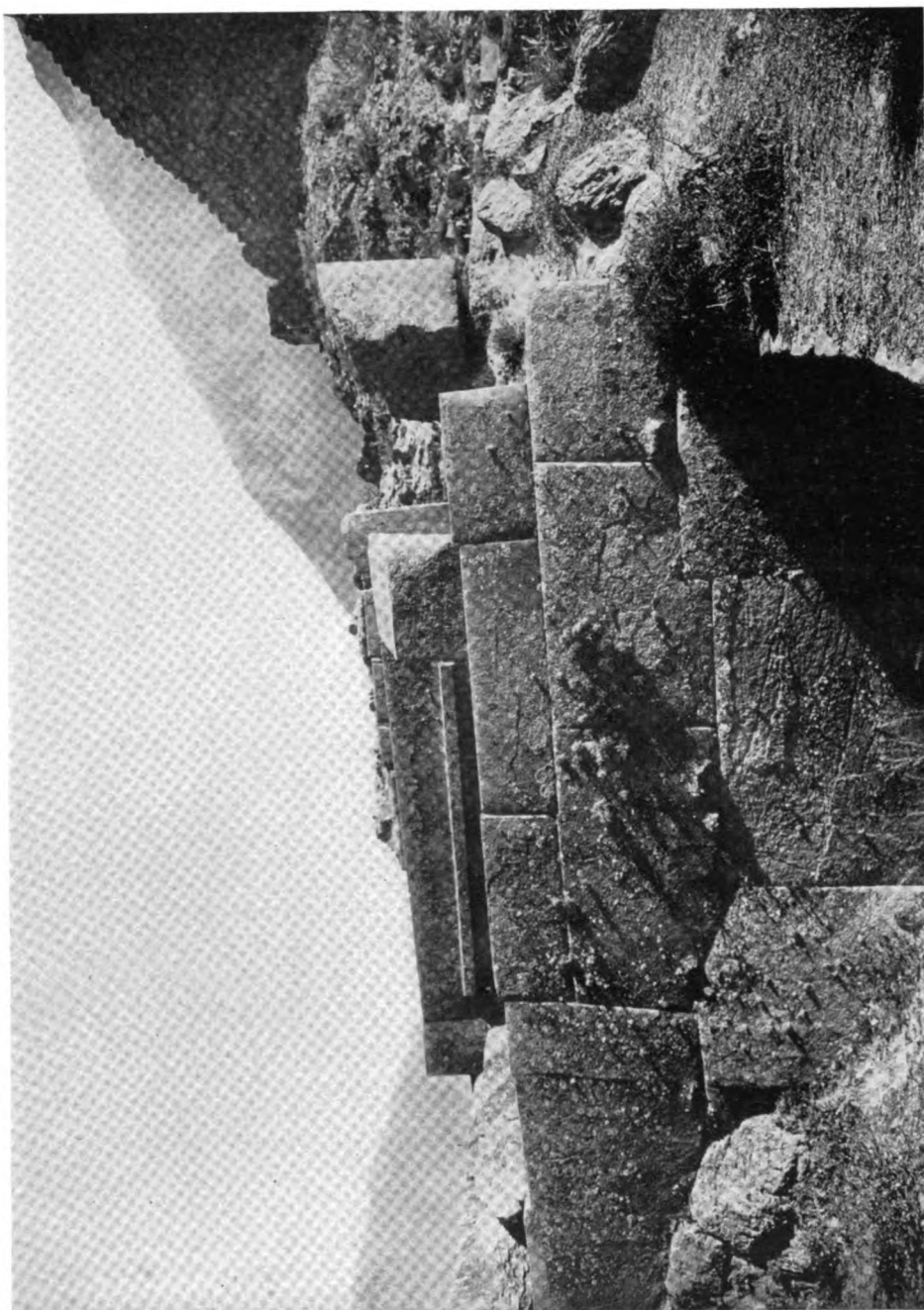
* *The Secret of the Pacific*, C. Reginald Enock, F. R. G. S., C. Scribner's Sons, New York, Fisher Unwin, London. 1912.

in Central America and the southwestern part of the United States, and in a few almost unexplored islands in the Pacific Ocean. The key to the situation is to be found in the teachings of Theosophy, and as soon as a sufficient number of scholars arise who are prepared to adopt the unprejudiced attitude of Mr. Enock, these teachings will be seen to be invaluable and to lead to the desired proofs. Books like his and those of Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., are very encouraging to students of Theosophy for they show the unbiased attitude of mind eager for new truths that is growing among distinguished archaeologists. Mr. Enock assures us that it is his intention in his new book to describe the situation as it stands at the present day, and not to affirm or deny any particular theory of American origins, but he admits that his researches have almost convinced him that the Americas were not always the isolated regions whose peoples were completely separated from the rest of the world as popularly supposed for a long time after Columbus discovered them. The following passages will prove of interest:

Let us be assured of one thing. There have been happenings in those remote times which will startle us when we learn about them, as inevitably we shall. We have yet to learn things of mankind's history which may upset some of our ideas of today. . . . Furthermore, the feeling is strong that all knowledge has come from some primeval center, and that the myths and fragments of prehistoric times which we find scattered about the world are offshoots or remnants of such a center. There must have been something in the remote past, I venture to repeat, about which we have yet to learn, something which may astonish and perhaps elevate us when we have learned it, something of which all the archaeological discoveries we are constantly making are perhaps only as the leaves of a book that, page by page, we are turning over—a book of which we have begun at the end. Was there, perhaps, long ago, really some "Golden Age," when man was spread over the earth and loved and worshiped in the full enjoyment of its kindly fruits, and the seeds of the Tree of Knowledge were scattered far and wide—an age of which these monuments and our philosophies today are but fragments? . . . The possibility of some world-wide culture in very remote times, when perhaps continents and islands were differently disposed, is an attractive romance, perhaps with some measure of actuality behind it, which will receive greater attention as time goes on. Scientific theories and knowledge about that remote and mysterious period when man appeared, from which geology and ethnology are slowly taking definite shape, may wear a very different aspect in the future. At any moment new discoveries may yield something. Perhaps we shall be right in thinking it all part of a greater problem concerning man and his arts in ancient times, all over the world, which we have yet to solve—part perhaps of some sublime and universal texture, which time could not annihilate and which seas and deserts were insufficient to sever.

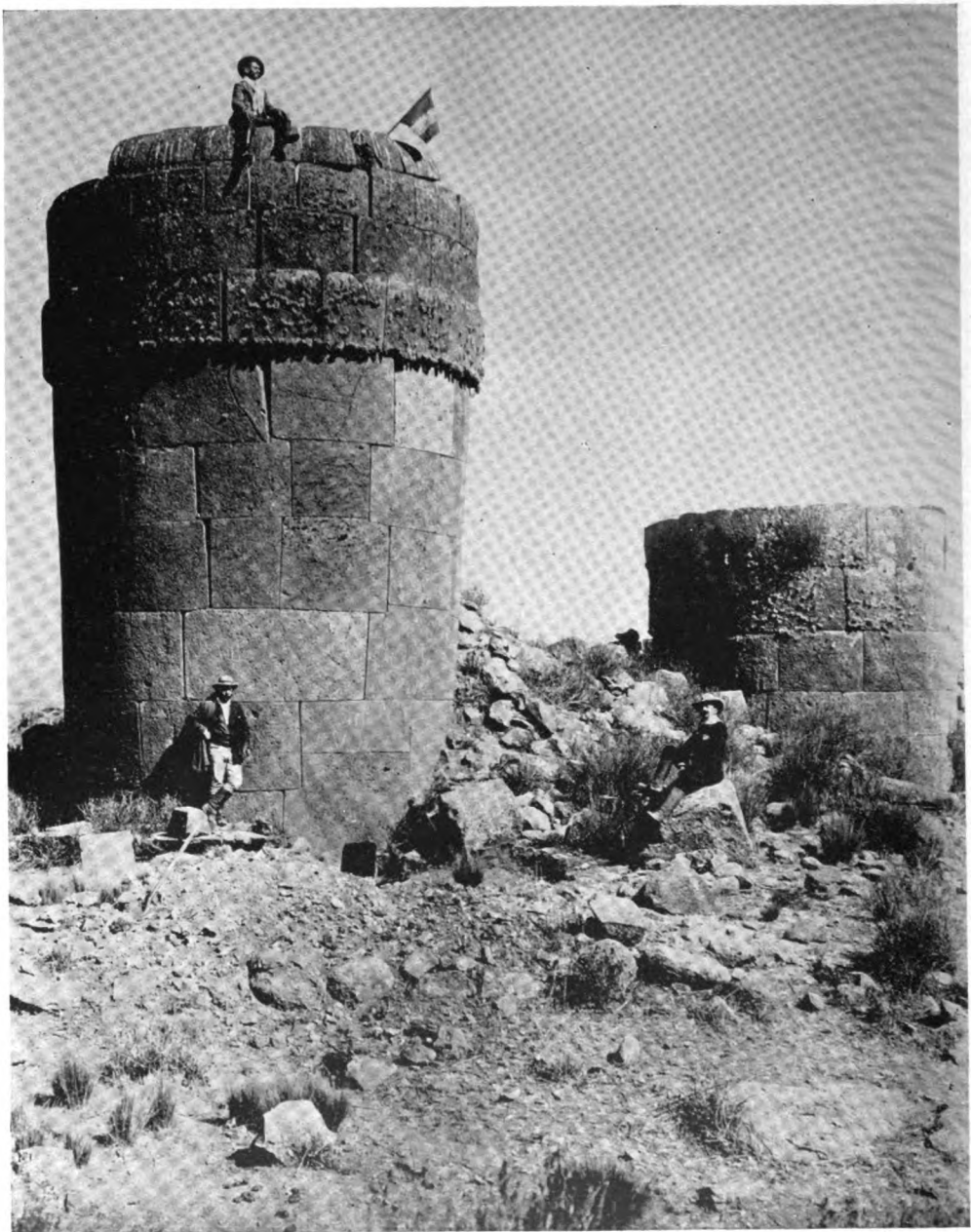
The author, though he says he has profited by a glance at some of Madame Blavatsky's works, does not seem to have studied her principal book, *The Secret Doctrine*, in which he would certainly have found exactly what he seeks—the explanation of the existence of a world-wide culture once existing and from which the present order of things has descended. He is broad-minded enough to say:

We might be tempted to think that man, as we know him, is the remains of a more perfect civilization, or part of such a cycle, working his way up again, rather than being a pioneer of the race. There is no unreason in such a supposition. We are not bound to accept the finality of evolution as at present con-



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OLLANTAYAMBO. RUINS OF THE PALACE OF OLLANTA, PERU



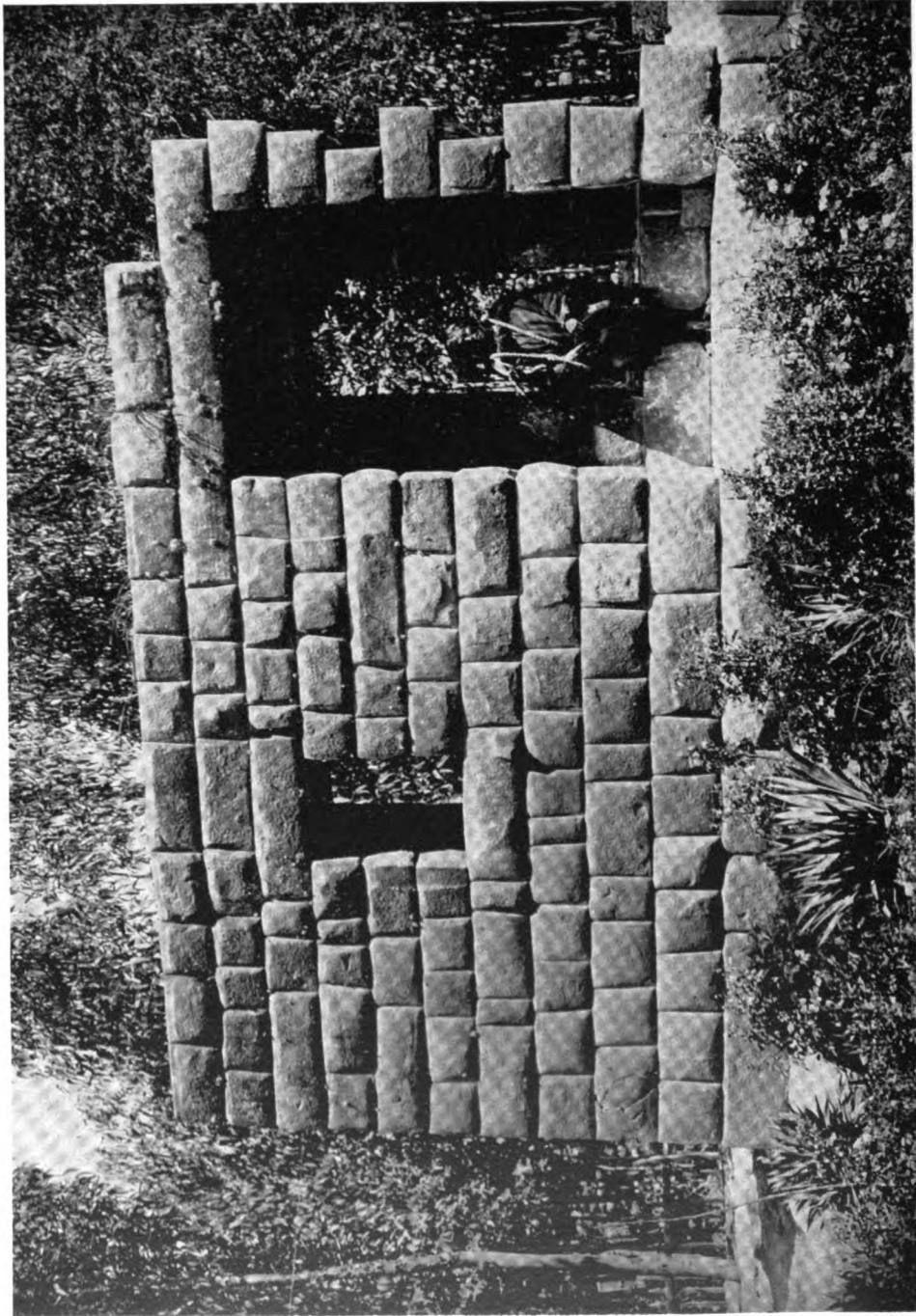
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INCA RUINS IN SILLUSTANI, PERU



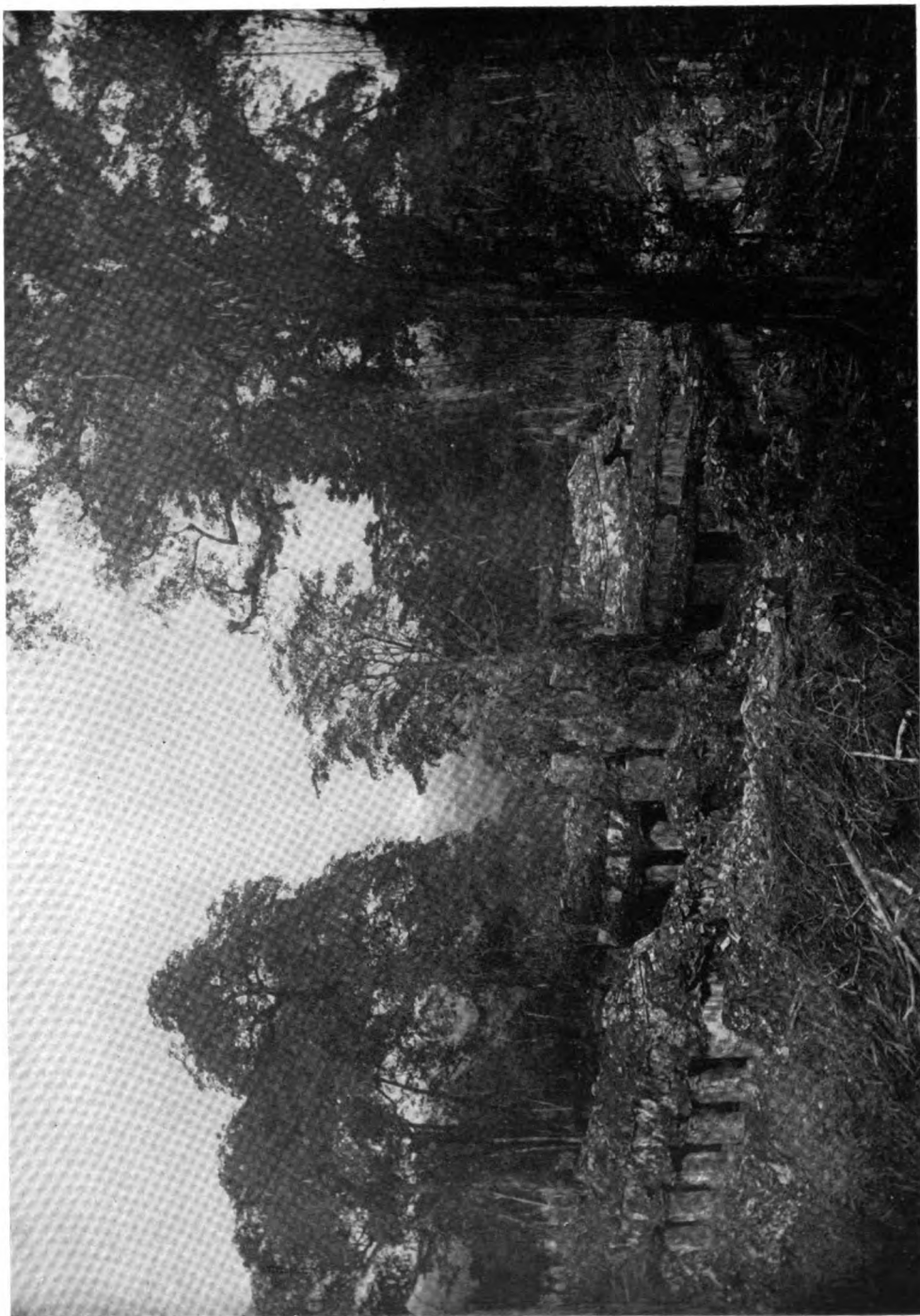
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RUINS NEAR CUZCO, PERU



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RUINS OF INCA PALACE, CUZCO, PERU



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BIRDS'-EYE VIEW OF THE PALACE AT PALENQUE

The building stands on a truncated pyramid rising 100 feet above the plain. In the center foreground is a ruined tower with winding stairway; to the left of tower a courtyard surrounded by a double corridor, from which a passage leads to a much larger courtyard.

(Photograph by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)



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ONE OF THE BEST PRESERVED BUILDINGS AT PALENQUE
(Photograph by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)



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TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PALENQUE

Built on a truncated pyramid, and containing well-preserved tablets on which are carved a central figure of the sun, with figures on either side making offerings.

(Photograph by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)

ceived, either in the biological or the cultural sphere; and, indeed, the near future may bring some strong modification of it.

As regards the world's very ancient ruins, shall we ever discover some exact mechanical process for determining their age? Will it one day be possible by some hitherto unsuspected process or attribute to assign the number of sunrises or earth-revolutions and sun-cycles that have passed since a given wall was erected or a given stone taken from its quarry bed? May not alternate light and darkness have left some calculable impression on "scarped cliff and quarried stone?"

Yes, indeed, there are imperishable records in the "Cosmic picture-gallery" which can be read by those who are qualified, but there are also ancient manuscripts and inscriptions on stone in the possession of custodians who have preserved the prehistoric story of mankind through the ages of darkness, when such things would have been destroyed by fanatics. These will reappear at the proper season. In fact Madame Blavatsky's teachings were entirely founded upon small portions of such collections which were entrusted to her by her Teachers for study and comment. The ancient scriptures of the world with which we are acquainted have preserved fragmentary accounts of what took place before the present conditions came into being, but without the key they are incomprehensible. Theosophy brings us a master-key by means of which we can open many of the locked doors of allegory.

The existence in former ages of world-wide civilizations which have utterly disappeared with many of the lands upon which they flourished, is a cardinal teaching of Theosophy, and is corroborated by innumerable references in ancient writings. Many of these are given in H. P. Blavatsky's works. Not only are the traditions preserved, but actual monumental remains still exist in a few places demonstrating this. The difficulty in realizing the possibility of great lost civilizations has a twofold origin in the minds of western peoples. It arises partly from the artificial chronology that has impressed us with the belief that the world is only about six thousand years old, and that, therefore, we know the general outline of man's historical development, and partly from the materialistic way of looking at man as a very recent development from an ape-like ancestor. Both of these must be given up, before we can open our minds to the larger truth. Man's evolution from primitive states took place at an incredibly remote period; long before early Egypt or India great civilizations had fallen to dust; we are now rediscovering much that was well known on the lost continents and we are destined to reach greater heights than we have yet passed through in our numerous incarnations throughout the ages. As Mr. Enock says, the hypothesis of a sunken continent in the Atlantic Ocean from which the inhabitants, by migrating eastwards and westwards, founded or influenced the civilizations of the "old" and the "new" worlds, "has the merit of explaining certain attributes of early American culture which offer great difficulties to the theory of an Asiatic origin alone," which is favored by a few. It also does away with the hopeless confusion arising from the theory that the ancient American civilizations with their striking resemblances in material and traditional remains to those of Egypt and Asia, have arisen spontaneously. Mr. Enock does not, however, commit himself to the Atlantean or any other hypothesis of American origins.

A brief outline of Mr. Enock's book will make clear to our readers that the Mystery of the Pacific is a most fascinating subject, filled with promise of unexpected marvels. After some introductory chapters, in which the author puts forward the general problem, and describes the tremendous difficulties explorers have to meet in reaching many of the almost inaccessible relics of antiquity in Central and South America and the Pacific Islands, he commences with the northern Behring Sea culture area, and passes down through southwestern United States, the Cliff and Pueblo Dwellers, to Mexico, Yucatan and the Maya remains in Central America. Then he devotes four important chapters to Peru and the evidences for and against the connexion of its pre-Inca civilization with the Old World. Moving on, Easter Island with its gigantic statues next claims his attention, and then he describes the astonishing megalithic remains found in other Pacific Islands, some of which are hardly known even to the archaeological world. The evidences in favor of the subsidence of a vast Pacific continent are then discussed in connexion with geological facts and the distribution of the races inhabiting the remaining Islands. The book is as interesting as a novel, while it has the excellent quality of never stepping over the border of fact.

Mr. Enock's description of the colossal prehistoric structures on Lele and Ponape, islets of the Caroline group, about 2300 miles from Japan, will prove very surprising to most people, for they are very little known. Upon one of the neighboring islets there is a "fortress" with terraces and a pyramid strongly resembling the Mexican *teocalli* or truncated pyramids. At Metalanim Harbor the walls of the main building form an immense quadrangle with inner court, vault, and raised platforms. Some of the blocks of basalt are nearly twenty-five feet long. There are numerous canals with high sea walls composed of immense basaltic prisms. This place has been called the "Venice of the Pacific," and it is generally agreed that the immense structures must have been built by some unknown prehistoric race.

Another little-known island referred to by the author is that of Tinian in the Ladrões. Here are strange buildings containing two rows of massive square columns with heavy round capitals, which originally contained cinerary urns. On Pitcairn Island (130° 6' West Longitude) there are strange carved stone pillars or images not unlike those of Easter Island, also on the Marquesas, and on Tongatabu or "Sacred Tonga" (175° West Longitude) there is, among other things, one of the most mysterious of all the Pacific relics—a doorway constructed of two immense upright blocks of stone supporting a transverse one which is mortised into the supports. The total height of the portal is over twenty feet, and formerly a circular basin of stone rested upon the top.

The part of the book describing "the ruins of strange monuments and structures of unknown buildings upon lonely islands, some of them absolutely inexplicable, almost appalling—like those especially of Easter Island—in their weirdness and peculiarity" is particularly important in connexion with his suggestion that "these far-scattered relics of prehistoric stone-shaping man, extending westward into Polynesia and towards Asia, may be connected in some way with the megalithic structures of Mexico and Peru." It is absurd to think that the

handful of inhabitants these small islands are able to support could have built or carved and transported the colossal remains we find in such numbers. Everything points to the former existence of great masses of land maintaining a large population of civilized people. In support of the theory of submersion Mr. Enock refers to the boring made in 1897 by the expedition sent out by the Royal Society of London to Funafuti, an atoll or typical coral island in the Ellice Group (about 180° West) which established the theory as at least correct for that part of the Pacific.

Space will not permit more than a reference to the "echoes of sublime theogonies and philosophies which are still heard in the oral traditions and folklore of the Polynesians," which Mr. Enock discusses and which fully corroborate the teachings of Theosophy that there was once a world-wide unity of belief and knowledge on these high themes. He refers to the ancient traditions that a disturbance of the earth's axis had caused great floods and changes of distribution of land and sea, and quotes the sublime words of the mysterious *Book of Enoch* in confirmation:

Destruction is but the prelude of Renewal;
Death is but the portal of Life;
Every truth must be made anew.
Behold I saw the Heaven in a blaze of purity,
And I saw the Earth absorbed into an Abyss,
The rolling sphere inclined,
The moment of destruction was at hand;
Mountains suspended over mountains,
Hills sinking upon hills,
Lofty trees toppled headlong,
They sank downwards into chasms;
My voice faltered, I cried out and spake:
"Lo the earth—it is destroyed!" (Kenealy's *Enoch*)

In treating the various forms of culture in North, Central, and South America and in the Pacific Islands in one book, Mr. Enock has rendered a good service to those who wish to gain a comprehensive view of this immense field, and the impartiality of his attitude makes the volume a permanently valuable addition to the increasing number of publications upon this most fascinating subject. Excellent illustrations accompany the text.

C. J. RYAN

**"LUZ STAR-EYE'S DREAM-JOURNEY":* A Story for Children
by Ylva. Illustrations by the Author.**

LUZ (which does not rhyme with *buzz*; you must pronounce it softly and Spanishly, *Looth*)—Luz was a little Râja Yoga girl at the Academy at Point Loma, whose desire was to become a Râja Yoga Teacher herself in time. She was to set out on a journey with certain of her teachers; the day before they were to start, she made the acquaintance of Vestra, the fairy-soul of a Eucalyptus in the garden; and the two make a pact: they will exchange bodies, so as to learn what life is like each in a world unfamiliar to her; Luz will be a

* The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California. 12mo, 137 pp., Cloth 75c.

fairy, and Vestra a human girl for awhile. Vestra will go on the journey to Cuba with the teachers, and Luz promises to accompany her in her fairy body.

Wishing is having your wish fulfilled, in fairyland; Vestra awakes and finds the big, heavy human body, that she does not understand, on her; Luz, to find herself a trifle light as air, carried as if by the wind wherever her desire leads her. She sees some of her fellow pupils, and follows them; then some flowers attract her, then a rabbit; at last she arrives, in despair of arriving anywhere, at the home of the Cave-man. He puts her under tuition of the Fairy Silence, to learn to think and wish for one thing at a time; then gives her a protecting amulet, with which she sets off on her travels.

The amulet she loses in Guatemala, and finds herself a fairy among fairies, knowing nothing of human kind, but hearing vague rumors of them, she is filled with a desire to be of service to them. Meanwhile, she helps the fairies in a thousand ways, until the Cave-man sends Foam-wing to her, who restores the amulet, and brings her to Vestra, en route with the Râja Yoga Party for Cuba. On landing they part, to meet again that night; and Luz sets forward to see the wonders of the Island.

She meets with many adventures, helping the birds and beasts that are in trouble; and is brought by a deer she has saved from the hunters to the cave of Ma Cubá, the Fairy Mother-Spirit of Cuba, who directs her to go among the human people, and find what hopes there may be of uplifting them and restoring the old Golden Age. Going forth, Luz finds the people in trouble because their Soul-selves are not able to guide their body-selves. The Soul-selves are, many of them, great artists, musicians, poets and heroes; the body-selves too often the reverse. The Soul-selves implore Luz to speak for them to the body-selves, which she tries in vain to do — in vain in one sense, and yet with some success in making matters better. She goes in search of some one whose Soul-self is able to control his personality, and who for that reason will be able to interpret between the Souls and personalities of the people; and comes at last to a Râja Yoga Academy. There she knows that she has found what she sought, and goes back to tell Ma Cubá of it, and to fill her with hope and joy. The Râja Yoga Party return to Point Loma, and Luz the fairy is brought there again by Foam-wing. She and Vestra meet under the Eucalyptus in the garden, and change back to their own bodies. Then Luz knows that she has learned the secret of how to become a Râja Yoga Teacher.

The little book is a veritable jewel. The children will love it; it is full of delightful incident and adventures; and beyond that, it is filled with the essence of Râja Yoga, replete with excellent wisdom, the secrets of true living; so that there will be few grown-ups who will not read it with pleasure and profit. It is all delightfully simple and natural; the teaching graces the story as naturally as the bloom and fruit grace the orange tree. It is illustrated throughout by the author; which is, of course, the ideal way of doing things.

K. V. M.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, price list, etc., see *infra*, under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke, London, England

THE August number contains much of value in the field of Theosophical ethics. In "The Individual Conscience" the important distinction, drawn in Theosophy, between Individuality and personality is emphasized. "People usually assert their personality and subordinate their Individuality. This is why they do not succeed in their intended reforms. The Individuality speaks in the voice of conscience, and its appeal arouses the conscience in others, so that instead of being influenced by a dominating personality, they act of their own free-will."

Notes on Swedish architecture arrest one's attention by reason of the numerous fine examples reproduced of exteriors and interiors of the best among the castles of Sweden. There are also some street scenes in the old town of Lübeck.

"Lessons from Nature" give some amusing information regarding the habits of the ants; and as to whether animals can really tell the time.

The doctrines of Professor Rudolf Eucken are briefly discussed, and shown to approximate in some important respects to Theosophical teaching. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times to find a lofty and sane mysticism, free from spookishness, commanding attention among thinkers. Theosophy, however, can illustrate its teachings from the writings of many mystics of both ancient and modern times.

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden

THE August number is well up to the usual high standard. "Shall heroism be regarded as a luxury, or as a daily duty?" is the opening theme, suggested by some well-known incidents of the *Titanic* disaster. It concludes with the reflection: "The fact seems to be that the better nature of man wants simply to be recognized and given room; but we find research too often concerned with the animal nature of man; and religion too much preoccupied with impracticable ideas. It is Theosophy that recognizes the higher nature as a working ideal, and that conducts every department of teaching and culture upon this basis."

An essay on Christendom and the religion of Jesus is of great value, enumerating as it does some historical points that are too little known. "The religion of Jesus is not a doctrinal system, but a path towards the attainment of union with the divine. It demands of us a life of both outward and inward purity, and holds out the hope that he who follows the higher Will shall know divine truth. Long before the time of Jesus, and up to the present hour, the cry of 'atheist,' 'infidel,' has ever been raised against real followers of such teaching."

Professor Sirén continues his instructive series of articles on Swedish architecture. One of the principal royal residences, Drottningholm, commenced in the seventeenth century and completed in the eighteenth, is described, accompanied by fine pictures thereof. It is probably the most beautiful example in Sweden of a noble yet simple construction in the Italian villa style.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany

IN an admirable editorial on "Katherine Tingley's Work," "Amende" shows how an unprejudiced observer of the present status of the Theosophical Movement under the leadership of Katherine Tingley is logically forced to the conclusion that her work is the continuation of that of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge; for it is plain that the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky are being carried out, and that this is being done under the direction of Katherine Tingley. He quotes some of the observations of Karl Heinrich von Weigand in *Sunset* magazine, after a visit to Point Loma; and winds up with the pertinent remark that any difference which may be perceived between the work under H. P. Blavatsky and that under Katherine Tingley is due to the fact that H. P. Blavatsky's pupils included many to whom Theosophy was of merely theoretical interest. In short, the present work is a better realization of the Founder's ideals than could be achieved during her lifetime. In number I of some papers on Reincarnation and the problems of life, Heinrich Wahrmond considers vivisection as an instance of evils which cannot be adequately combated because of lack of such knowledge as the doctrine of reincarnation affords. We quote the following remark as being piquant: "The world, however, has little interest in knowing what Dr. Smith or Alderman Jones thinks; it wants to know what the truth is."

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California

A NOTEWORTHY feature in connexion with the opening article, in the September number, on the late Emperor of Japan, is the portrait of His Imperial Majesty Mutsuhito which forms the frontispiece, and which is believed to be the most recent one painted, and hitherto unpublished in the west. No photograph was ever taken of him, this being contrary to the rules prevailing in the Japanese court. Portraits also appear of the Empress Haruko and of the reigning sovereigns of Japan; together with a series of magnificent pictures of Japanese scenery, including Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain; gardens at Fukuyawa, Tokio; temples, etc. The article pays high tribute to the character and work of the late Emperor, the renovator of his nation, who alone among the monarchs of today was able to play the double part of a modern king endowed with wise statesmanship and business ability, and of an ancient king or natural god, incarnated and enthroned.

The first of a series of articles from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, written in 1879, upon the archaeological remains in Peru, affords much material for thought. Half a dozen splendid illustrations of the pre-Inca ruins in this "land of mystery" are given; and among them one of an actual Inca of today, which gives one a new idea of the high possibilities of this race.

Another important article treats of the Aztec system of chronology, a topic of profound interest to all archaeologists. An account is also given of the eighteenth Congress of Americans (devoted to the study of the origins, languages, myths, and archaeology of the American races) recently assembled in London, accompanied by photographs, including one of Sir Clements Markham, president

of the Congress. A fascinating description of Geneva, the famous city of Rousseau and Calvin, with photographs, is also presented.



THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July contains several very good articles, and two of special practical value — "The Psychology of Sanitation," by Lydia Ross, M. D., and "The Healing Power of Music," by a student. "Sanitation," the author says, "goes beyond the mere matter of physical health or economic value." The article is a plea for general purification both inwardly and outwardly — "a more positive pose and centering of the Real Self, and more freedom from the aggressive mixtures of external influences." The second article is a plea for the realization of the power of music on the emotions, as a power in our lives, and in our sanatoria as a cure for the mentally sick and insane. He quotes from a scientific periodical some cases of nostalgia and aphasia cured by a musical-box in the sanatorium, and the writer "attributes the cure to a resuscitation of the will-power by means of the emotions being aroused by the music. Music," he says, "is the language of the emotions; and good music diverts the mind from bad emotions such as brooding." The writer of the article says, "The reason why we cannot fix or make use of the lofty states into which music lifts us is because the general tone of our life is not keyed up to that pitch. . . . If music does not inspire us to action, it has not inspired us at all. We have to realize that we are temples, and that these shrines need to be made clean and fit ere they can be blessed by sublime presences. Anything worth having must be fought for, and it rests with us whether we consider the thing worth fighting for." — *Review of Reviews*, London.



IN *Zeit im Bild*, August 8, 1912, an illustrated weekly published in Berlin, K. Woltereck gives an account of his visit to the International Theosophical Headquarters and the Râja Yoga Academy at Point Loma. The article, entitled "The Râja Yoga School and Academy at Point Loma," is illustrated with photographs of the grounds, the homes, and the pupils. The writer makes clear his understanding of the fact that the work now being done by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under its present Leader, Katherine Tingley, is a fulfilment of the purposes of H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, which purposes could not be carried out in her time or in that of her immediate successor, W. Q. Judge. He describes his reception and the things which he saw, summarizing the character and work of the Râja Yoga School adequately and appreciatively. He concludes by saying that if only Râja Yoga schools like the little Paradise at Point Loma can be established in every land, then the children of every nation have before them happy school-years; for at Point Loma both old and young seem, through the Râja Yoga system to have actually achieved happiness on earth.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony," but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California.

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ADDRESS BY KATHERINE TINGLEY at San Diego Opera House, March 1902 . . .	\$.15
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HYPNOTISM: <i>Hypnotism</i> , by W. Q. Judge (Reprint from <i>The Path</i> , vol. viii, p. 335); <i>Why does Katherine Tingley Oppose Hypnotism?</i> by a Student (Reprint from <i>New Century Path</i> , Oct. 28, 1906); <i>Evils of Hypnotism</i> , by Lydia Ross, M. D.15
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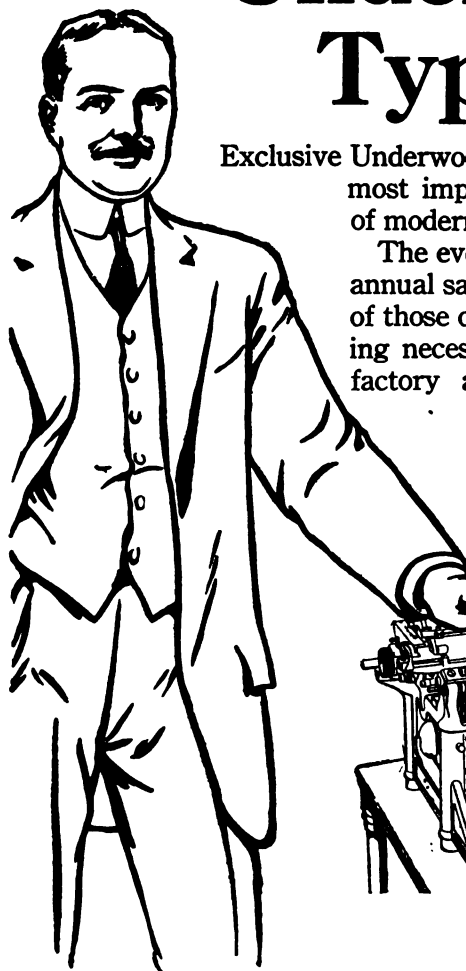
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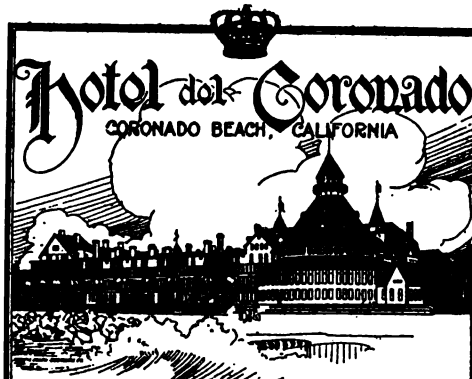
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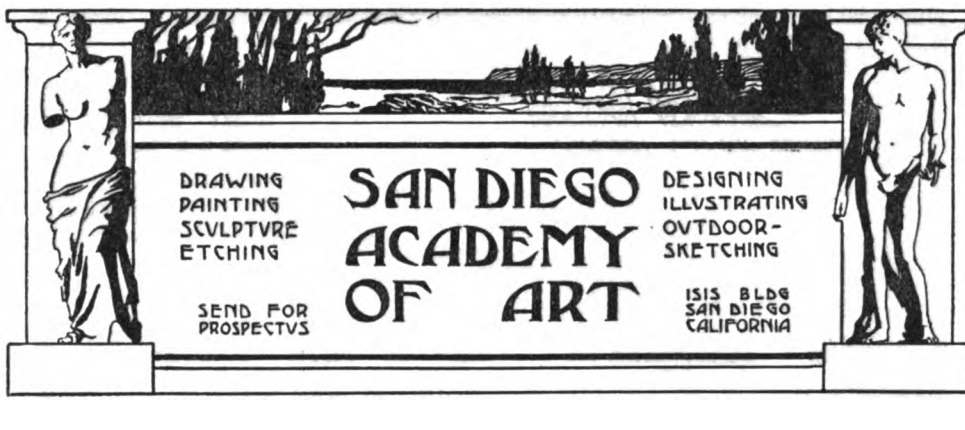
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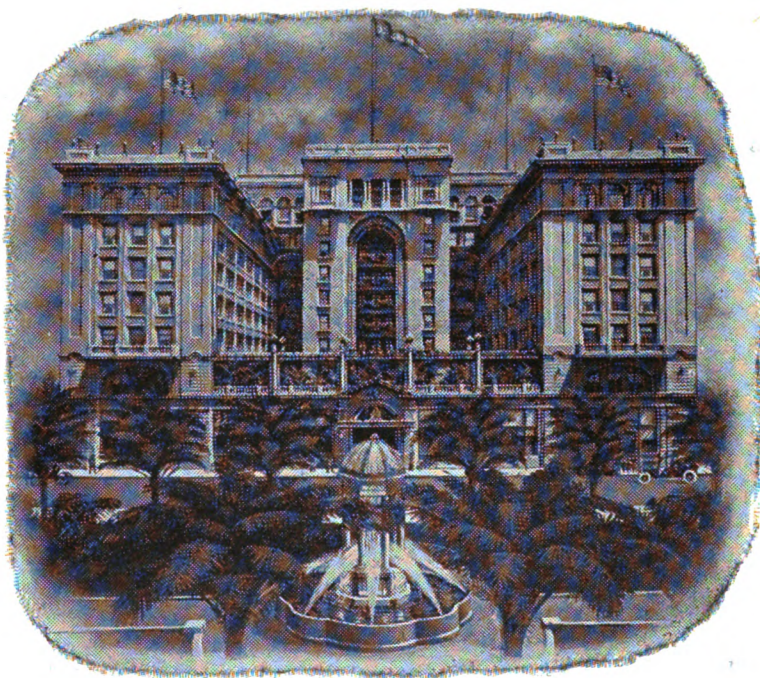
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VOL. III NO. 5 ✓

B

NOVEMBER 1912

The Theosophical Path



THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



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But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human heart, and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research and discrimination of that basic Truth. — H. P. BLAVATSKY

Let us disown whatever is unworthy of our name and of our history, whatever will hide from us the ideals of our own national birth, whatever will drag us from the heights of our attainment. Let us be assured, too, that there is no nation too mighty to stand in silence before the Judgment Bar of history, and that from the verdict of Time there can be no appeal. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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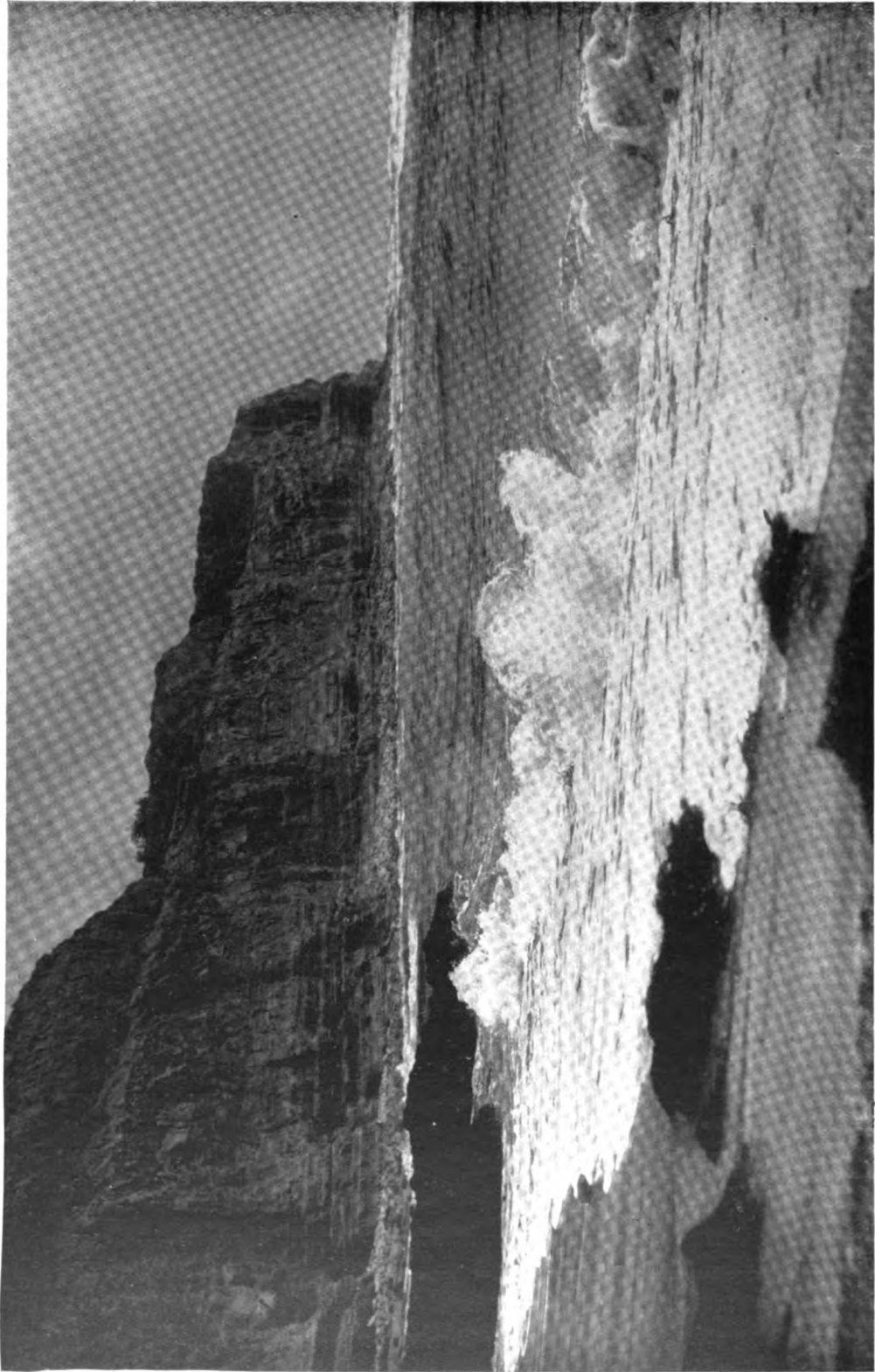
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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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TRUTH is known but to the few; the rest, unwilling to withdraw the veil from their own hearts, imagine it blinding the eyes of their neighbor.

H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, I, 307.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, FROM A THEOSOPHIST'S VIEWPOINT:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE eighty-second annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened at Dundee, Scotland, on September 4, with the Presidential Address by Professor Schäfer of Edinburgh University, whose topic was the origin and nature of life and the present attitude of scientific thought towards that question. This address has been described as epoch-making and daring, and as likely to flutter the minds of the timid and orthodox; but as far as we can judge, these fears are groundless. The speech is undoubtedly one of the most eloquent scientific romances uttered in recent times, but it is quite innocuous.

If asked to sum up the whole performance in a brief phrase, we should be inclined to describe it as a magnificent fossil disinterred from the débris of mid-nineteenth-century speculation, "lifeless but beautiful," like the youth in Longfellow's poem. Or we might characterize it as the swan-song of a dying sciolism, or a flowery epitaph in memory of departed greatness. At times, indeed, one is tempted to think the remarks are ironical, so out of place do they seem amid contemporary thought.

The anxious inquirer, thirsting for knowledge, may be pardoned for letting his glances stray toward the end of the speech, in the hope of obtaining there an anticipatory glimpse of the important conclusion at which the eloquent speaker must doubtless have arrived. We did

this; and we find that it all ends in this: the Professor holds out hopes that it may not be so very long after all before man will be able to make living matter out of non-living matter. And suppose the hopes are justified and the day of their fulfilment is nigh; what then? Why, we shall have biologists creating bugs in bottles, out of benzene; or, to give them every advantage, let us suppose that they succeed in creating homunculi, like a medieval sorcerer, or a miserable monster like that of Frankenstein. What a triumph! But at least it will give the eugenists something to do in humanely eliminating the monsters that science will create.

The Professor sniffs rather unkindly at what he calls "supernatural intervention." He brushes this aside, as it has no scientific foundation. But we shall see in the course of our explorations among his words and phrases that he pays us back with usurious interest for what he has taken away. His own theories constitute in our opinion the most fantastic and visionary piece of mythology we have ever seen.

First of all it is necessary to try to define the word "life"; and we have no fault to find with the Professor's remarks on this point. The word includes so large a category that it is impossible to find a definition which does not omit something; and many definitions are tautological. He quotes one definition which says that life is the sum-total of the phenomena exhibited by living beings, and says it reminds him of Sydney Smith's definition of an archdeacon as a person who performs archidiaconal functions. The definition also makes of life an abstract noun; and an abstract noun is hardly the kind of thing to which one would entrust the building of a universe.

The lecturer's first important point was that the phenomena exhibited by what we call living matter are of the same kind as those exhibited by what we call dead matter. He instanced a number of familiar cases showing the similarity of chemical and physical processes with the processes in living matter: such as the behavior of certain mixtures of colloids and crystalloids in solution. In fact he gave the endorsement of what we may call scientific authority to certain ideas which have been gaining ground lately in the scientific world. He stated his conviction that inorganic matter and organic matter form one continuous chain of evolution, and that living matter has probably been evolved from non-living matter.

His next point carried him a step further. Instead of relegating the initial stages of evolution to the limbo of the past, as previous

evolutionists have done, he suggested that they may be taking place all the time and today. Dead matter may even now be evolving into living matter — not in the test-tube, but somewhere in nature.

These three points do certainly mark an advance in scientific thought, and due credit is hereby given for them. They are: (1) that inorganic and organic form a continuous chain of evolution; (2) that even the primary stages of evolution may be going on today; (3) that man himself is one of the agents of evolution and may be able to make things evolve.

In this magnificent system of scientific monism there is but one God. Theology has one God, but then that God creates a universe. In this system the God is his own universe; the universe creates itself; or, if you prefer it, the God creates himself. And who is this God? His name is Matter; but he has other names. Sometimes he is called Life; but we are always given to understand that it is the same thing that is meant all the time. This thing, then, Matter or Life, *was* from the beginning. The first thing it did after that was to start evolving; why, we do not know; nor do we care; that is outside our province. Just how or why it determined to evolve the present universe, we do not know either; but anyway it did so resolve. Or no: we may have gotten the business wrong; the first speck of matter did not have any ideas as to its future results at all; it just felt its way, so to speak. It divided itself into two. After that, all was easy, for each of the two divided themselves naturally into other two; and then there were four. A mere continuation of this process is obviously all that is necessary to produce man himself, the crown of creation, whom Professor Schäfer describes in well-known but most strangely placed words: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!" further quoting: "All that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity"; and so forth.

But let us give a few quotations to show the intervention of the supernatural and the daring flight of the scientific imagination through the air from one trapeze to another without a net.

Setting aside, as devoid of scientific foundation, the idea of immediate supernatural intervention in the first production of life, we are not only justified in believing, but compelled to believe, that living matter must have owed its origin to causes similar in character to those which have been instrumental in producing all other forms of matter in the universe; in other words, to a process of gradual evolution.

Whether science has disproved, or merely failed to prove, the proposition about supernatural intervention, is not clear; nor do we know what is meant by supernatural intervention. It would have been handy to know the latter point, because it is needful to discriminate between supernatural intervention and what actually did happen. The reasoning seems to have become lost in a tangle of misplaced phrases and abstract nouns. It is asserted that something owed its origin to a process of gradual evolution; but whether it is living matter that did so or the other kinds of matter is not clear. The causes which produce living matter were similar in character to those which were instrumental in producing the other kinds of matter. Thus there are two sets of causes, and one of them was a process of gradual evolution, and the other was something similar thereto. The use of the word "instrumental" implies that still other causes shared the work.

Now how is the above for a supernatural dogma? What scientific foundation is there for this belief?

We can look with the mind's eye and follow in imagination the transformation which non-living matter may have undergone and may still be undergoing to produce living substance. . . .

Assuming the evolution of living matter to have occurred — whether once only or more frequently matters not for the moment — and in the form of a mass of colloidal slime possessing the property of assimilation and therefore of growth, reproduction would follow as a matter of course. . . .

We can trace in imagination the segregation of a more highly phosphorized portion of the primitive living matter, which we may now consider to have become more akin to the protoplasm of organisms with which we are familiar.

And how is the above for speculation and miracle? The speaker takes us through a lot of these imaginary stages, saying what *would* happen and what the next stage *would be*. At one stage his living matter acquires the power of reproduction — quite easily and naturally — but its finest achievement is when it gets a set of nerves.

In animals . . . from a slight original modification of certain cells has directly proceeded in the course of evolution the elaborate structure of the nervous system with all its varied and complex functions which reach their culmination in the workings of the human intellect. "What a piece of work is man! (etc.)" But, lest he be elated with his physical achievements, let him remember that they are but the result of the acquisition by a few cells in a remote ancestor of a slightly greater tendency to react to an external stimulus, so that these cells were brought into closer touch with the outer world; while, on the other hand, by extending beyond the circumscribed area . . .

And so forth; it matters not where we break off. It is this which,

in our own opinion "not merely justifies us in thinking, but even compels us to think" that this Presidential Address is an epoch-making piece of eloquent scientific romancing. The time has gone by when the kind of words and phrases used seemed to have a meaning; they belong to a past age. And this is why we spoke of the address as a fossil. It can safely be said that no savage tribe that ever existed, no fanatical sect, ever produced a more entirely visionary and fantastic system of the universe. It is built entirely on speculation and flights of the imagination. The philosopher is rude enough to speak of himself as a bundle of cells; but we will venture to say that no mere bundle of cells ever made such a theory, no matter how their ancestors tended to react.

So this is the daring philosophy of which we are to stand in awe! This is materialism, or science, or whatever the name may be! But we refuse to be cowed. Our own ancestry was such that it does not permit us to be cowed. Though sorry to disagree, we cannot help it; our ancestral cells reacted that way, and we were not there to oversee the process.

Some may imagine that the above remarks constitute an attack on evolution or on modern science in general. But, if so, they are much mistaken, for this is far from being the case. Say, rather, that in impugning what we conceive to be erroneous, we are defending what is right in science. But there is no need to expend words in explaining the attitude of Theosophists towards modern science, as this will be readily understood by reasonable people. Theosophists welcome science and revere it, in so far as it remains faithful to its own prescribed program. This program has been defined as consisting in the accurate observation of facts and in correct reasoning from those facts. But if we find that people, in the name of science, are departing from this course and indulging in what seems to us to be pure speculation, then, if we ourselves are to be loyal to truth and accuracy, and if we are to defend science and its faithful votaries, we are constrained to demur. Even more is this the case when the speculation and faulty reasoning lends itself, explicitly or implicitly, to an animalistic philosophy or an equally fanciful sociology.

The word Evolution itself needs defending, for it is disparaged by being used in such a connexion as the above. Theosophists are champions of Evolution. When modern thought first rediscovered this principle, a great epoch was registered; but so far we have merely

been taking our first wild plunge. The scientific mind seems to have been intoxicated at first by the importance of its discovery and to have run to all kinds of extremes. Moreover the mind still retained much that should have been cleared away before anything new was built. For these reasons the doctrine of Evolution has become mixed up with various mental kinks inherited from past theological bias, and of these the chief is what is called materialism but is better called animalism. It may seem strange that we should thus associate theology with materialism, but we maintain that theology reduced soul and spirit to a mere abstraction, thus forcing science, in the effort to free itself, to concentrate attention on the external and animal side of nature and of man. But it is time now that science should apply its logical methods to those things which are so far more important than the external and material world; otherwise it will find itself stranded in a system of superstition as bad as any that it sought to destroy.

Verily the God of the evolutionary sciolists is a terrible God; and awful would be the fate of society if left to his tender mercies. If science can find no other way of escaping from superstition than by plunging into still greater superstition, it is in a bad case and needs assistance.

The sciolists confuse Evolution with the cause (or causes) of Evolution. Evolution is a process; the word, when used to define this process is an abstract noun; and as such, of course, it cannot be the cause of anything. One might as well say that a steam engine is propelled by locomotion; the statement is true in a way, but it does not explain much. To say that Evolution created the world and its denizens amounts to no more than using a certain form of grammatical composition, and is but another way of saying that the world was created in accordance with certain principles described as Evolution. If we allow our syntax to confuse our thoughts, and permit ourselves to imagine that there is a power or force called Evolution, which created the world, then we have gotten back to theology.

These philosophers can tell us a good deal about the details of the evolutionary process, and they can fill in many more imaginary details; but of the causes of evolution they tell us nothing; they even sneer at the idea. Thus it is that we are asked to accept the absurd idea of matter evolving itself. This mysterious, all-potent, self-evolving matter is indeed a mystery-god.

We must accept *mind* as a postulate. Then we are beginning with

consciousness, a thing of which we have experience; instead of with "atoms" or "life," which are abstractions. Evolution is the process by which mind expresses itself in matter — or spirit expresses itself in form. We have a complete illustration of the process in the familiar oriental simile of the potter and his clay. There is first the potter, then the clay, then the idea in the potter's mind, and finally the jar which he makes. All these factors have to be considered. The above-mentioned philosophy seems to regard matter as being at once the potter, the clay, the design, and the finished product. It is about the crudest system of philosophy ever devised.

Will and Ideation are the workers in the universe, and Life is the energy generated by their interaction. Man himself uses Will and Ideation in creating his works of art. The evolution of physical forms is only a small section of the process of Evolution; the evolution of mind is far more important. Animal bodies serve as the vehicle for the development of animal souls; and so in the lower kingdoms of nature the evolution of soul is going on. It is soul or mind (ordinary terms are vague) that causes the evolution of organisms, adapting them to its needs. Of course we cannot find soul or mind in the test-tube or under the microscope; but who would expect to do so? The cause of material evolution cannot be matter itself; to be logical we must seek elsewhere. Suppose a scientist were to say that the house that Jack built was not built by Jack because he had analysed all the bricks and could not find any trace of Jack.

To understand Evolution we must study the phenomena of mind and consciousness; that is, we must study Man, in ourselves and in our fellows. This is beginning at the right end; the mysteries of physics will then clear themselves up in due course. Meanwhile the attention of the student is directed to the masterly exposition of the ancient doctrine of evolution contained in H. P. Blavatsky's work, *The Secret Doctrine*.



Difficilis est cura rerum alienarum. — Cicero, De Officiis, i, 9, 30.

The duty of another is full of danger. — *Bhagavad Gītā*

Tantumne ad re tua'st otii tibi, aliena ut cures?

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto. — *Terentius*

HAST thou so much leisure from thine own affairs, that thou shouldst care for those of another?

I am a man: I consider nothing human "other" to me.

“EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM”:

by Rev. S. J. Neill



THE above is the title of a lecture given August 7, 1912, at Cambridge, England, by George Hare Leonard, M. A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Bristol.

Professor Leonard is a thinker, and one is strongly reminded of Ruskin in reading his lecture. In every page there is the keen insight, the wide outlook, and the deep sympathy with human life so much needed at the present time on the part of all leaders of thought. In all countries and in every age there have been, now and then, signs of more or less serious social unrest. But never before has social unrest been so widespread and so portentous of serious consequences to humanity. Various causes have been put forward to account for this. And among these supposed causes, education is charged with having done very much to produce social unrest.

Professor Leonard quotes Matthew Arnold who

used to say that the “new aim was to teach the working-man to read the newspapers.” We have taught him, and he has found the tree of knowledge of good and evil: tasting its fruit he has found it bitter-sweet. He knows evil now, and sees, out of reach, a good in which he passionately claims to share. He sees the contrasts of this world, which do not grow less striking as the years go on, and he does not take them for granted.

Education is blamed in various ways. It is said to make men dissatisfied with their condition because they are educated beyond their position and requirements; or because the education is one-sided or unsuited to the man's needs or condition; or even because education fills the minds of men with hopes and longings that are very difficult or impossible to satisfy. The Ancient Wisdom attributed to Solomon says, “He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” Knowledge is not necessarily wisdom, and Tennyson declares that “Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.” Science has been defined as “knowledge systematized”; and wisdom may be regarded as the finished product, fit for use, of which knowledge is the raw material. Proverbially, “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing”; and this is often manifest in the unrest that follows the primary stages of education, whether in the individual or in the nation. St. Paul says: “Knowledge puffeth up but charity edifieth.” This is true of the young pupil; his mind is so filled with what he has attained that he is unconscious of the ocean of knowledge that stretches beyond him. Humility, wisdom, and charity come later. The same is true of a people or nation.

Education may produce a "divine unrest," a constant urge upward; or may produce an unrest of quite another character — a restlessness, a dissatisfaction with ourselves and our condition. England has, by some, been blamed for the sort of education given to some of her Oriental subjects. It is said that western education, and more liberty, has produced unrest — "candidates for starvation," as H. P. Blavatsky would say. Each person with a little education expects a billet, with not very much work attached; and as there are not enough billets for all, many are filled with unrest. To some extent the same thing is true in all countries. Education is regarded too much on the dollar basis. This is not the fault of the education, but of its limited extent, of its one-sidedness, or of the wrong use to which it is put. The "thirst for knowledge," not simply for the sake of gaining power, or fame, or money, but for the sake of being of more use — this kind of thirst for knowledge is not very common, even in this age. Not less education but more is what is needed. Not one-sided education, but the harmonious development of the whole man, "physically, intellectually, and morally," as taught in Katherine Tingley's Râja Yoga system, is the urgent demand of the age. Schools are better than jails, and much cheaper. When the spirit of selfishness is eliminated from education, and when the divine self in man, and the law of Brotherhood, as a fundamental principle in nature, are taught and lived for a generation or two the world will be fit for an advance upward of which not even the most sanguine can now form an adequate conception. Not ignorance but knowledge which leads to wisdom is the way of hope for men. Professor Leonard quotes Dr. Johnson as saying:

Let it be remembered that the efficacy of ignorance has long been tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take a turn, and let the patrons of privation stand aside awhile, and admit the operation of positive principles.

There can be no real and lasting progress while ignorance usurps the place of knowledge. This is true of every grade or class of society. And the best knowledge comes from self-knowledge. Good intentions count for much; indeed honesty rather than cleverness on the part of the world's lawmakers was never more needed than at the present time; but benevolence is not enough, we must also know. Right intention and knowledge should ever go together.

Says Professor Leonard:

Education is a hard master. It will have no likings and dislikings. It knows nothing of short-cuts. I find working-men impatient of History — my own subject — for instance. They must not be impatient. History — I mean History properly taught — has lessons for us all. Here it is — the experience of the race, stored up for us — and we make scarcely any use of it. We go on making the same mistakes over and over again as if the records of the past were blotted out.

Very often, in England at any rate, the great educational institutions are regarded by the laboring classes with suspicion. Sometimes the Universities are singled out as *the* enemies of the working classes. Men say that there is a conspiracy not to “educate,” but to “chloroform” the working people with upper-class Economics and History.

There may be a small fragment of truth in this, but all real educators endeavor to free themselves from prejudice; and they remember that Truth is many-sided; or, according to the ancient story, Truth has been broken into a thousand fragments, and it is only by all the fragments being brought together again, and fitted to each other, that the beauty of the perfect whole can be realized.

Professor Leonard says truly that in education we should aim at quality rather than quantity. “The wisdom of the heart,” is a matter in which the “nation has more need of definite training than it knows.” “The conscience of the people as a whole must be moved. Education must touch character.”

Too much stress is laid on unimportant things in elementary education, secondary education, and even in the universities themselves. What Professor Leonard says of the churches is very noteworthy. The man in training for the ministry must not have his education interfered with by “Social work,” or “Social interests,” or the study of Political Economy and Social Science.

Sometimes it is understood that the theological student must not be a man of the world; perhaps he is discouraged from walking in the moral hospitals. So it happens that he is kept to his books till he is ordained, and then let loose, in all his ignorance, upon Society. He knows Greek, of course, and perhaps Hebrew. But he does not know men — sometimes it would appear he has never made any serious attempt to understand the mind of Christ. And yet, in the end, it is the scholarship of the heart that makes the divine.

Quoting from Lord Rosebery’s recent address, that there can be no “class for character, no class for morals, but you can infuse character and morals and energy and patriotism by the tone and atmosphere of your Universities and your professors,” the lecturer adds, “that this high education of men, so subtle, so indefinite, but so sure,

may go on — must go on," in many ways, and frequently when we least think about it. There can be no real education, and no real reform which does not proceed from the heart, from love, not self-interest. He says:

Love is a learnable thing; hard to learn I know, hard to practise — for it costs much — but we shall not change the world till we have learned at last, in the words of Browning:

"What love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

The Evangelists record that Jesus declared, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," to be the sum and substance of the Law and the Prophets. The Apostles Paul and John give the same teaching — "Little children love one another," for thus and thus only is the Law fulfilled.

There can be no doubt that the world has reached a very serious condition through men's forgetting they are men, and brothers. There is *so much dehumanizing influence at work*; so much of the spirit of separateness and selfishness. The present education very largely fails to correct this; it even intensifies it, in some cases. The money-basis has in very many cases taken the place of the old relationships which, whatever their drawbacks, did help to keep alive a human relationship between man and man. Education is often looked upon as something to enable a man to make money, and to make it faster than some one else. Or it is looked upon as an intellectual achievement. No wonder there is so much talk about the "drifting apart of master and man"; about the "great gulf fixed between capital and labor." The Law of Brotherhood, which is a fundamental law of Nature, has been ignored, and until it is recognized there can be no betterment for the suffering world. There must be the heart-education; the development of sympathy; a kindly understanding of one another; a patient determination to "overcome evil with good," and to find out our *brother*, the real divine self, in every man, even though he may be an enemy.

A few months ago Professor Leonard went with many others to the "Vale of the White Horse," Uffington — made famous by that wonderful book, *Tom Brown's School-Days* — and he tells us how the advice given in that book, to stop trumpeting and fuss, and to make real friends among the people, came into his mind.

Do you think that *foreign* travel will prove a better education — a more *useful* education just now — than this journeying across the gulf that estranges man from man at home? Why, in five minutes from the pleasant places where some of us dwell there is an undiscovered country where men are waiting for us, with unfathomed thoughts, and aspirations, of which we have never dreamed while we

have been so busy blowing trumpets, and fussing ignorantly, and trying to do *for* people what we ought to do *with* them.

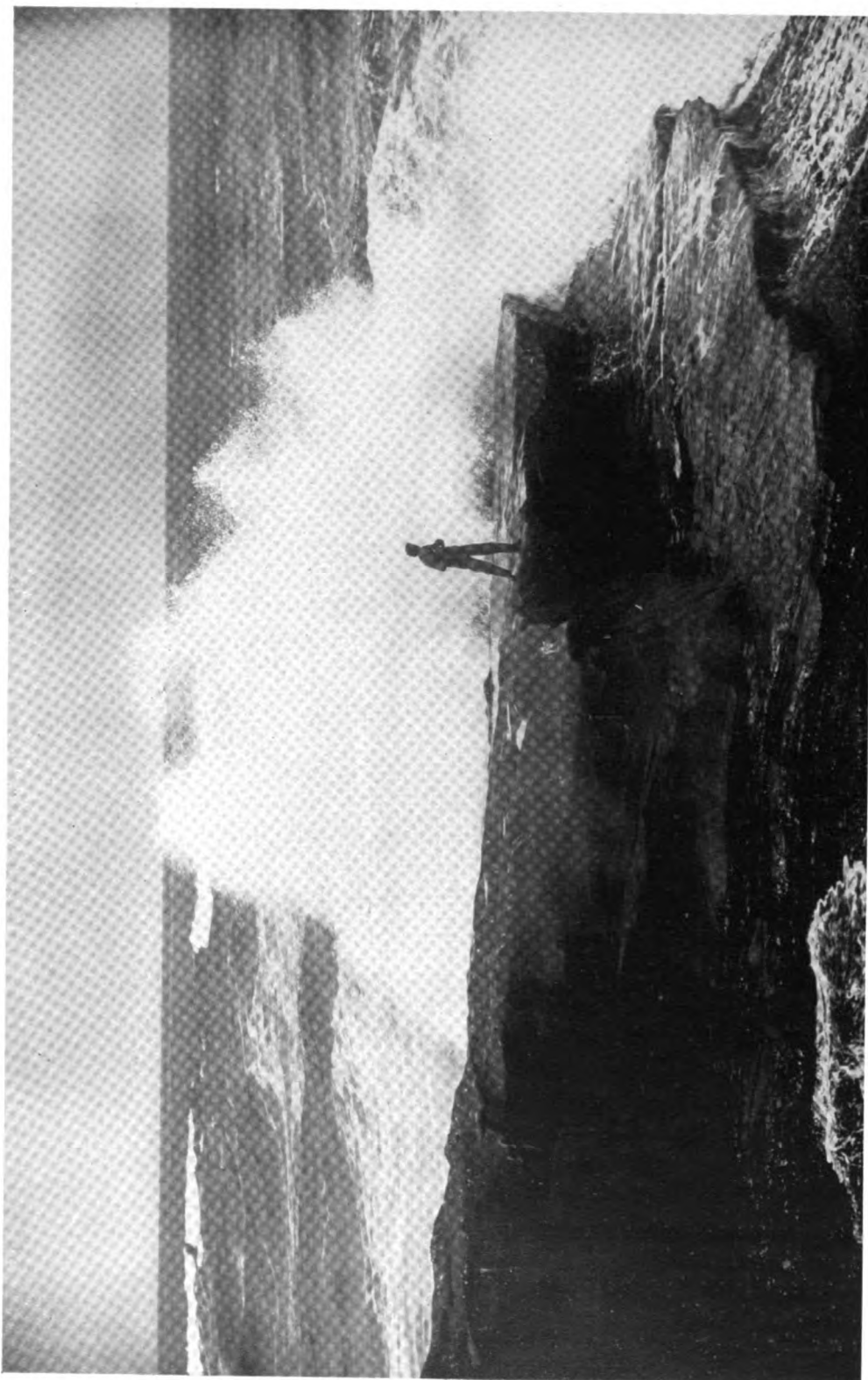
In this connexion the words of the Bishop of Hereford in July 1912, serve to show how some, at least, in the churches are conscious of the need for more education of a new type. He says that with the "increase of wealth and luxury the atmosphere of our general life has been less favorable to great ideas and purposes," and that there is much need for

social missionaries of a new type who shall be men of simple and pure tastes, the declared enemies of luxury, self-indulgence and greed whether vulgar or refined; men in whom public spirit, public duty, and social purpose shall be practicable and guiding motives, not vague and intermittent sentiments.

Many thoughtful men are aware that this "unrest" which extends to every country of the world is but a sign or symptom of a critical condition existing in humanity. Vaguely men feel the need for something which old forms of thought and teaching do not supply. The waters of Truth do not change, but the channels may, and do become clogged up.

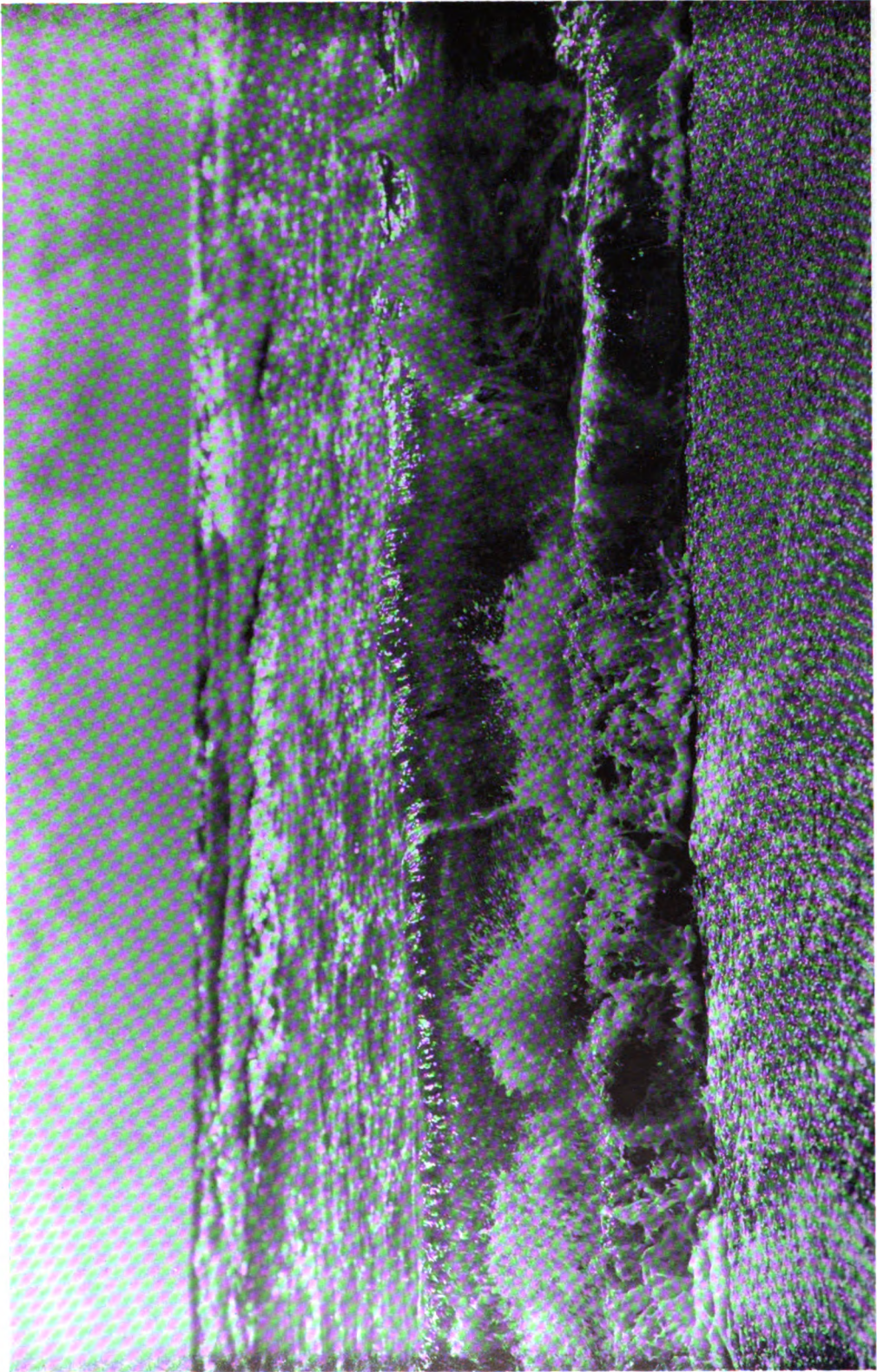
The "unrest" is a symptom of the fevered condition existing in Humanity as a whole. The fevered condition is a sign that poisonous elements have got into the system; but it is also a sign that the Life-principle is there and struggling to set the system free. If Life were not there, no fever and no unrest could exist. Therefore the "Unrest" which we observe, and which we may lament, is a source of hope, just as it may be a sign of danger. Men cannot be helped till they feel their need of help; and true education can follow only upon a realized need for it. The poison of selfishness that has produced fever and unrest in Humanity must be overcome by altruism, self-sacrifice, sympathy, and love for our fellow-men. There must be an education or development of the whole man, and not of the intellect only. The "primal duties that shine aloft like stars," must be kept to the front, and the non-essentials put in a secondary place. The spiritual unity of Humanity, and therefore Universal Brotherhood, is a primary truth, and to it the first place must be given. Then other necessary things will follow in their proper places.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.



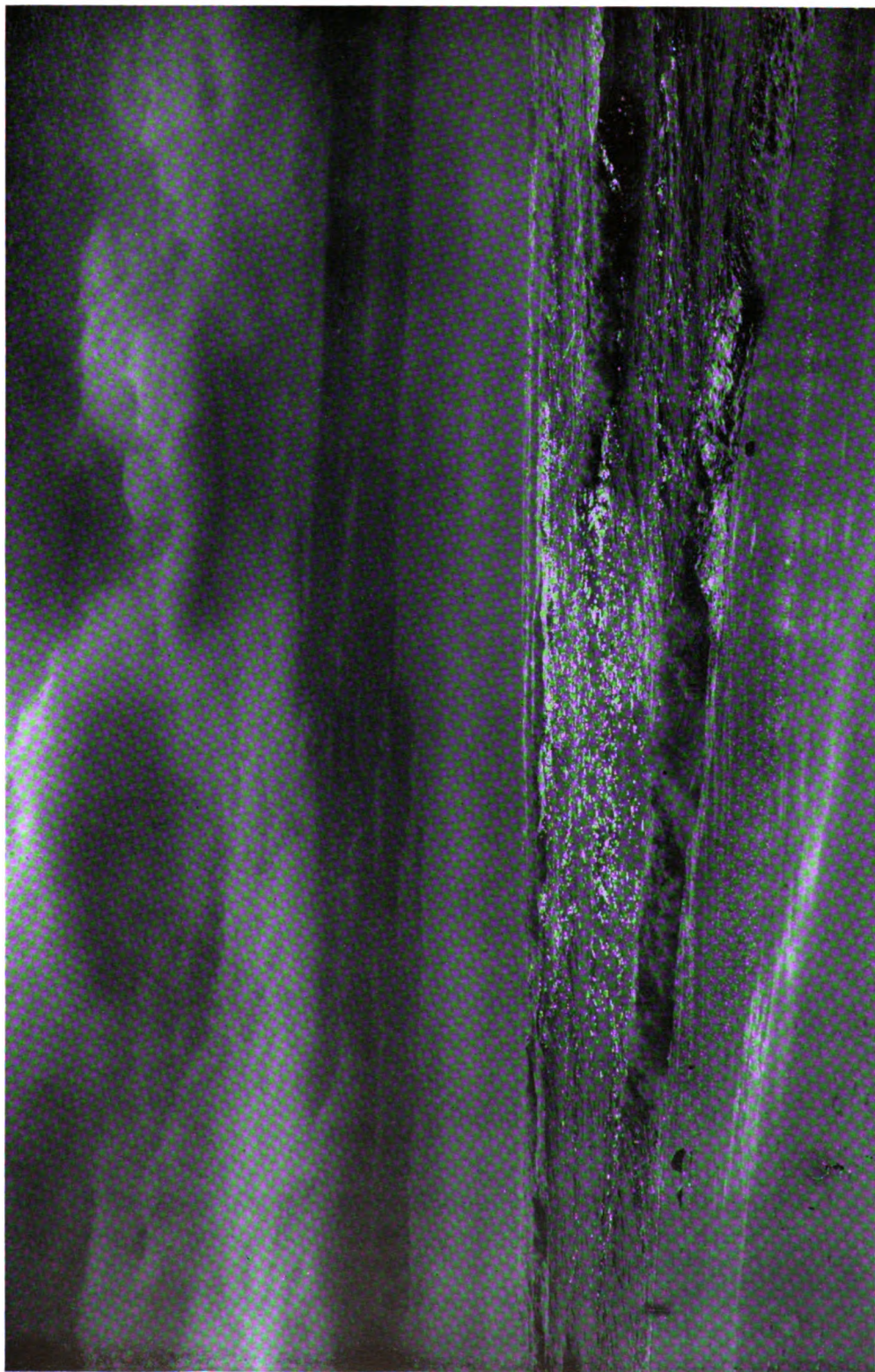
HIGH TIDE ON POINT LOMA SHORE

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THE INCOMING TIDE, POINT LOMA SHORE



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THE OUTGOING TIDE, POINT LOMA SHORE



CEASELESS WARFARE: WAVE AGAINST ROCK
POINT LOMA SHORE

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LANGUAGE: by Kenneth Morris



LANGUAGE is a living thing that perpetually flows out of the life of the people. To learn a new language, so that you do learn it, and not merely acquire a strange vocabulary to wrap round your old thoughts and feelings, is to bathe in and become familiar with the soul of another race; new worlds will be opened, and a new outlook upon life. If one were asked what is the best language in the world, the true answer would be, all of them. French is quite the best (French) language that there is, and English is quite the best (English) language. The soul of such and such a people did not take so many hundreds or thousands of years in working upon its suitable speech in order that one might say to it suddenly, *Here, take this new one; it will be better for you*. If we are to have a cosmopolitan tongue some time, it must be one that reflects all the glory of every nation, and is deep with the highest and most secret peculiar imaginings of all; not some common commercial drudge or lingua franca. That may come too; but pity the poor world if it should supplant the noble and beautiful languages that we have.

No doubt in the course of history there have been many periods of the sway of some one language as universal, or nearly so; but there is a law that will keep things on the move, and permit no stand-still or stagnation in one set of conditions. Nature for reasons of her own will choose from time to time some language or another, and scatter it over the earth; then we say: *Here is the universal language that is to be; in so many years humanity will be of one speech* — and imply that it will be so forever after. Standing in Augustan Rome, and looking out towards the horizons of the world, one would have seen no serious rival for the Latin, either in space or time. Greek? Ah! yes — as the speech of high culture no doubt; but for ordinary purposes —! But the very universality of Latin, in a sense, was the seal of its doom. For there was a soul in Spain, another in France, others in Portugal, Italy, and so forth, that would insist in drawing down light, thought, feeling, out of the World-Soul through their own peculiar channels, and the Romance tongues were the results. Latin, in gaining the whole world, lost its own soul; it became cosmopolitan — and died.

There are two languages in the modern world that have peculiarly inherited the mission of the Latin: English and Spanish; both of these have attained a semi-universality, and are common to many

nations. But already the Law of Differentiation is at work. Perhaps the political rupture between Spain and her colonies, between the United States and England, may be the saving of both the mother-tongues from the fate of Latin; but with the growth of any nation, there is the growth of an individual soul in it; and New York, Wellington, Melbourne, Johannesburg, and Ottawa, will have growing needs of their own, which will less and less be satisfied with the language of London. This would not imply any political drifting apart or lack of amity. The British Empire may never fall to pieces, the United States and England may come into closer and closer ties of friendship; but — there are soil and climate to think of, and influences far more subtle and stronger still. And the world will only be enriched. So too with the Spanish and Neo-Spanish nations. If the souls of Spain and Portugal, close neighbors in one small peninsula — nay, if the souls of Castile, Andalusia, and Catalonia, one single nation — require different methods of utterance, how much more will the souls of Peru, the Argentine, Cuba?

We see tides rising, and imagine they will cover the very mountains; we forget that there is also an inevitable ebb. We forget that Nature abhors straight lines, and makes her progress advancing and receding, advancing and receding. It does not follow that barbarians are to come in, and kill English and Spanish in their own native seats; that they are to become dead languages like Greek and Latin; they may both live on at home, subject to evolution rather than revolution, for many thousands of years. But their evolution in the far lands will be quicker and along different lines. Nature is seeking a wealth of her own, and is tied down to no commercial ideals of this people or that. Her ends are vaster and deeper than the ends of Wall Street or the Stock Exchange; she will achieve them by bringing unity out of diversity, and then a richer diversity out of unity. The decaying speech of some few hundred Redskins, or that of some cannibal tribe by the Niger, may have had at one time its proud sway over a literate and highly cultured hemisphere; and again, there may be in store ten thousand far-off years of splendid universality for some speech now heard among only a few mountains, or along only a few miles of world-forgotten coastland. Let the language that desires to live, give itself to the noblest utterance that is in it.

Then too, we think that the test of the life or fitness of a language is its adaptability to our modern commercial spirit. This is the sil-

liest idea in the world. Here too there is ebb and flow; that the tide is rising vigorously now, is only the surer sign that it will recede. The test, the assurance of vitality, is not capacity for multiplying dollars, but capacity for being and expressing the spiritual. It is easy enough to gain the whole world and the whole trade of the world, at the expense of losing one's own soul. English shall be judged by her Shakespeare and her Milton; not by the British mercantile marine; it is better for a language to have one hero speak it at home, than to be jabbered by hucksters in all the markets of the world. When we are tired of this foolishness of materialistic commercialism, we shall turn back to the things that are permanent, lovely, noble, and of good report. If English were merely a commercial tongue, which it most emphatically is not, however excellently it may have adapted itself to commercialism, its doom would be already sealed. Commercialism is having its day, like every other dog; but tomorrow is for spiritual ideals. Let the language that desires to live, give itself to cultivation of whatsoever spirituality may be innate in it.

I would dispute the common idea that diversity of languages is a bad thing. Many small nations practise bilingualism, and are a thousand times the better for it. If every child were brought up with two or three languages, the wits of the world would be that much the sharper; and if the training were begun early enough, and right methods used, there would be no difficulty about it. Young children have no more difficulty in learning to speak in two languages than in one; or indeed, in three or four, than in one. And where two languages are known, there is an actual gain for the cause of human brotherhood; which there is not, in cases where the native language has been lost, and that of some greater neighbor has been adopted in its place. For, supposing you know French and English perfectly, you have the power to tap the soul of either France or England; to see things either from the French or English standpoint. But if Joan of Arc had never lived, if English had triumphed as far as the Pyrenees, and French been forgotten, there would have been a legacy of hatred fruitful of as many wars as have been waged, or more; and indeed, there was no profound peace in days when French was the language both of Paris and of Stratford-at-le-Bowe. Again, if French had maintained its supremacy in the latter place, the day of *l'entente cordiale* would hardly have been hastened; and where would have been the Soul of England? It needed a king that could be English or French at pleas-

ure, that could speak right to the heart of either nation, an interpreter; English of the English and yet the best Parisian of them all, to weld the two countries into friendship. Ireland, in losing her native tongue — or happily, not quite losing it; not losing it beyond recall — became no more the lover of the people whose language she acquired; the common language gave no increment of understanding on either side. It is the vast difference between unity and plurality that counts; the infinity that separates one and two; whereas between two and three, or between two and any number, there is only a difference of degree. Two languages give two standpoints; when you know that there are two standpoints, you can infer that there are any number of others; but your true monoglot stands isolated on an island of his own, and cannot so much as imagine that there are continents beyond the horizon.

THE ADOLESCENT AGE: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE vital weakness of the present era is its lack of conscious moral ideal. This is an imperative matter, claiming the attention no less of the scientific than of the religious world. A progressive civilization can continue only through the survival of its fittest qualities.

Otherwise its very development becomes a means of refined and evil ingenuity for the indulgence of a wide range of devitalizing selfishness.

An early stage of progress is possible by means of mere brute force, as primitive peoples show in the survival of their best fighting tribes. The crude savage, even when unequal in strength to the animals, is some advance upon the brutes in the technique of attack and defense, because he is their superior mentally. In coming up the scale, the active mind progressively improves upon the method of activities, so that domination and survival depend ever less upon crude force and more upon finesse. The present methods of warfare have reached a point of diabolical precision. But while equal equipment of great armed nations and the benefits of international policy may maintain mutually respectful relations up to a certain point, short of actual warfare, the stream of racial progress has been deflected into dangerous byways.

The modern world, in the ratio of its activity and professed civilization, is visibly suffering from the insidious evils of degeneracy that

proved fatal to the other great eras. Having practically neutralized the foes without, man is now challenged to solve the more advanced problems of defense from the foes within his own nature. To surrender to psychic disintegration or to commit moral suicide is no less unworthy of his courage and capabilities than the inglorious fate of physical defeat.

In the evolution which is an eternal process of becoming, nothing can blot out of existence the fact or the influence of past experience in growth, however it may be forgotten or misused by the race, or by the man. To whatever degenerate state the civilizee may revert, in type, he carries with him something more than primitive power for good and evil. His very height and range of attainment provides the impetus to react to greater depths of a wider sphere of depravity.

Just as primitive experience with brute force was gradually digested into mental power and skill, so the evolution of mental activities, rightly directed, naturally merges into the refinements of a larger realm of moral expression and responsibility. Up to a certain point, human interests are extended by the acquisition of material and mental power. But, in the logic of events, ripened knowledge and experience show such harmony and unity underlying diverse forms and forces, that the mind is naturally led to seek a common aim in keeping with so great a design. A time comes when the real man becomes so naturally conscious of the richness and greatness of his own nature, that his impulse to grow from within becomes a radiation of the best in his make-up. His former desire to get the means of keener sensation and stronger feeling is transmuted into the maturer rôle of giving from the larger sense of being. We are at a point today where the need of an animating moral purpose in life is no mere question of creed or of theoretic altruism, but a logical necessity for further growth and welfare.

That this is an age without fidelity to ideals is evident from the records, of the courts — juvenile, criminal, and divorce — of insanity, of suicide, of white slavery, social diseases and perversions, and from the general picture of reputable materialism. In seeking a well-marked point of departure towards so dangerous and sordid a standard of living, we are led back to the period of adolescence, which is well-defined as "the birthday of the imagination."

This is the time of normal quickening of character, when enthusiasm and courage, hope and aspiration, awake to a living faith in

the existence of ideals which shall fulfil the promise of the new longings that flush the dawn of youth's enlarging horizon. The consciousness makes a vivid reality of the ideal world, and would live in this home of its own creation. As the evolutionary force pre-arranges to repeat the maturing race experience in the individual, it strikes *the creative note on the triple keyboard of body, mind, and morals.*

Separately and in unison the living chords of the complex nature vibrate with eagerness to know and to express the symphony of life that is animating the inner and the outer world. The childish standards and aims are molten in this natural upheaval of latent forces from unknown depths of being. The whole expanding nature becomes plastic and fluidic, in readiness to amalgamate for use in the larger molds of a complex maturity which shall show the finer lines of completer human types. A compact is in process to link the unfolding forces of an animal body with the logic that lives in the human mind and the compassion that stirs in the hearts of the gods. Nature initiates a renaissance of the dormant racial gains in growth which are the individual's karmic heritage.

Adolescence is a most critical period in the life-history — a more protracted and complete birth, normally, than the mere entrance into the physical world. Beyond strange spells of malaise and awkwardness and disturbance, there is the wholesome stir of new elements of strength and endurance, of courage and liberation, and the gracious glow of well-being. The opening mind finds enlarged and intimate relations in seemingly detached things and sees the logic of hitherto unrelated facts and events. Poetry, music, art, science, are seen in a new light which gives a vital meaning to the promise and beauty of unity and completeness. The irresponsibility of the child-world feels the challenge to find the meaning of an all-pervading Purpose, and the whole chapter of the adolescent is an interrogation.

"What does life mean?" is the eternal question which youth ever asks of that inner self that dwells in the silence. Those in the everyday Babel around him do not disclose it. If they ever knew the secret they seem to have forgotten it in the busy confusion of tongues and routine trivialities. But their failure does not daunt the normal, maturing nature, whose courage feels the nearness of the answer in this new atmosphere in the friendly folds of which it finds itself unexpectedly enwrapped.

With this prescience of latent selfhood, of larger physical power

to feel and to act, with glimpses of a mental world rich in unsuspected resources, the soul consciously quickens with the knowledge that here at hand are the magical instruments of body and brain by which the creative power is destined to bring forth a new heaven and a new earth. To each fresh generation comes the inspiring urge to reach this higher tide-mark of human growth which is not the mere flight of fancy it appears to those who have dropped back to lower levels. If each generation kept faith with these glimpses of real life which are the bases of youth's dreams, the race would rest upon a foundation stone carrying so complete a structure that the patchwork of endless reforms would have no place in the social scheme of things.

The incarnating soul, learning the lessons of matter through dim aeons of past experience in primitive lives, in many civilizations, has outgrown the childhood of the race. Today the civilizee is "standing with reluctant feet" in the diverging way of a racial adolescence. The best features and the worst faults of the age are pre-eminently those of human immaturity. We neither consent to be nor can be measured by childish standards. And there is no sane reason to hope or believe that we have rounded out or measured up to the full stature of human possibilities. The outgrown innocence of ignorance is replaced by a sophisticated intellectualism, a sort of high-school surfeit of knowledge, without enough practical philosophy of life to convert it into available wisdom. The erratic, incoordinate, reckless, degenerate waste of splendid vitality shows that even our selfish indulgences have not yet evolved the conservative evil-power of black magic. Old things are passing away; and new powers, opportunities and responsibilities of body, mind, and heart, are impending in the common air. On every hand are seen typical conditions of transitory immaturity: strange, marked contradictions of aspiration and degradation, of development and degeneracy, of promise and foreboding, of impulsion and inhibition. As the karmic totals of past failures and past fulfilment are each focused upon the individual and upon the age, the conflicting impulses of advance and of degeneracy unsettle society with the power of opposing vibrations. That this is the critical time for the natural moral impetus to carry us beyond the mark where the wave of other civilizations broke and receded is obscured by a dense, though often a cultured materialism. The place of spiritual influence in racial advance is no more recognized by science than the efforts of the soul are counted in its symptoms of individual development.

The deep racial and personal significance and the sanctity of the pathway leading the boys and girls from childhood through adolescence is overlooked even by popular psychology and eugenics. The passage through this stage of growth is a ceremony when the cosmic creative forces work to perfect the individual temple. The great plan of human life calls for a solid foundation of physical force and elastic strength, to uphold a mental structure of proportioned design and finished beauty. At the heart-center is the altar where the sacred flame ascends, to unite material earth with higher realms, consuming all the dross of the lower nature when fed by the fire of the divine life. Many lives are required to work out the problems of the base — how to take the dust of the earth and its force and slowly perfect the human body. Uncounted ages are spent to inform this body with the conscious power of mind. But the crowning creative work is to evolve the heart-light which transmutes the lesser qualities of earth and plant, of animal and human mind, into the more consciously perfect being for higher place and purpose.

So vital and delicate a process as adolescence should be free from the influence of those who have betrayed their own ideals — who have bargained their birthright of nobility for some miserable mess of pottage. This is especially true today, when the growing psychic sense, everywhere evident, renders the many precocious children peculiarly susceptible to any influence. As it is, even the generally considered reputable environments have much that is tacitly admitted to be quite unfitted and unexplainable to the inquiring boy or girl. But even the young who are spared the direct knowledge and personal histories of social sin and sordid error, incarnate in almost every circle, are subconsciously affected by them. Indeed the whole common faith and aspiration are weighted with a great composite burden of age-old doubt and fear and failure, of unlovely thought and unclean disease. To the average atmosphere these things add a marked quality which is psychically and often physically devitalizing to the sensitive developing nature. Few adolescents escape the subtle, pervading miasma of materialism which vitiates the vital currents and lowers the tone of feeling and impulse. The awakening creative note which Nature strikes upon these triple human keyboards is repeated and strengthened by the dominant social chords, whose undertones arouse responsive vibrations *only upon the lower levels*.

These conditions, added to an imperfect heritage, an undisciplined

will, an ignorance of self, if not also to childish vices, are reasons enough for many of the strange adolescent symptoms of mental and moral ailments. The arrogant, selfish, unbearable youths, at this trying time, are reacting upon society in like unfavorable manner to its action upon them. With natural, actively wholesome, serene and pure surroundings, this period of growth would not be so unbalanced, stormy and difficult. Rather, both the inner and the outer impulses would more easily claim and retain a functional place upon the higher levels of expression. The body, if free from the forcing process which allows the creative quality to focus mainly upon it, would gradually and harmoniously develop in keeping with like mental and moral growth. A prolonged adolescence and delayed maturity would more correctly repeat the past attainments of racial growth which naturally lead to a yet unattained completeness of human maturity. The real child of destiny, with its unlimited powers of being, would make genius the rule instead of the exception, were it but given free expression.

At the Râja Yoga College, Point Loma, California, the system of training and education in operation is based upon the principle of "kingly union" of the triple qualities of the whole nature. Here the ordinary types of young folk who have benefited by several years of this course, display a gradually evolved adolescence and a balanced maturing which practically proves the wisdom of the Theosophical philosophy of life. The school has met the compliment of enmity and criticism from every type of both frank and concealed foe of moral progress who feel the challenge of the method. The pupils themselves are the unanswerable arguments. Their more than average physical, mental, and moral status reveals the natural beauty and happy spontaneity of the unfolding nature.

But how different is the prevailing indifferent quality of ideals from which is generated a chronic moral toxemia that is demoralizing to all ages, but especially to the formative periods of growth! In addition to which, the young encounter, with desecrating frequency, the sudden shock of disillusion from some indecent, vulgar, or sensual picture or scene or experience. The evil thing imprints itself upon the impressionable consciousness, which, like a photographer's negative, takes on and emphasizes the shadows. The childish inexperience and ignorance provide no clue to the truth that this blot which defaces and defiles their whole landscape is no part of the real picture of life. The unfolding, responsive young nature, seeking to know the secret of

its wonderful, unveiling world of promise, is stunned by this profanation of the mysteries of being in answer to its questioning. The psychic shock is so great as to produce an inner lesion of the consciousness. From this unseen wound the vital, upbuilding creative current of impulse congeals into a paralysing clot, which cuts off contact with faith in the higher functional centers and benumbs the finer lines and best powers of intuitive mental and physical action. If buoyant trust had failed to find language before by which to invite even the dearest ties into its ideal world, how can this hidden wound cry out its sickened sense of bitter mockery and betrayal? As a matter of fact, it usually remains an unrevealed and unsuspected cause of the benumbed, halting, restless and unsatisfied existence by which another moral cripple keeps step with the rest, who accept their subnormal symptoms as the full function of human life.

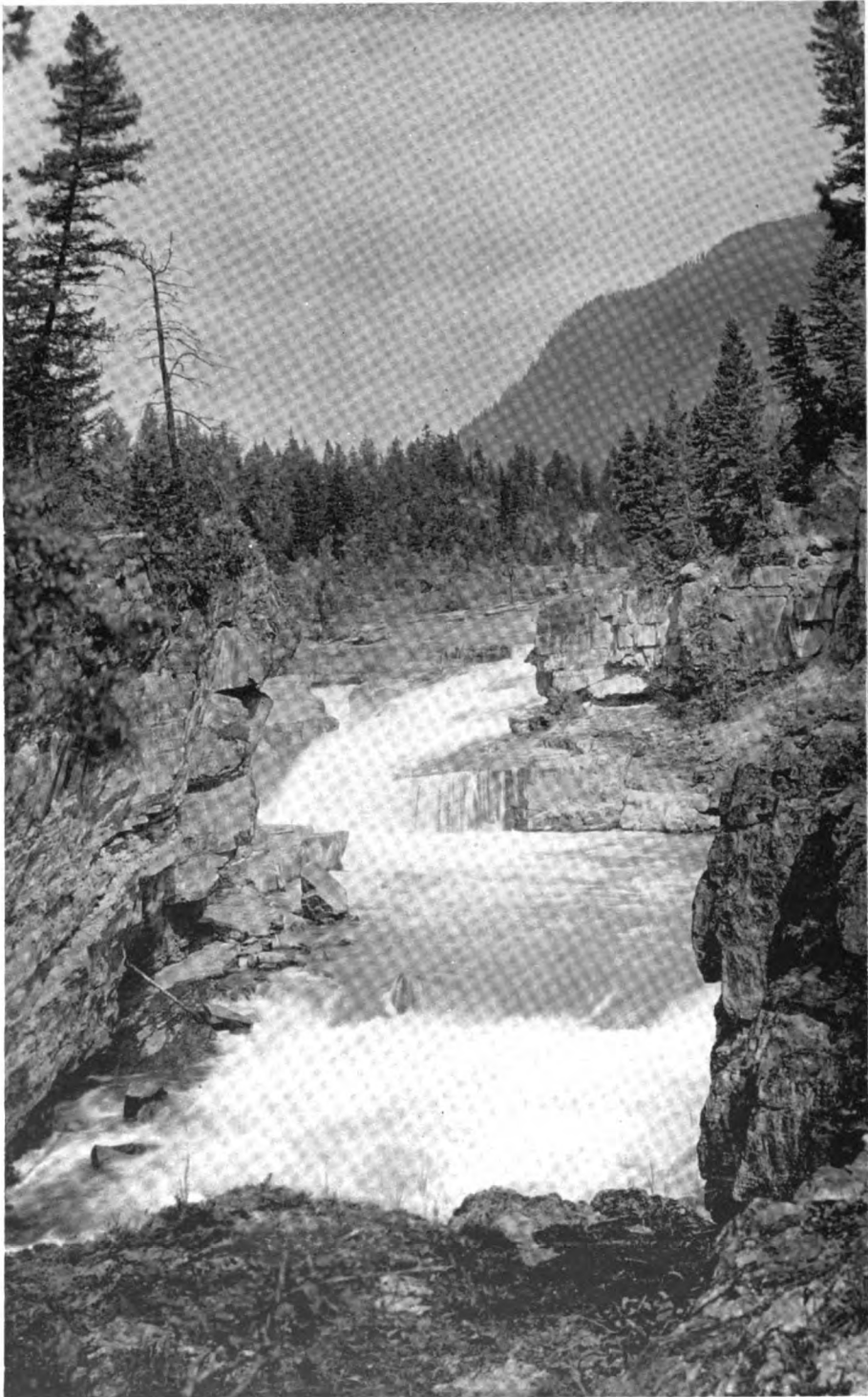
Not a few well-meaning and well-informed citizens — both lay and professional — will protest that this sketch is overdrawn, and they will reject the practical conclusions offered. Many optimists are so well satisfied with the attractive side of modern attainments as quite generously to overlook the failures. The social conscience is sensitive about squarely facing a picture in a light that discloses the human defects customarily glossed over or softly draped with shadows. Too often, in failing to meet frankly an odious situation, its real facts are obscured by a confused hope that what *ought* to be — because the reputable majority vaguely intends and vainly expects it to be — is the existing condition. Could all adults recall and analyse their own personal disillusionings and compute the influence of demoralizing social standards, they would agree that the make-up of our overgrown civilization is morally immature, sickly, and unwholesome. The timely and only effective remedy is the moral asepsis of higher ideals and a clean standard of life — from the prenatal period, through the crises of adolescence, the full years of parentage, and the decline of old age.

It is futile to expect to impede or evade the increasing volume of cosmic force surging through every channel of the present strenuous life and, at unprotected points, destroying fair prospects with its overflow. The sane and safe way is to utilize this power in revolving a greater number of individual wheels of life wisely located upon the main course of progress. As the force of falling water holds a potential electric power transcending the law of gravitation, so the transmuted physical and mental forces subtly impel progress upward.



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CLIFF OPPOSITE BATTLEFIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA, TENNESSEE



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MOUNTAIN RAPIDS NEAR ELKO, BRITISH COLUMBIA
(Photo. by British and Colonial Photo. Co., Lethbridge, Alta.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SILVER SPRINGS RUN, FLORIDA



Lonsland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

IN GREENWICH PARK, LONDON

THE DOG AND THE BONE: by R. Machell



ASOP'S fables were perhaps more familiar to the last generation than to the present, but still they are well enough known to most people. Among the best known is probably that of the dog which saw its reflection in the water and dropped the bone it was carrying in its mouth to bark at the other dog, whose bone appeared more appetizing and more desirable than the one already held. The natural result of the loss of the bone as well as of its reflection carries a lesson that we all recognize as excellent, but one that is most unwillingly learned.

But beyond the practical lesson there is in the story an illustration of the nature of desire, which even wise people do not always remember; it is that desire exists as a principle in itself, and is not merely the result of a lack of that which rightly belongs to the individual. It is a common thing to hear men say "I don't want to be richer than other men; I am content to have just enough for my wants; in fact about as much as the rest of my friends and acquaintances, so as not to feel at a disadvantage among them."

This sounds reasonable enough, but what results is that those who are not satisfied with an average competence (whatever that may be), but who distinctly desire to have more than the rest, set the pace and force the rest to raise their standard of wealth in order not to be left behind; this in turn forces the ambitious ones on to a higher standard still, in order to keep ahead of the crowd. This race has no other

limit than that of ability to reach a goal which is movable and ever recedes.

For this reason, and seeing that men were unable to control the race for wealth, and the rivalry in display of luxury, the rulers of some countries have from time to time enacted what were called sumptuary laws restricting the use of the more costly luxuries to a few privileged persons. This of course did not check men's ambition, but it put a check upon the universal extravagance that was ruining the whole nation by the wasteful luxury of the wealthy class.

It may be said that desire cannot exist without an object of desire, and from that it may be reasoned that it is the object that creates the desire. This is an unphilosophical proposition, yet it is practically accepted as an excuse, if not as a justification, for the efforts we all make to gratify our desires. But Theosophy with its wide and wise teachings shows that desire is a principle in itself, inherent in the manifested universe, and indeed the active agent or cause of manifestation. Consequently it is in its nature insatiable. We talk about satiety and about reaching satisfaction, but in reality there is no such thing. Desire remains eternally insatiate and insatiable. What happens is that the human organism, whether mental or physical, becomes exhausted by the effort made to gratify desire, and the temporary collapse or failure of the organism is called satiety: if carried to extreme the organism itself may be so damaged or destroyed as to be no longer able to act. This may produce a state of apparent indifference to objects of desire, but it is in reality merely a partial death or paralysis of the instrument.

That this state is not a natural or a healthy one, such as is attained by those who master their own body and mind, and so subdue the very principle of desire, may be seen by the appearance of the subject as well as by the condition of the mind. Pessimism, cynicism, bitterness, sourness, indifference, coldness, intense selfishness, and egotism mark the victims of desire whose organism has been deranged or paralysed by indulgence, and who frequently pose as superior persons no longer moved by objects of sense. Poor shadows of humanity! poor shells!

Most of the laws and customs of civilization are based upon an attempt to control men in this universal race to get the bone they see in the surface of the water. Men cannot believe that the other dog's bone is not better than their own, so a law is made forbidding men to try to deprive the "other fellow" of his bone. But these laws are

made by human beings for each other's control and so are tainted with the same illusion as to the reality of rights of possession and so forth, and consequently become an incentive to many to drop the bone they carry, and "go to law" to get the one they saw in the other dog's mouth.

It is hard for a man who has little, to believe that he would not be more happy if he had as much as one who has more.

When the dog has dropped his bone into the stream, and sees that the other dog's bone is gone, he gets mad with the other fellow and tries to get at him, barks fiercely, races up and down the bank, dashes into the water and returns to find the other dog still there making faces at him till night comes and hides the enemy and also reminds the poor dog that he has had no supper. So he goes foraging, no doubt with an appetite sharpened by the violent attempts he has made to get at his supposed enemy.

Is not that a true picture of the life of the ordinary man and woman? But Theosophy teaches that man has a higher nature as well as a lower and that he can identify himself with the higher and so rise above and dominate desire. He no more seeks either to satisfy or to destroy it than an engineer would seek to eliminate the principle of attraction or gravitation, though he controls its action and balances his structures in accordance with the laws of nature as far as he understands them.

The ideal thus presented is one of sanity as compared with the insanity of the race for wealth or the fight for some imagined "rights."

The world is "a mad world" no doubt, but it cannot be the destiny of man to remain eternally insane, nor can we see any sense in believing that he is plunged into the maelstrom of earth-life for any other purpose than to enable him to recover his sanity and restore the glory of human strength and happiness which he has wrecked by long ages and frequent incarnations devoted to barking at his image in the water and trying to get the other dog's bone.



BIRTH is not a beginning; death is not an end.

ALAS! man's knowledge reaches to the hair on a hair, but not to eternal peace.

A MAN who knows that he is a fool is not a great fool. — *Chuang-Tsu*

THE MAKING OF BLODEUWEDD

(A Welsh Legend)

by Kenneth Morris

ARIANRHOD FERCH DON had laid a fate on her son, Llew Llaw Gyffes, that he should never have a bride of human race. To circumvent this, Math fab Mathonwy and the three Doniaid Gods, brothers of Arianrhod, made a maiden out of flowers to be the wife of Llew; but only Llew himself could endow her with a soul, and he was away on the western sea at the time. For that reason she brought disaster upon her husband. Here is who the three Doniaid Gods were: Gofannon the Smith (according to this version his office was to forge armor for the Gods, in his smithy on the Headland of Gannion); Amaethon the Husbandman; and Gwydion, God of wisdom and eloquence. Math fab Mathonwy, the Chief Enchanter of the Gods, was their Teacher.

I

How shall be told of
The blooms they were blending?
Beauties on beauties —
But all to have ending.

How shall one dream
How they gathered the sea-foam,
Drew the green wave-light
Forth from its sea-home?

Drew the wave-greenness
That rolls o'er the white sand —
That was for clear eyes
With wandering light fanned.

Oak-bloom and meadowsweet,
Bloom of the apple:
Wild rose and primrose
In-mingle and dapple.

How did they conjure
The tufts on the rushes,
Drawing forth sweetness
From bog-myrtle bushes,

Till the brown rush-tufts
Were dim clouds of hair,
And the scent of bog-myrtle
In-lingering there?

White wood-anemone
Forehead and fingers;
Wild woodland waywardness,
Woven in them, lingers.

How shall one guess at
The flowers that were blending
Their fair, fragile loveliness,
Foredoomed for ending?

Wavings and pacings,
And weavings of songs there;
Dancings and glimmerings
Of dim-gleaming throngs there;

Who was it chanted
The words with high powers fraught?
— Math and Amaethon
The maid out of flowers wrought.

All day and night they toiled;
Lo, in the morn,
Out of their toiling
Blodeuwedd was born.

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II

Ah, but Blodeuwedd
Was wild as the mountains,
Wild as the mountain-streams'
Fern-hidden fountains.

(Can *they* elect
Whether blue sky or gray cloud
Shall azure them over,
Or all their bright day shroud?

Or choose, when the sky-roses
Wane from the west there,

What star shall dimple
 And gleam on their breasts there?)
 Beauty came forth
 From the hare-bells dew-gleaming;
 Beauty came forth
 From the daffodils' dreaming.
 (Saffron-clad daffodil,
 Wild in the glade now,
 Was it given you to choose
 By what wind you are swayed now?
 Though you have secrets
 To laugh on and ponder,
 Saffron traditions
 That down the Springs wander,
 What hand shall gather you,
 Have *you* the choosing?
 Evil hand, good hand,
 Can *you* be refusing?)
 Out of their toiling
 Blodeuwedd was born;
 Passionless, speechless,
 She bloomed on the morn.

III

In Malltraeth they brought her,
 Yet dumb, to the sea-beach;
 She heard the green water,
 She half-learned the sea-speech.
 By magic they called to her
 Mountain-larks winging,
 And ousels and robins—
 She half-learned their singing.
 Her, for her birth's sake,
 The bees in love turned to,
 Droning their monodies:—
 Those she half-learned too.

Then they wrought speech-spells
 The wonder-night long;
 At dawn she spoke human-wise,
 Softer than song.
 Who was it quickened
 Her tongue to its learning?
 — Gwydion the Word-wise,
 With deep spells and burning.
 Blackbird-note richness
 Rang through when she spake;
 And her voice was half joy
 For the mountain-lark's sake;
 And half it was filled
 With the mists, and the falling
 Of wan leaves, and sad
 As when robins are calling.
 Half mystic and golden
 And rich from the bees' song;
 Half lisping and fawning
 And cruel as the sea's song.

IV

The third day they fashioned her
 Hatred and love,
 With longings impassioned her,
 Eyed like the dove.
 Who brought the flame thus
 For joys and for pains in her?
 — The Lord of Pen Gannion
 Enkindled the veins in her.

V

But where was the Soul
 To look forth from her eyes?
 They knew not to find That,
 Though Gods, and all-wise.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
 Point Loma, California.*

MASTER PIERRE, A WISE MAN OF PICARDY:

by Philip A. Malpas



IN the middle years of the thirteenth century there was a remarkable group of learned men in Europe, who seem to have marked an important epoch of revolt against the deadening and deadly scholasticism of the time, represented by the monasteries and universities. Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas are names known to all as very learned men. But Roger Bacon appears to have been a star of learning such as seldom shines in the firmament of any country in its night-time of knowledge. Unfortunately he placed himself in the power of the Franciscan Order, and for years they kept him a prisoner in exile. They watched him as a cat watches a mouse; they forbade him to write for publication; they prohibited books; they persecuted him unmercifully.

Only in later years by a rare chance did a Pope of Rome command him to write his great treatises, enjoining him to secrecy, lest his jailers should prevent the work.

Overcoming a world of unheard-of difficulties Roger Bacon wrote three magnificent works and sent them to the Pope by a trusty pupil of his own. And these works, monuments of erudition, were regarded by him as mere indices of the true work that was waiting to be done. He declared that if he had a company of learned men and ample funds, he could elaborate such a philosophy as would enable Christendom to say that the Latins had their philosophy as the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans had had theirs before them.

What Bacon would have done for Europe had he been free and supported as he deserved to be, it is very difficult to say. Possibly he would have been regarded for all time as the greatest star of learning in Christendom. But his jailers took care that he should not have an opportunity.

Roger Bacon knew his powers and was not foolish enough to belittle them. And yet what he tells us of his master is worthy of the greatest attention. Bacon calls him the wisest man of his time, a living example of true science. And what a character for the times! He is known simply as Master Pierre or Peter. A hermit, he avoids renown as much as others seek it. He takes every care to conceal his science and to refuse to men what they do not deserve to know. He belongs to no powerful religious order, desires neither pupils nor admirers; he has no wish to be importuned by the vulgar. Full of

"pride," yet possessing an immense faith in himself, he lives an isolated life, content with riches he could, if he wished, increase a hundredfold. If he deigned to occupy a chair in the University the whole world would flock to Paris to hear him; if he chose to attach himself to a court, vast treasures could not amply reward so vast a knowledge as he possessed. But he despises the men of the time. They are mad, bound up in the subtleties of the letter of the law. They are charlatans who dishonor philosophy by their sophistries; they make medicine ridiculous, and falsify theology. Every reader of the Scriptures was a corrector of the text, and every corrector was a corrupter, we are told, so this latter charge seems well founded. The most clear-sighted of men are blind, or if they do see clearly, the light dazzles them; they are like bats in the twilight. Master Pierre alone dares to face the full sunlight.

Hidden in a retreat which gives him security with silence, he leaves to others long speeches and wordy wars, in order to devote himself to chemistry, to the natural sciences, to mathematics, to medicine, and above all, practical experiment, of which he alone in the century has understood the importance. Roger Bacon, his disciple, calls him *Magister experimentorum*, the Master of Experiments, and considers this worth all the titles the university could confer. By experiment he learns the art of healing, the secrets of nature and of science, the celestial phenomena and their correspondence with those here below. He despises nothing, and "fears not to make science descend to the realities of this world." He would blush to find an old woman, a peasant, or a soldier, who knew more than he, as regards themselves. Casting and working metals, manipulating silver, gold, and all the minerals, inventing deadly engines and weapons of war, making a science of agriculture and rustic labors; not neglecting carpentry and building; applying himself even to studying the groundwork of truth which is hidden by the charms of sorcerers and the impostures and artifices of jugglers—such is the work to which he has devoted his life.

Master Pierre has investigated everything; learned everything; discriminated in everything, separating the true from the false; and instead of an empty and sterile science, acquired practical knowledge of everything. Is it desired to hasten the progress of science? There is only one man who is capable of such a task; the day that he chooses to divulge his secrets, kings and princes will load him with honors and

presents, and in an expedition against the infidels he would render greater service to St. Louis than the greater part of his army, nay, the whole of the army. This "Unknown Philosopher" of whom history scarcely knows the name is the master from whom Roger Bacon learned everything: languages, astronomy, mathematics, and above all, experimental science. To use Bacon's own expression with regard to the learned professors of the time, they were idiots and donkeys in comparison with Master Pierre! And he is not given to extravagant language. He means it.

There is a second name mentioned, but it seems uncertain. Machariscuria, Maharniscuria, Maharnecourt, or Marnecourt, are all versions or translations of the name. There is a little work on the magnet in the Imperial Library of Paris by Pierre Peregrin de Maricourt, and this seems quite likely to be the same man. He is quoted by Humboldt as being one of the first who knew of the compass, and one who suspected the declination. An interesting remark of his is quoted to the effect that to discover the truth, one must use one's hands as well as one's wits. This bears a resemblance to the Eastern axiom that philosophy follows action. He calls the savants of the day "weak dabblers." Master Pierre made a sphere to imitate the motions of the heavenly bodies and Peregrin speaks of it, suggesting that the magnet might be made to set it in motion.

Master Pierre excels in optics, studies the phenomena of refraction, and sends for a work from which he will learn the construction of mirrors. Peregrin knows much about the compass and magnet, not known to the world in general; he has methods of his own for suspending the needle and for magnetizing; he has great manual ability, and even describes a little perpetual motion apparatus based on the properties of the magnet, "a very learned error for the thirteenth century," says M. Libri.

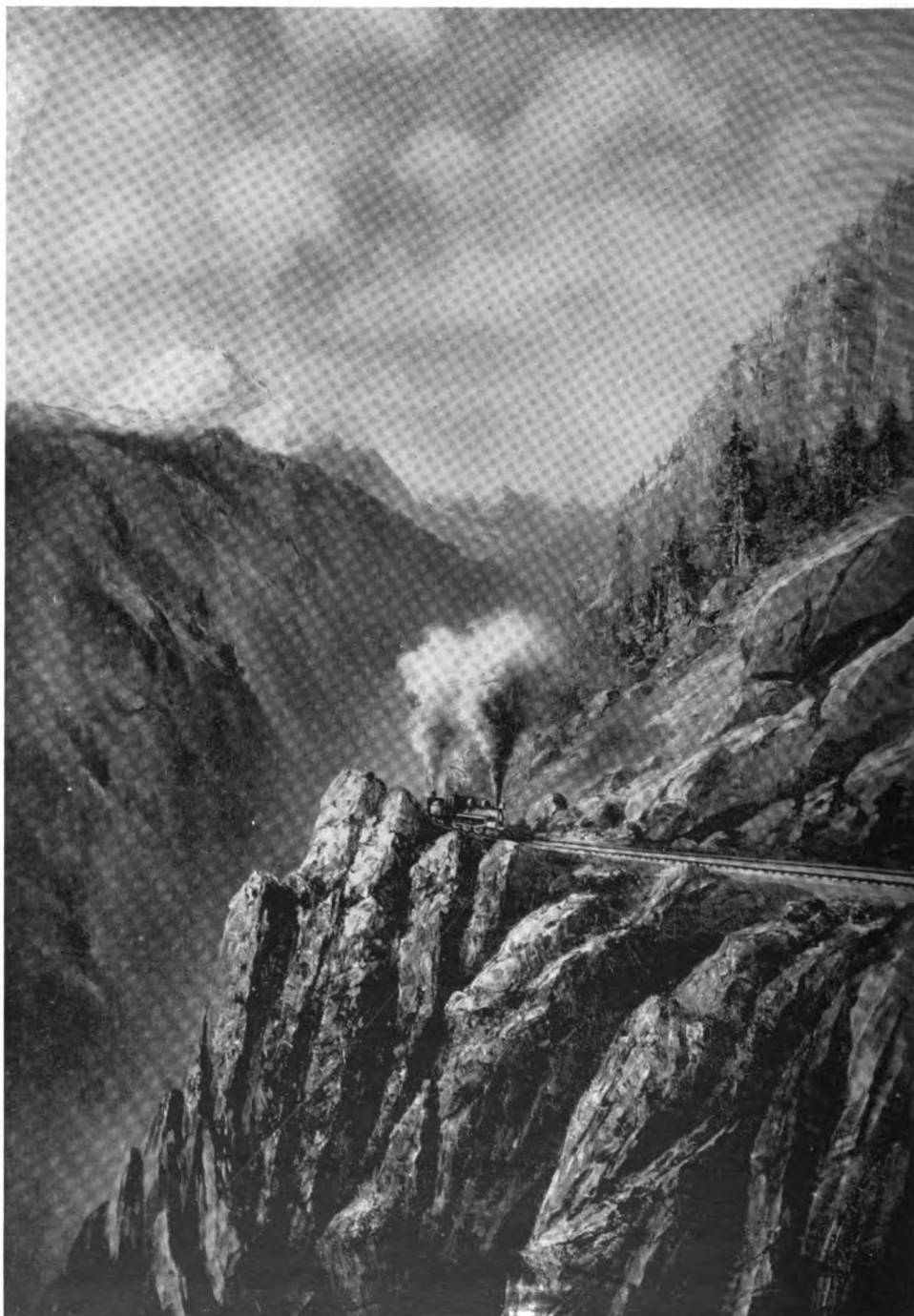
As to his country Master Pierre is said to be from Picardy, but it is interesting to note that he is Bacon's master of languages. And in order to study the works of the revered ancients Bacon learned Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaean. Albertus Magnus knew but one ancient language and Thomas Aquinas had to rely upon the help of translators. Bacon regards the schoolmen of the day as barbarians in comparison with the ancients. Did Pierre teach him all this? And if so, who was Master Pierre of Picardy? How did he know so much of the East and Eastern wisdom? History sayeth not.



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PIKE'S PEAK, FROM WOODLAND PARK

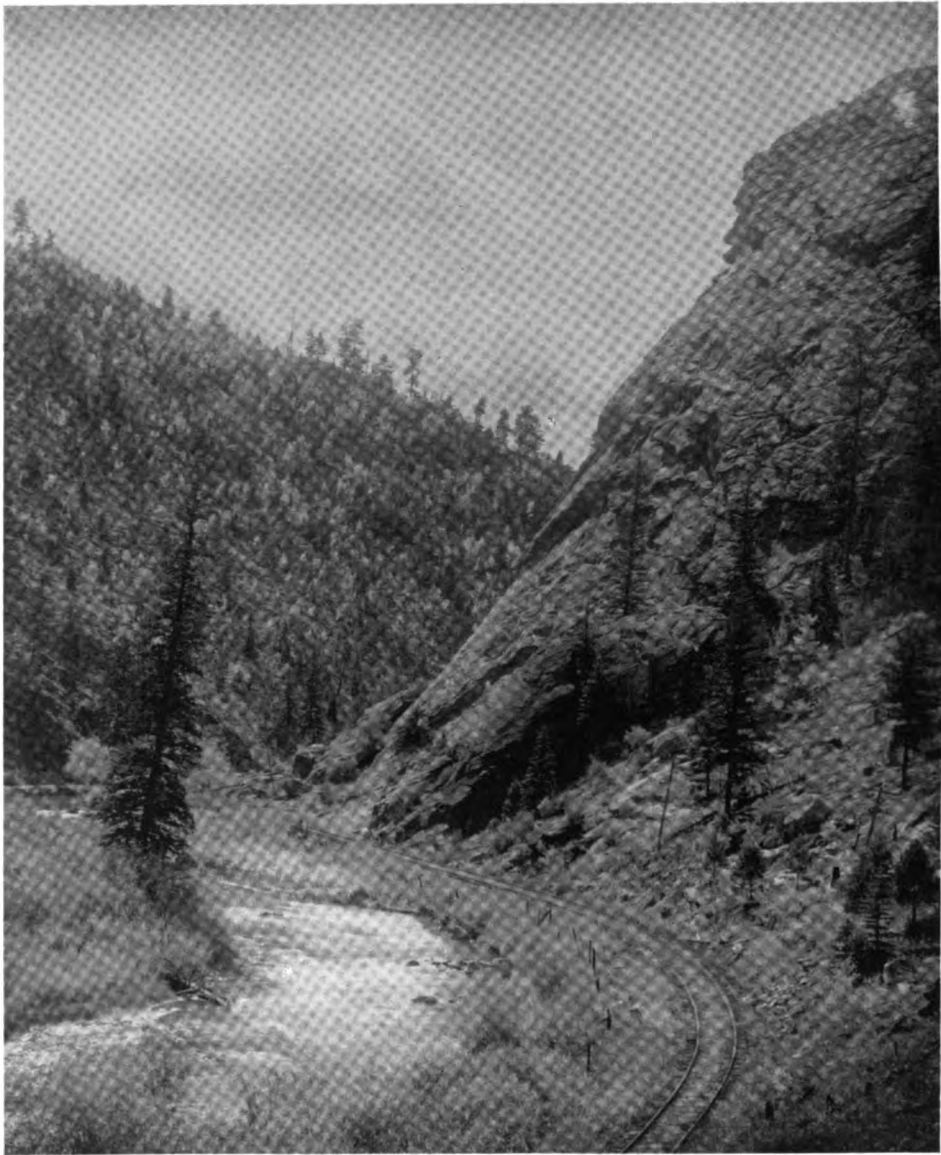
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HELL GATE

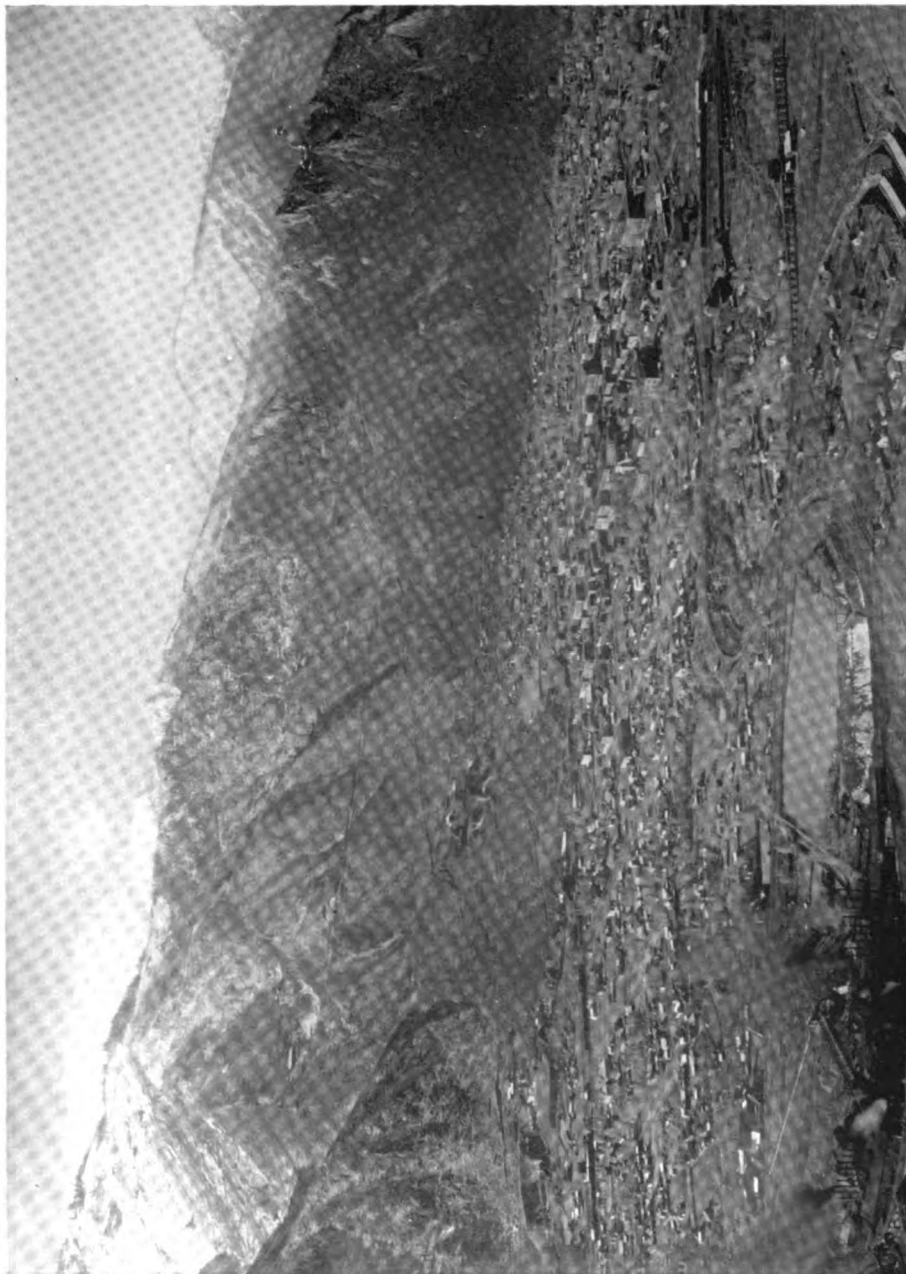
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GRANITE CAÑON

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ASPEN, THE LARGEST SILVER MINING CAMP IN COLORADO

(Photo. by McClure, Denver. Reproduced by courtesy of the Colorado Midland Railway.)

STUDIES IN ORPHISM: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

V. TWO INTERPRETATIONS OF THE ZAGREUS-DIONYSOS MYTH

1. INTRODUCTION



P. BLAVATSKY has called attention to the fact that:

No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all — in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably — is the result of no mere coincidence but of a concurrent design: and that there was during the youth of mankind one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself.¹ Indeed, there are few myths in any religious system worthy of the name but have a *historical* as well as a *scientific* foundation. "Myths," justly observes Pococke,² "are now proved to be fables, just in proportion as we misunderstand them: truths, in proportion as they were once understood!"³

She also declares that there are "*seven* keys, which open the Mysteries, past and future."⁴

As truly stated by Ragon:

The ancient Hierophants have combined so cleverly the dogmas and symbols of their religious philosophies that these symbols can be fully explained only by the combination and knowledge of all the keys.⁵

But,

shall one, for fear of incurring the penalty of being called a superstitious fool and even a liar, abstain from furnishing proofs — as good as any — only because that day, when all the *seven* keys shall be delivered unto Science or rather unto the men of learning and research in the symbolical department, has not yet dawned?⁶

Allegory and personification are essential to the genius of antiquity, and this fact that several keys are requisite to an understanding of the significance of mythology is explicitly stated by the Neoplatonist Sallust as follows:

Fables may be interpreted theologically, physiologically, psychologically, physically, and lastly, compositely. Fables are theological which make use of nothing corporeal but which speculate upon the very essence of the Gods themselves: such as the fable which asserts Kronos devoured his children: for it occultly intimates the nature of an intellectual or spiritual god, since the intellect returns

1. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 341, Point Loma Edition. 2. E. Pococke, *India in Greece or Truth in Mythology*, London, 1852, Preface, p. viii. 3. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 339, Point Loma Edition. 4. *Ibid.* I, p. 325. 5. *Ibid.* I, p. 363. 6. *Ibid.* I, p. 323.

unto itself. But we speculate upon fables physiologically when we refer to the energies of the Gods in the world: as when considering Kronos to be the same as Time we call the moments of time his children and state that the children are devoured by their parent. We employ fables psychologically when we contemplate the energies of the soul: because the intellections of our souls, though by a discursive energy they proceed into other things, yet abide in their parents. Fables are regarded physically when divinities are considered to be and are named by corporeal objects, such as Isis, earth; Osiris, humidity; Typhon, heat, etc. . . . Of these various interpretations of myths the theological are characteristic of philosophers; the physical and psychological of the poets; but the composite belong to the Mysteries since it is the intention of all mystic rites to conjoin us with the world and the Gods.⁷

2. ASTRONOMICAL KEY

The astronomical significance of the myth of the Mystic Savior, invariably present in all its various forms, can be easily recognized at least in its broad outlines. It is thus given by Madame Blavatsky:

The Christians . . . adhere to a religion entirely based upon solar and lunar worship. It is useless and vain for the Protestants to exclaim against the Roman Catholics for their "Mariolatry" based on the ancient cult of lunar goddesses, when they themselves worship Jehovah (that is, the equivalent of the Orphic Demiurge) pre-eminently a *lunar* god: and when both churches have accepted in their theologies the Sun-Christ and the Lunar Trinity.⁸ . . . It was in the *Bakchos myth* that lay concealed for long and dreary centuries both the future vindication of the reviled "Gods of the Nations" and the lost clue to the enigma of Jehovah.⁹ . . . Dionysos is one with Osiris, with Krishna and with Buddha (the heavenly wise) and with the coming (tenth) Avatar, the glorified Spiritual Christos.¹⁰

The astronomical import of the following points in the Zagreus-Dionysos Myth are obvious as soon as attention is called to them. Dionysos is born prematurely at the death of Semele on Christmas Day, that is at the time of the winter-solstice, just at the point in the sun's path which marks the beginning of the new year, at that point which ushers in the new season of springtime growth and rebirth; but as the winter is doomed still to linger on for some time, this birth is immature, a seven months' child, and the Reborn Savior is born maturely from the thigh of Zeus not at Christmas but at Easter in the joyous springtime of the Resurrection.

7. *On the Gods and the World*, IV. 8. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 388, Point Loma Ed.
9. *Isis Unveiled*, II, p. 527. 10. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 419-420, Point Loma Ed.

So also the symbolism of the sacred dress, which was worn during the celebration of the Mysteries, has an evident connexion with the astronomical meaning of the myth. The purple robe typified the Solar heat, and the fawn skin, which was thrown over this, hanging from the right shoulder, symbolized by its spots the heavenly vault at night, the moon and the assemblage of the stars, as is stated by Diodorus.¹¹ The golden belt, which completed the ceremonial dress, typified the Ocean of life, aglow from the rays of the Spiritual Sun. Furthermore, it is declared in the myth that when Dionysos was born from the thigh of Zeus, Hermes, the Psychopomp, or Guide of the Soul, received the infant divinity on a *fawn skin*. The symbolism of the sacred dress is clearly given in the following Orphic fragment:

He who desires in pomp of sacred dress
 The sun's resplendent body to express,
 Should first a robe assume of purple bright,
 Like fair bright beams combin'd with fiery light:
 On his right shoulder, next, a fawn's broad hide
 Widely diversified with spotted pride
 Should hang, an image of the pole divine,
 And Daedal stars, whose orbs eternal shine.
 A golden splendid zone, then, o'er the vest
 He next should throw, and bind it round his breast:
 In mighty token, how with golden light,
 The rising sun, from earth's last bounds and night
 Sudden emerges and with matchless force,
 Darts through old Ocean's billows in his course.¹²

While treating of the mythical and historical Orpheus some of the points of solar connexion in the Dionysos Myth were noted.¹³ And it is important to keep in mind that Dionysos typifies the spiritual Night-Sun and is distinct from Helios, the symbol of the visible physical sun and from Apollo, the occult potency of the spiritual Day-Sun. Thus, Dionysos is Nyktelios, Lord of the Night, and Nyktipolos or Night-wandering, and Aristophanes represents the Mystics as calling upon Iakchos, the Eleusinian Mystery-name of Zagreus-Dionysos as "the Morning Star that shinest *nightly*."¹⁴ Macrobius quotes an Orphic verse which speaks of "The Sun whom men call Dionysos,"

11. Diodorus Siculus, I, 11. 12. Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, 18 (Taylor's Translation); Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 2d ed. Pamphleteer, London, 1816, pp. 480-1. 13. *Studies in Orphism*, I, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, II, 4, April 1912, pp. 256-7, 260, 267-269. 14. *The Frogs*, v, 343 (Rogers' Translation).

while another Orphic fragment says: "He is called Dionysos because he *whirls in circular motion through the immeasurably extended heavens.*" And the Eumolpic verses state that "Dionysos with face of flame glistens like a Star with his rays." Lastly Diodorus in speaking of Osiris observes:

And when these are translated into Greek, Osiris means many-eyed, for throwing his rays on all sides, he seems to behold the whole earth and sea as if with many eyes. And the Poet (Homer) thus speaks of him in these words. "Helios, who sees and hears all things." And among the Hellenes some of the most ancient mythologists called Dionysos Osiris or Seirios (that is, the Scorching or Hot-One), by a slight change of name.¹⁵

Many of the epithets of Dionysos are likewise obviously of a solar significance. Thus, he is Antauges, the Sparkler; Aithiopais, the child of the Sun-Burnt-Land; Chrysopes, the Golden-faced; Chrysokomes, the Golden-haired; Chrysomitres or Gold-mitred; Pyropos or Fiery-faced; Pyrisporos or Fire-engendered; and Pyrigenes or Fire-born. Also the following fragment of an Orphic Invocation was presumably addressed to Dionysos:

"Oh, all-ruling Sun, Spirit of the Universe; Power of the Universe; Light of the Universe!"

Finally, the solar significance of the Dionysos myth is disclosed by the four animal-symbols which are associated with the god: the ram, Aries; the bull, Taurus; the lion, Leo; and the serpent, Draco. These four symbols are presumably identical with the Evangelical zoolatry, that is, the worship of the sacred animals associated with the writers of the Four Gospels, namely, the bull, the eagle (a substitute for the ram), the lion, and the angel ("in reality the Cherub, or Seraph, the fiery-winged serpent.")¹⁶

It should be noted that all four of the animal-symbols are associated not only with Dionysos, but with Phanes, the first of the macro-cosmic powers, and with Zeus, the Demiurge, as well. Thus, Proklos says:

These things Orpheus has revealed about Phanes; for the first God bears with him the heads of animals, of a bull, of a serpent, and of a lion — all sprung from the Primeval Egg.¹⁷

And again:

15. Diodorus Siculus, I, 11. 16. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 363, Point Loma Edition.

17. I. P. Cory, *Ancient Fragments*, 2d ed. London, 1832, p. 299.

The Theologer (Orpheus) places around him (Phanes) the heads of a ram, a bull, a lion and a serpent.¹⁸

When Zagreus was attacked by the Titans he assumed among other forms the shape of a ram, and likewise he was transformed into a ram by Zeus when Hera attempted to destroy Dionysos by making his guardians Ino and Athamas frenzied.¹⁹

The bull, symbolical of virile strength, and the lion, typifying the destructive power of the sun, are common solar emblems. Therefore, Zagreus, as the mighty Horned Hunter, a figure which unites the horn of the bull with the predatory instincts of the lion, is addressed in the *Bacchae* of Euripides as "Mountain Bull and Lion of the Burning Flame."²⁰

The bull, and especially the serpent, play important rôles in the Zagreus-Dionysos myth, for Zeus assumed the form of a dragon when he begot Zagreus, as is shown by the following quotation from St. Clement of Alexandria:

Pherephatta (one of the many names of the Earth Goddess) has a child in the form of a bull, as a . . . poet (that is, Orpheus) sings, "The bull the dragon's father and the father of the bull, the dragon; on a hill the herdsman's hidden ox-goad," alluding, I suppose, under the phrase "the herdsman's ox-goad" to the thyrsos or mystic wand carried by the Bacchanals.²¹

We have already perceived that the mystic worshipers invoke Dionysos in the *Bacchae* of Euripides as "Snake of the Hundred Heads."²²

Serpents or images of serpents were regularly carried in the mystic processions held in honor of Dionysos, while the god himself as an infant was snake-crowned. Therefore, in art the Maenads or inspired women-followers of Dionysos are often represented either as carrying serpents, or as having them interwoven in their hair, and it has been rightly pointed out that:

The connexion between the serpent and Dionysos as the solar Lord of Time appears somewhat occultly in those myths in which the Sun-god slays some draconic monster, spawn of earth, which has been warmed into life by his beams; as Apollo slays the Python and Dionysos Kampe, the Winding-one; that is, the sun in his resistless career across the heavens, reaches the turning-points in

18. I. P. Cory, *Ancient Fragments*, 2d. Ed. London, 1832, p. 299. 19. *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, pp. 169-170. 20. *Ibid.* 168.
21. *Protrep.* II, 16. 22. *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 4, September 1912, p. 168.

the East and the West, and devours and destroys the circles and cycles of time, which he himself marks out and brings into existence.²³

The serpent symbol has four principal points of contact with Dionysos; first, as a type of earth-life; secondly, as a symbol of time and eternity; thirdly, as a type of wisdom; and fourthly, as a solar emblem. Thus in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" we read:

I am the Serpent-soul of the Earth, whose length is years laid out, and I am born daily. I am the Soul of the Earth in the parts of the earth. I am laid out and am born, decay and become young daily.²⁴

This is the life-giving serpent that broods over the waters of space and appears twined around the Orphic Mundane Egg. Sanchouniathon says in the Phœnician Cosmogony:

The serpent was esteemed . . . to be the most inspired of all the reptiles and of a fiery nature; inasmuch as it exhibits an incredible swiftness, moving by its spirit, without either hands or feet or any of those external members by which other animals effect their motion. And in its progress it assumes a variety of forms, moving in a spiral course and darting forward with whatever degree of swiftness it pleases. It is, moreover, long-lived and has the quality not only of putting off its old age and assuming a second growth but of receiving at the same time an increase of its size and strength. . . . Upon which account this animal is introduced in the sacred rites and Mysteries.²⁵

St. Justin, the early Christian Apologist, is surely correct when he says:

Along with each of those whom you esteem Gods there is painted a serpent, *a great symbol and mystery*.²⁶

3. PSYCHOLOGICAL KEY

The ceremonies of the Mysteries are their cloak. The simple look only at the garment, but the initiated see not merely the cloak but also that which the cloak conceals. As Dionysos in the sky is the toiling Savior Sun, ever rising and ever setting, ever causing life to bud in the spring, to flower in the summer, to die in the winter, and to be reborn next Easter-time; so Dionysos in man is the Deliverer who frees human souls from their cave-prisons of the flesh, triumphing over death, for he did himself descend into the underworld and yet arose therefrom, thus teaching man that "Whoso shall lose his life,

23. Robert Brown, Jr., *The Great Dionysiac Myth*, London, 1878, II, pp. 72-73.

24. Chapter lxxxvii. 25. I. P. Cory, *Ancient Fragments*, 2d. Ed. London, 1832, pp. 17-18. 26. *First Apology*, xxvii.

shall yet find it." He is the bestower of sacred bliss in that he reveals how to live freely according to the dictates of nature. He is the soul of all life, the dispenser of real wealth and wisdom, and doth offer his gifts freely to all the peoples of the earth. As the human soul, the spiritual life of man, the individuality which by rebirth is regenerated and restored to its pristine nobility, he shows how man can rebecome a god.

This psychological key is given by Macrobius in his Neoplatonic commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis*:

By Dionysos the Orphics meant to signify the Hylie Nous (that is, the human soul incarnated in the material world), which is born from the Impartible or Indivisible (the Divine Mind), and is separated in various parts (the different personalities). Therefore in the Orphic Mysteries Dionysos is represented by traditions as torn into separate limbs and the pieces buried in a tomb made empty by the resurrection of the God intact; which signifies that the Nous (the human soul) which we call the Mind, by making itself divisible from being indivisible and by becoming indivisible from being divisible incarnates in all forms of nature and yet does not abandon the mysteries of its own being.²⁷

So also Hermias says:

"This God (Dionysos) is the cause of rebirth."²⁸

Therefore, there can be no doubt but that the story of the murder and resurrection of Zagreus-Dionysos is the story of how the Pilgrim-soul loses and later regains its heaven-born wings — the story of the deathless and birthless soul, successively resurrecting and reincarnating, living through death and life, returning to earth again and yet again; the Divine Man for whom "the hour will never strike," the first-begotten, fire-born son of the Father-in-heaven; for in the words of Proklos: "The whole demiurgic (or creative) activity of the Gods has its end in rebirth."²⁹ And again:

The Spirit Within us is the true image of Dionysos. He therefore who acts erroneously in regard to It and who after the manner of the Titans sunders Its impartible nature through manifold falsehood certainly sins against Dionysos himself.³⁰

Furthermore, that the Greeks thus interpreted the myth, is expressly stated by the great Christian Neoplatonist, Origen.³¹

Thus Plutarch declares:

We have heard the theologists both in verse and in prose say that the Deity

27. I, 12. 28. In *Phaedone*, p. 87. 29. In *Timaeo*, V, 31. 30. In *Cratylus*, quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Works of Plato*, London, 1804, V, p. 693. 31. *Contra Celsum*, IV, 17.

is of its nature incorruptible and eternal, but yet because of a decree of fate and of reason, It suffers changes by Itself, being sometimes kindled into a fire and making all things alike, and at other times becoming manifold in different shapes, appearances, and powers, like unto the world. . . . The wiser men, cloaking their meaning from the profane, call the change into fire "Apollo" from Its unity,³² and Phoibos from Its purity and incorruption; but the condition and change of turning and conversion into air, water, and earth, and the production of the stars and the various kinds of plants and animals, they enigmatically denote by the terms "Exile" and "Dismemberment" and they then call the God "Dionysos, Zagreus, Nyktelios, and Isodaïtes."³³ They also tell of certain destructions and disappearances, deceases and rebirths, which are riddles and fables pertaining to the aforementioned transformations; and they sing the Dithyrambic Song in honor of Dionysos, filled with suffering and allusions to a change of state that brought with it wanderings backwards and forwards and dispersion . . .³⁴ . . . The stories that are related about the dismemberment of Dionysos and the attack of the Titans upon him and of their tasting his slain body and their punishment afterwards . . . are but a myth representing the rebirth of the soul. For what is unreasonable, disorderly, and boisterous, being not divine but demoniacal, the ancients term Titans, that is, tormented and punished, from τίωω the Greek word, meaning to punish.³⁵

Consequently, in view of such explicit and manifold testimony from antiquity, it is certain that the myth of the dismemberment of Zagreus was intended to be a dramatic version of the history of the wanderings of the Pilgrim-soul throughout the material universe.

Demeter, the Earth Goddess, is the mother, and Zeus, the God of Heaven, the father, because the soul is the child both of heaven and of earth. Dionysos is Dimetor, having two mothers — Demeter, the immortal Goddess, and Semele, the mortal Virgin; because the soul is a Pilgrim from the heavenly homeland incarnated in humanity.³⁶

The symbology of the Sacred Marriages of the myth is thus explained by Proklos:

Theologists signify this by means of "Sacred Marriages," which in brief symbolize the interaction of divine causation. When they perceive this interaction to occur between elements of the same kind, they name it "the marriage of Hera and Zeus," of "Heaven and Earth," "of Kronos and Rhea"; but when between lower and higher, they designate it "the marriage of Demeter and Zeus," and when between superior and inferior they call it "the marriage of Zeus and Kore," (that is, the Earth Goddess as a maid).³⁷

32. As though the word Apollo was derived from ἄ and πολλοί, meaning not many, or one. 33. *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, pp. 172-4. 34. *On the Ei at Apollo's Temple at Delphi*, ix. 35. *On the Eating of Flesh*, Or. I, 7. 36. *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, pp. 169, 172. 37. *In Parmenide*, II, 214.

We have previously noted that the adjective Liknites is an important epithet of Dionysos.³⁸ It is thus explained by Hesychios: "Liknites — a title of Dionysos, from the cradle in which they put children to sleep." In Greek the name Liknon was given both to a fan and to a shovel-shaped basket. It served three purposes, for it was used, first, as a fan to winnow grain; secondly, as a basket to hold grain and fruit; and thirdly, as a cradle for a baby. Thus Servius in commenting upon Virgil's words, "Iacchus' Mystic fan," says:

The mystic fan of Iacchus, that is, the sieve of the threshing-floor. He (Virgil) calls it the mystic fan of Iacchus, because the rites of Father Liber (the Latin name of Dionysos Soter, Dionysos the Savior) had reference to the purification of the soul, and men were purified through his Mysteries as grain is purified by fans. It is on this account that Isis is said to have placed the limbs of Osiris, when they had been torn apart by Typhon, on a sieve, for Father Liber (Dionysos Soter) is the same person (as Osiris), he in whose Mysteries the fan plays a part, because as we said he purifies souls. Wherefore, also he is called Liber because he Liberates or saves, and it is he, who, Orpheus said, was torn asunder by the Titans. Some add that Father Liber was called by the Greeks Liknites. Moreover, the fan is called by them Liknon, in which (as a cradle) he is said to have been placed directly after he was born. Others explain its being called "Mystic" by saying that the fan is a large wicker vessel in which peasants, because of its large size, are wont to heap their first fruits and consecrate it to Liber and Libera (Persephone, the Earth goddess as a maid). Hence it is called "Mystic."³⁹

Harpocration adds that:

"The Liknon was serviceable for every rite of Initiation, for every sacrifice."⁴⁰ It was used not only in the celebration of the "Sacred Marriages," but according to Plutarch it was customary at Athens during the celebration of ordinary marriages for a boy, both of whose parents were alive, while carrying a Liknon filled with loaves, to pronounce the words, "Bad have I fled, better have I found," — a formula evidently adopted from the ritual of the Mysteries.⁴¹ In this connexion it is also interesting to note that the early Christian Church in the celebration of its Eucharist employed two "mystic or sacred fans" — a custom which still survives in the Greek and Armenian churches.⁴²

Therefore the significance of the epithet Liknites and the symbol-

38. *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, September 1912, p. 172.

39. *Commentary upon Virgil's Georgics*, IV, 166. 40. S. v. τὸ λίκνον. 41. *Proverbial Sayings of Alexander*, xvi, 1255. 42. Cyril of Scythiopolis, *Life of St. Euthymius*, 70, and the *Euchologeion* (a Service Book of the Eastern Church).

ogy of the Liknon is evident: as a sieve or fan it symbolized purification; as a basket filled with the first fruits it served as a symbol of rebirth; and lastly as the cradle of the Holy Babe it typifies the "Manger" of Scripture story.

In considering the symbolical meaning of Hera, the relentless enemy of Zagreus-Dionysos, the following ancient statements are suggestive. Chrysippos, a Stoic philosopher of the third century B. C., says:

"Hera is matter and Zeus is Spirit."⁴³ If this interpretation is correct, Hera must signify primordial matter, as the antagonistic pole of the pair of opposites, Spirit and Matter — a conception which is essentially different from that of receptive organic matter, which is suffused and vivified by the incarnated Spirit-soul, for this latter conception of matter is typified by the Earth-Goddess, Demeter-Kore-Semele, and not the antagonistic and quarrelsome Hera. Furthermore, Olympiodoros says:

Hera is the supervising guardian of motion and progression, that is, the spirit of vibratory change, which is of course antagonistic to the essential peace and serenity of the spirit.⁴⁴

The Curetes were not only the protectors of the infancy of Zeus but are also appointed guardians of Zagreus, and carry the kettledrum and the tambourine, typifying the natural pendulum-movement, the cyclic swing of organic life.

The Titans, however, as murderers of Zagreus, the ministers of Hera's revenge, symbolize the confused movements of a perverted personal life, enslaved to the emotions; hence they carry the "false gifts" with which to beguile the Holy Babe: the top, symbolic of motion; the dice, typifying a life ruled by the pairs of opposites, the sensations of pleasure and pain; the mirror, suggestive of illusions; and the thyrsos, emblematic of rebirth. The giddy, spinning top, and the maddening throw of the gambler with its attendant ruin, hardly require any further comment. The symbolism of the mirror proved very interesting to the ancients. Thus in the language of Proklos it signifies the inability of the material world to receive the fulness of spiritual perfection. It is the phenomenal world which beguiles the young soul by its illusions and false reflections. Plotinos in referring

43. Clemens Alexandrinus, *Homiletics*, V, 18, 668; Origen, *Contra Celsum*, IV, 48.

44. *In Phaedone*, quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 2d ed. Pamphleteer, London, 1816, p. 473.

to the mirror of Dionysos, which psychologically speaking typifies the image of the Higher Self in man, his lower self or personality, says that the souls of men when they have once seen the image of their true selves will hasten above, since the soul having become divided must retrace its path and return to its originally spiritual state. And just as when it saw its reflection in the material world it went forth after it, so it must now contemplate its type or idea in the immaterial noetic or spiritual world, and be joined thereto.⁴⁵

Olympiodoros observes that:

The thyrsos is a symbol of the material and parted substance from its scattered condition; and on this account it is a *Titanic* plant. This it was customary to extend before Dionysos instead of his paternal sceptre; and through this they called him down into a partial nature. Indeed, the *Titans* are Thyrsos-bearers; and Prometheus concealed fire in a thyrsos or reed; after which he is considered as bringing celestial light into generation, or leading the soul into the body, or calling forth the Divine Light (the whole being ungenerated) into generated existence. Hence Sokrates calls the multitude Thyrsos-bearers Orphically, as living according to a *Titanic* life.⁴⁶

From this explanation it appears that the thyrsos as a symbol of rebirth, physiologically speaking, typifies the nervous system centered in the spinal-cord surmounted by the brain. Therefore the Bakchic wand is topped by the pine cone, which also represents "the heart of Zagreus," which was discovered to be still throbbing by Athena and given to Zeus — the heart from which the reborn Dionysos sprang into being and which contains within itself the true explanation of the mythical "imponderable, incorruptible, incombustible bone believed throughout the Middle Ages to be the necessary nucleus of the resurrection body." The ivy-leaves, "never sere," which are commonly intertwined around the cone-summit of the thyrsos, also typify immortality. From the macrocosmic standpoint the cone symbolizes the Mundane Egg.

A word or two ought to be added in regard to the "Symbols of Power" entrusted to Zagreus by his father, namely, the paternal scepter and the golden apple. The golden apple was from the Tree of Life that sprang into being at the marriage of Zeus and Hera in the Garden of the Hesperides. Thus, the mythical parallelism between this Greek myth and the story told in *Genesis* immediately suggests itself. The mystic objects, whether the "Symbols of Power," or the

45. *Ennead* IV, 3. 46. In *Phaedone*, quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 2d ed. Pamphleteer, London, 1816, p. 477.

"False Toys," are all connected with the story of the soul's fall into matter, and the play of the infant Zagreus, is the evolution of the physical world by means of the involution of the Spiritual life.

As Dionysos is the human soul, so the Titans are the earth-powers, and the arts that they employed to ensnare Zagreus are symbolical of the apparently divisible energies of the earth-powers, the powers of generation. They typify the animal nature or the powers of evil and darkness, who, however, are ultimately saved in the persons of their progeny, mankind, by reason of their feast upon the flesh of the slain Savior. This portion of the myth is the origin of the symbolical rite of the Eucharist. The Titans are physical and material powers which divert the Soul from its true Path by means of its longing for things of sense. The artificial whitening of the Titans' naturally black faces, symbolizes the disguise and deceit of man's lower or animal nature in its attempts to mislead and confuse the wavering soul. There was a direct reference to this part of the myth in the Orphic Baptism.⁴⁷

The metamorphoses assumed by Zagreus while attempting to escape from the stifling grasp of the Titans typify the manifold incarnations of the soul in the course of its Pilgrimage through the material universe. The dismemberment of Zagreus represents the Fall, the descent of the soul into a body, the incarnation of spirit. The limbs are first boiled because water is a symbol of the astral world and the soul first falls into the elemental astral kingdoms. The limbs are later roasted by fire, the myth thereby typifying the reascent of the soul purified by its journey through the Cycle of Suffering. The soul is torn to pieces, that is, scattered abroad throughout the universe by incarnation. Therefore Zeus, the Divine Father in Heaven, when the soul reascends to its original home, converts the Titans, physical and material powers, into his own essence by reducing them to ashes by means of his thunder-bolt.

Olympiodoros says:

In the first place, then, we are composed of fragments, because through falling into generation, our life has proceeded into the most distant and extreme division, but from Titanic fragments, because the Titans are the ultimate artificers of things and stand immediately next to whatever is constituted from them. But further, our irrational life is Titanic, by which the rational and higher life is torn to pieces. And hence when we disperse the Dionysos or the intuitive intellect contained in the secret recesses of our own nature, breaking in pieces the kindred

47. *Studies in Orphism*, III, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 1, July 1912, p. 49.

and divine form of our essence, which communicates, as it were, both with things subordinate and things supreme, then we become Titans, but when we establish ourselves in union with this Dionysiac or kindred form, we become Bakchoi, or perfect guardians of our irrational life; for Dionysos . . . is himself a guardian divinity, dissolving at his pleasure the bonds by which the soul is united to the body. . . . But it is necessary that the passive part of our irrational nature through which we are bound to the body and which is nothing more than the resounding echo, as it were, of soul, should suffer the punishment incurred by descent (into a body). For when the soul casts aside the peculiarity of her own nature, she requires a separate but at the same time a multiform body, that she may again become in need of the common form, which she has lost through Titanic dispersion into matter.⁴⁸

Damascius says:

"This union with the Deity should be an all-perfect at-one-ment, a return upwards of our soul to the Divine."⁴⁹

The throbbing "heart of Dionysos" is said to have been preserved by Athena, the wisdom-guardian of life, because while the soul is distributed in the world of generation, the material world of birth and decay, it is, nevertheless, preserved entire by the protecting power of the Divine Intelligence. So, also, Apollo, the source of union and harmony, is called by Proklos "the key-keeper of the fountain of life," and as the representative of spiritual life Apollo gathers up the scattered limbs of Zagreus that they may be properly buried, that is, converted into spirit.⁵⁰ But the coffin of Zagreus at Delphi was only a cenotaph because in the significant words of Macrobius "the tomb of Dionysos was made empty by the resurrection of the God *intact*."⁵¹

Olympiodoros thus explains the myth:

The form of that which is universal is plucked off, torn in pieces and scattered into generation, and Dionysos is the Monad of the Titans. . . . In another aspect, Dionysos is the supervising guardian of generation because he presides over life and death. . . . But Zeus is said to have hurled his thunder at the Titans; the thunder signifying a conversion on high; for fire naturally ascends, and therefore Zeus by this means converts the Titans to his own essence. . . . It is necessary first of all for the soul to place a likeness of herself in the body. Secondly, it is necessary for her to sympathize with the image as being of like idea, for every external form or substance is wrought into an identity with its interior essence through an ingenerated tendency thereto. In the third place, being situated in a divided nature it is necessary that she should be torn in pieces and fall into a last separation until through the action of a life of purification she shall raise

48. Quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 2d ed., Pamphleteer, London, 1816, pp. 473-5. 49. *Vita Isidori*, Photius, ccxlii, 526. 50. *Hymn to the Sun*, v 3.

51. Context given on p. 329.

herself from the dispersion, loose the bond of sympathy, and act, as of herself without the external image, having become established according to the first created life. The like things are fabled in the myth; for Dionysos because his image was formed in a mirror, pursued it and thus became distributed into everything, but Apollo collected him and brought him up, being a divinity of purification and the true savior of Dionysos and on this account he is styled in sacred hymns Dionysites.⁵²

In the variant forms assumed in the different national myths of the mystic savior, the symbology of the second Sacred Marriage differs somewhat. Sometimes, instead of being represented as a second mystic union of the Divine All-Father with the Earth-goddess as a mortal virgin, the normal type, it becomes the sacred marriage of the divine son, as was noted while considering the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, and as is to be seen in the legend of St. Catharine, the Bride of Christ.⁵³ Although in the myth Dionysos is represented as having two mothers, nevertheless he is also called "the Motherless Mystery," in reference to his birth from the thigh of Zeus, because the soul is not generated upon earth but is a sojourner from heaven.⁵⁴

It is thus evident that Orphism by means of its mystery-drama of Zagreus-Dionysos taught allegorically the great central truths of the eternity, the pre-existence, and the rebirth of the human soul, and the unfoldment of life in accordance with the law of justice.

Can we not still hear the genuine followers of Orpheus declare? —

That which we seek is but our other Self,
Other and Higher, neither wholly like
Nor wholly different, the half-life the Gods
Retained when half was given. For each
The complement of each, in truth
A double essence, human and divine.
So that the God is hidden in the man.
Soul's but a particle of God, sent down to man,
Which doth in turn reveal the world and God.
Thine eyes have seen the soul of man, the deathless soul,
Defeated, struggling, purified and blest.
It shall be well with thee as 'tis with us
If only thou art true. The World of life,
The world of death, are but the opposing sides
Of one great orb, and the light shines on both.⁵⁵

52. *In Phaedone*, quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 2d ed., Pamphleteer, London, 1816, pp. 473, 476. 53. *Studies in Orphism*, I, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, II, 4, April 1912, p. 260. 54. *Ibid.* IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, p. 169. 55. Lewis Morris: *Epic of Hades*.

THE SKEPTICS

BLISS CARMAN

IT was the little leaves beside the road.

Said grass: "What is that sound
So dismally profound,

That detonates and desolates the air?"

"That is St. Peter's Bell,"

Said rain-wise Pimpernel;

"He is music to the godly,

Though to us he sounds so oddly,

And he terrifies the faithful unto prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass: "And whither track

These creatures all in black,

So woebegone and penitent and meek?"

"They're mortals bound for church,"

Said the little Silver Birch;

"They hope to get to heaven

And have their sins forgiven,

If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something like a smile

Ran through the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass: "What is that noise

That startles and destroys

Our blessed summer brooding when we're tired?"

"That's folks a-praising God,"

Said the tough old cynic Clod;

"They do it every Sunday,

They'll be all right on Monday;

It's just a little habit they've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves. — *Selected*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AND GAINSBOROUGH:

by C. J. Ryan



UNTIL the eighteenth century painting in England was mainly in the hands of foreigners. Mabuse, Holbein, Antonio Moro, Lely, Kneller, Rubens, and Vandyke, were the great names we meet in looking over collections of portraits of notable English people who lived before that time. A few fine miniature-painters of eminence were English, but the truly British School of painting was established by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Wil-

liam Hogarth, who both lived through the largest part of the eighteenth century, and saw England take a leading position in the world of art.

Reynolds was born near Plymouth in 1723, and his father, the principal of a college, intended him to study medicine, but he showed such a strong love for art that he was sent to London to study. After two years he returned to Plymouth and set up as a portrait painter. Fortunately a naval officer took a fancy to him and invited him to accompany him on his ship to the Mediterranean. He was thus able to study for several years in Rome, Parma, Venice, and Florence. While painting in the Vatican he caught cold, which resulted in severe deafness which was never cured. On his way home he stopped in Paris where he made a careful study of Rubens' masterpieces of coloring.

When he started his career as a portrait painter in London Reynolds immediately showed the effect of his observations. He had learned dramatic expression in the attitudes and grouping of figures from Michelangelo; exquisite sentiment and grace from Rafael; the treatment of light and shade from Corregio; and, because he was naturally a colorist, the dignity and sumptuousness of coloring from Rubens, Tiziano, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, etc. He set himself to combine as many as possible of these different qualities in his own works. Says Northcote, his pupil and biographer:

No one ever approximated the ideas of others to his own purposes with more skill than Sir Joshua. The opinion he has given of Rafael may with equal justice be applied to himself: "His materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own."

Though Reynolds was pre-eminently a portrait painter, his portraits are not only interesting from their perfection of character-representation, but they have a special dramatic quality, a grandeur of style, an intellectual dignity in the composition, which make them great works of creative originality. He had learned from the great masters of the continent much which he embodied in rules, and he consistently applied these rules in his paintings; but it must not be thought that the application of such rules will produce works like his. He had the genius which could use what he had learned in a new way, and so he produced immortal works. He was a great colorist too, and no amount of learning will produce a colorist unless it is in him to start with. Reynolds sometimes attempted historical and religious



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PORTRAIT: MRS. O'BRIEN, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

" THE ROBIN "

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Gallery, London.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"THE BLUE BOY," BY GAINSBOROUGH



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

"PERDITA," BY GAINSBOROUGH

subjects, and with success, though his greatest fame depends upon his portraits.

When the English Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768, Reynolds was acclaimed the first President with applause, and was knighted by King George III. This honor has been conferred upon all his successors. As President of the Royal Academy he delivered a series of *Discourses* which embody the principles he learned in his youth. These lectures have frequently been republished and are full of valuable advice to the art student.

Reynolds was a man of large experience and culture, intimate with the most brilliant minds in England, such as Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, Oliver Goldsmith, and David Garrick. He never married. He died in 1792 and was buried with much pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Almost as renowned in the history of portrait painting in England in the eighteenth century as Sir Joshua Reynolds, was Thomas Gainsborough, his contemporary, and one of the founders of the brilliant school of painting in England which lasted for about a hundred years. Of only a little less distinction are the famous names of Romney, Raeburn, Hoppner, and Lawrence, whose portraits are well known to all lovers of art. Contemporary British art can show no portrait painters of equal eminence. Sargent and Whistler (the latter recently deceased) will probably go down to posterity as painters of the first rank, but, although they have produced most of their work in England, they are both natives of the United States.

Gainsborough was born in 1727 in Sudbury, in the county of Suffolk, not far from the birthplace of the great landscape painter, Constable, who later exerted such a powerful influence upon the French and other continental schools of painting. After studying in London he set up as a painter there at the early age of eighteen, but not meeting with encouragement he returned to his native town and married a girl a year younger than himself. This was not a very improvident act for the young lady had a comfortable income. Gainsborough then started in the larger town of Ipswich, where he worked from nature for fifteen years very quietly and humbly, until he had attained a wonderful skill in portrait and landscape painting. In 1760 he moved to the city of Bath, then the most fashionable city outside London. At Bath the gay world of society assembled to drink the medicinal waters and to enjoy itself. Gainsborough rapidly became famous and com-

missions poured in upon him, and after fourteen years of increasing success he moved to London where he died in 1788. Reynolds, who had not been on good terms with Gainsborough for some years, renewed friendship at the close of his life and pronounced a generous eulogy at his funeral, which was held in a quiet country churchyard near London.

Simplicity was the keynote to Gainsborough's career as a man and a painter. He never attempted the "Grand Style," nor did he study the Old Masters in Italy. Yet his long and close application to nature alone brought out his great powers. He was inspired by the principle of Impressionism which is erroneously supposed to be a discovery of our times. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his *Discourses*, laid down a principle that the chief masses of light in a picture should always be of warm, mellow color, and that the cool blue, green, and gray tones should be small in proportion and only used to set off the warm colors. Gainsborough, who did not believe in formal rules, and was distinguished for his delicate harmonies of color, took up the challenge and painted two masterpieces, one a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, and *The Blue Boy*, in both of which the theory of Reynolds is triumphantly refuted. In both these pictures the great masses of light are cool, and blue or blue-gray.

Gainsborough was passionately fond of music, and played several instruments with good taste.

ART AMONG THE INDIANS: by R. Machell



ONE of the many interesting points in a lecture by Dr. Wharton James on the Hopi Indian basket weaving, recently heard by the students at Point Loma, was the account of how the Hopi woman goes to Nature for suggestions and weaves these into her work as a means of expressing her own feelings and emotions, her hopes and fears, her desires and her prayers. Among these weavers are evidently some who have poetic souls and artistic temperaments as well as great skill, industry, patience, and knowledge of Nature, in so far as the requirements of their art are concerned: that is to say in the selection and gathering at the proper season of the materials for their work. In speaking of the designs used in the decoration of the baskets the lecturer said that a weaver would not only symbolize the tribal belief in the existence of

other worlds, or rather of other planes of existence on this world depicting an upper and an under world with the visible earth between, but also she would use some striking effect in Nature such as sunlight falling on the mountains, or the lightning, or else the clouds above and the running water below, and so on, something that had struck her imagination as expressing some mood of Nature that corresponded with some emotion of her own.

A study of the work displayed and thus explained showed how one worker would try to copy more or less literally the essential features of the scene that had caught her fancy, while another merely used the nature picture as a basis for the more important work of making a harmonious design, correctly translating this into terms of basketry.

Here we have the same diversity of aim in art as we find in specimens of what we call "the fine arts" as practised among white people.

When we consider the nature of a landscape and the resources of a basket weaver we are at once struck by the gulf that must be bridged in any attempt to connect the two; and when the weaver in any way copies realistically natural objects the discrepancy becomes painfully apparent. One feels intuitively that a basket is not the place for a realistic representation of anything; that is not what baskets are for. The essential quality of a basket is to serve the purpose for which it is made.

That sounds simple, but it is not so, for when an artist is the weaver, or when it is a poet who is hidden behind the mask of an illiterate Indian woman, then the purpose of the basket is quite other than it would be if it were made primarily for sale and secondarily for use in some particular service, like our own manufactured goods.

An Indian woman of this artistic or poetic temperament will weave a basket that shall be to the one for whom it is intended as a constant reminder of some idea, some thought, or emotion, of a more or less personal character, and this is truly a part of the purpose of the basket. Or it may be that it is wrought, as many are, as a prayer to the Gods of the earth, the air, or the underworld, and this again is a very definite purpose, though it might not be considered so by our people. The art of combining these purposes seems to me more worthy of the name of art than the mere attempt to reproduce in weaving a scene in nature that could be better rendered in many other ways and which has no inherent connexion with the legitimate function of a basket.

But everything in nature has aspects as various as the minds that

contemplate it, and the artist, even if he aim at realism, must make a selection, and then he must translate what he has chosen as the most important aspect to be reproduced, into terms of the means of expression he is using, whether it be painting or modeling or carving or weaving, embroidery or architecture, or any other mode of expression that man is acquainted with.

When his work is completed it will be understood by some, and will be utterly unintelligible to others. The most literal interpretation will be unintelligible to a savage or an uneducated mind; even a photograph is a translation that is unintelligible to some, by reason of their ignorance or undeveloped intellect.

Now when an Indian woman weaves into her basket a picture of running water, that the gods of the earth may know that she is praying them to make the springs flow through the dry season, her purpose is quite distinct from that of an artist who paints a stream in order to recall such a scene to the minds of those who are lovers of nature and who wish to be so reminded. The weaver rightly selects the aspect of the running stream that seems to her most essential; this is done by all artists, whether they think about it or not. Then the designer must translate the selected aspect of running water into terms of basketry. Here comes in the special characteristic of the artist as distinct from another kind of interpreter; and the discrimination or taste shown in this peculiar art is what is interesting to an artist in the work of these women. The intuitive perception of the essential characteristic of the selected subject and its adaptation to the purpose of the basket is pure art of the highest order.

The basket must not only be a good basket in the ordinary sense, but it must be beautiful according to the order of beauty natural to baskets, for the essential of beauty is fitness; it must be pleasing to the soul to which its beauty is meant to appeal, and, if it is unintelligible to the intellect of even the most cultured critic, that is not a matter of any importance whatever; it is not a map, nor a plan, nor a scientific diagram, nor a wall picture, but a basket.

It is in this art of design that some of these women show qualities that are really classic; that is, qualities that are eternal, essential, fundamental in all art; the quality of fitness, of perfect fitness of form to function, for function includes all purposes served or subserved by the work, whether they be practical or emotional, esthetic or religious, material or transcendental; and by form we imply design,

decoration, color, and texture, as well as form in the ordinary sense.

This fitness of form to function and its resultant harmony of design was brought out by the lecturer, Dr. James, when he explained the ceremonial use of a certain basket, which contained a particular line that must at a given moment in the ceremony be pointed in a given direction, whether there might be sufficient light or not for the officiator to be able to see the line. To meet this need the texture of the work was made to indicate to the touch what was invisible to the eye, and the line became a notable feature in the design, giving it a peculiar character or individuality. In every case the most beautiful work was animated by some noble idea, some loving thought, or some simple prayer, and was always a work of love, that is, a work of art; for work done for the love of the work is art. And in that lies the principal difference between art-work and mere manufacture. Almost all technical qualities may be imitated by the machine, but the love of the work is peculiar to the artist.

It is rather sad to reflect that one of the results of the wide notoriety given to this work by Dr. James will be such an increased demand that the work will become a commercial commodity; and it is too much to hope that the subtle charm of work done with such simple faith and such delicate love will be able to survive the constant temptation that will beset the weavers to make money by rapid production of saleable work. Commercialism stifles art.

The stories with which this brilliant lecturer illustrated his subject were all indicative of this personal note running through the work of these women. He told of the difficulty he always had in persuading them to tell him what their designs meant to them, and he insisted upon the uselessness of attempting to interpret the symbolism by any rule or system, because each worker, if she were of the best kind, was truly an artist expressing her own ideas in her own way as far as the natural limitations of the work allowed.

It is good for us to be occasionally reminded in this way that there are precious qualities in human nature that have been lost beneath the flood of wealth in which the world is swept along, and which must be redeemed from the ruin wrought by civilization if that civilization is itself to be redeemed from its own destruction. These qualities must not be left to a few rare artists, who may be strong enough to resist the general degeneration and vulgarization of ideals by the monster "commercialism"; they must be restored to their proper place, the

home; and the home itself must be restored, if the civilized world is to be saved from the decay which history shows us is inherent in civilization as known to us. We can not go back to the "simple life" of the Red Man, we must go forward to a higher kind of "simple life," in which the old virtues shall reappear in a new guise, giving birth to a new art of a higher order than any we have yet seen.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by Helios



THE astronomical world has been greatly interested in watching the changes in a new star that suddenly blazed out last March in the constellation *Gemini*, the Twins. It gradually, though not quite regularly, became paler, until it is now too faint to be seen with the naked eye. As it diminished in brightness it became red. This star is one of quite a number of new stars that have appeared from the unknown in sudden brilliancy only to fade gradually into invisibility or extreme faintness. The theories to explain these extraordinary phenomena have been very numerous. The favorite theory at present being seriously regarded by the scientific world is that of Professor Bickerton, of New Zealand, who believes that new stars are formed by the collision of two dark and dead stars, the terrific impact of the two bodies as they meet in their furious rush through space producing vast quantities of light and heat and striking off a third blazing body, the new star. Professor Bickerton claims that this is the natural method of renewing the worn-out suns in the universe, and that the "impact theory" explains most of the difficulties which confront astronomers in relation to stellar origins. While his theory is decidedly ingenious and is very skilfully worked out on mathematical lines, it has many objections, the principal one being its purely materialistic tendency. Unfortunately this objection will not weigh very much in this age of mechanical explanations, but it is none the less cogent, and should appeal strongly to students of Theosophy.

From the standpoint of those who see the reign of law in all nature, and who look upon the phenomenal world as only the expression of a deep underlying spiritual consciousness, the conception of millions of burnt-out stars blundering about in disorderly fashion and stumbling against each other every now and then, and so giving rise to orderly solar systems, seems absurd on the face of it. H. P. Blavatsky

considers the origin of solar systems very fully in *The Secret Doctrine*, and states that a modification of the Nebular Theory of Laplace (suggested shortly before by Swedenborg, and, so far as Europe is concerned, first put forward by ancient Greek philosophy) is not far from the truth. Professor See (U. S. A.) has worked out some remarkable theories about the Nebular origin of the Solar System which approach very closely in many points to those of the Esoteric Teachings.

In connexion with this subject a startling discovery is announced by Professor Küstner of Bonn Observatory, Germany. He states that the spectral lines of radium, uranium, etc., have been identified in the spectrum of the new star in *Gemini*. This looks as if an outburst of the terrific energy that we know is locked up in radium had suddenly taken place, and that the rapid appearance of the new star was caused by such an outburst, an unloosing or explosion of some kind, rather than by a collision. Such an explanation is in greater harmony with the teachings of Theosophy, and opens a wide field for investigation and speculation on non-materialistic lines. H. P. Blavatsky quotes, in *The Secret Doctrine*, a remarkable passage from the *Vishnu-Purâna* stating that the Pralaya will open by the dilatation of the Solar Rays into Seven Suns and thus everything will be destroyed by fervent heat. This, however, cannot occur until the periodic time; till the normal, appointed cycle of physical life on earth has reached its close, millions and millions of years hence.

Professor Barnard of Yerkes Observatory has made some very sensible criticisms on the rather sensational theories of New Stars, recently brought forward. He rejects the theory that their sudden blazing out into visibility is due to the passing of a dim star through a nebula, and he thinks the impact theory highly improbable because of the impossibility of many collisions taking place. He thinks that the sudden change in the physical condition of the temporary stars is due to internal forces and not to outside influences. Very boldly he affirms:

I think that this, like some of the abnormal phenomena of the comets, reveals to us the effects of new forces (call them that if you like) as yet unknown to us, but which we must take into consideration as our knowledge of the universe advances.

This is rendered more probable by Professor Küstner's discovery of radium vapors, etc., in the new star in *Gemini*.

DR. HALE of the Carnegie Observatory, Mount Wilson, Pasadena, California, reports that the great 100-inch glass for the new telescope is still being tested at the workshop, and that it is impossible to say yet whether it is a success. The whole scientific world is looking with great anxiety to the completion of this telescope, which will be by far larger than any other. If the glass disk turns out a failure it will be some years before another can be made ready. If successful, science will soon have the means of penetrating into almost incredibly distant portions of the stellar universe. The greatest telescopes now in use will be reduced to comparative insignificance when the 100-inch mirror is mounted, and the limit of possible size will probably not have been reached even then. It is difficult for those not acquainted with the process of making one of these enormous instruments to imagine the intellectual ability required to design them, and the extreme perfection of mechanical skill called upon to bring the optical and mechanical parts to the necessary perfection, without which they would be useless. The problem of balancing the enormous weight of a giant telescope so as to move with the pressure of only a few pounds, is in itself great. The modern telescope, with its complicated accessories, is really one of the greatest wonders of the world, and is something which our age is justified in being proud of.

At last there is going to be a really gigantic telescope erected in the Southern Hemisphere. The Argentine Government is providing funds for a reflector with a mirror five feet in diameter, the same size as the great mirror at Mount Wilson Observatory, California. The Argentine telescope will be set up in the mountains near Córdoba, and the director is Professor Perrine, formerly of the Lick Observatory, California, who discovered the sixth and seventh satellites of Jupiter. The new telescope will be used chiefly to photograph nebulae and stellar clusters, and will doubtless greatly add to our knowledge of the stellar universe.

A NEW and rather extraordinary explanation of the Glacial Periods has been invented by Dr. Spitaler of Prague, and is being seriously discussed. He claims that the Milky Way radiates more heat than the rest of the sky, and that in consequence of the precessional movement of the Earth in its 26,000-year cycle the distance of the equator from the Milky Way varies regularly, and that the temperature of different parts of the Earth varies accordingly. But as it is almost impossible to measure the heat received by us from even the most bril-

liant stars, so small in amount is it, it seems very unlikely that the stars of the Milky Way, which even in their totality give a feeble light, should send us enough heat to make any appreciable impression. It may be, though, that they do send us some unsuspected form of energy capable of producing effects upon our atmosphere not yet detected. If the Glacial Periods can be proved to take place periodically at 26,000-year intervals, we shall have a definite basis of fact to consider; but up to the present there is nothing about which astronomers and geologists differ more widely among themselves than the date of even the last Glacial Period.

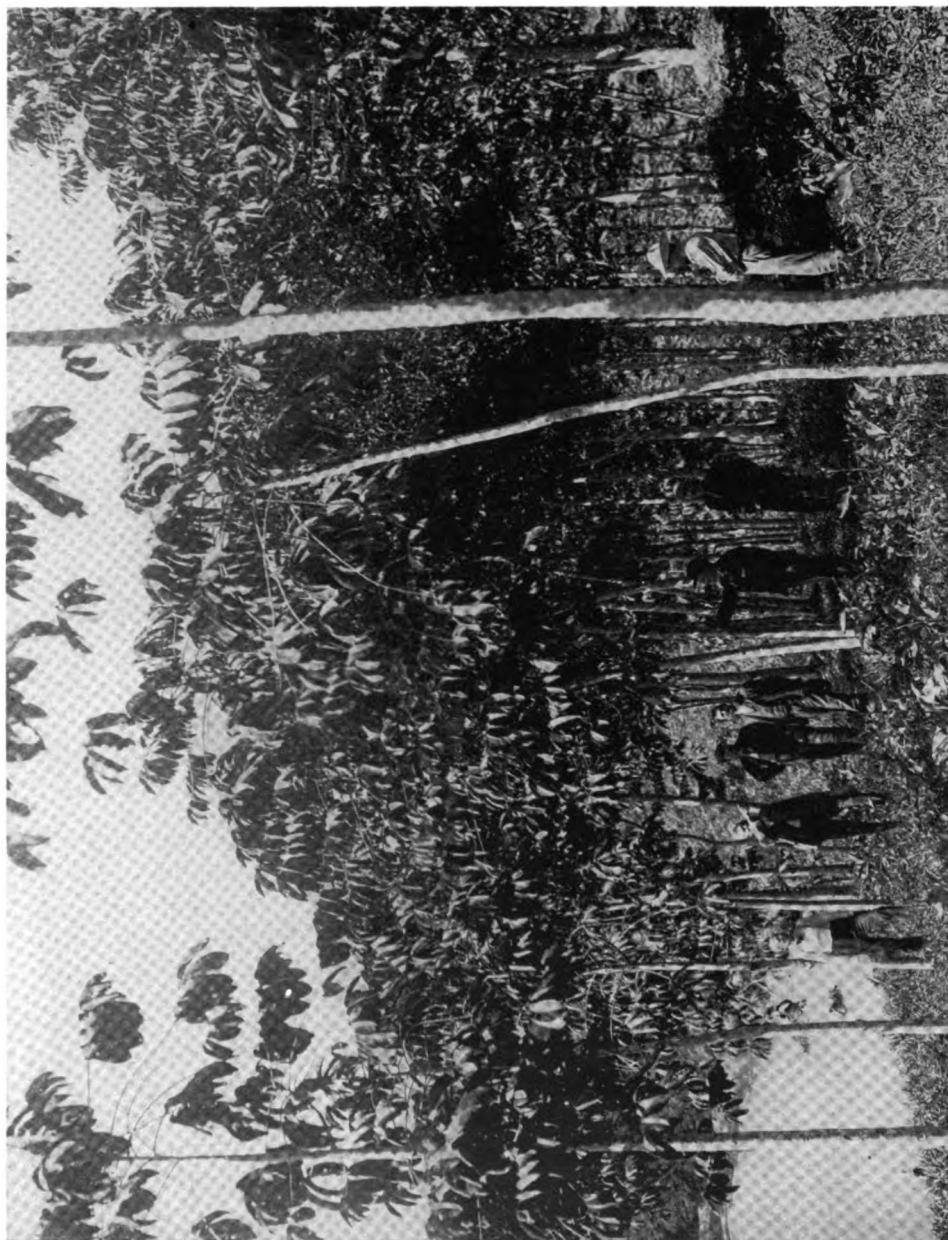
SEVERAL attempts have been made recently to detect the rotation of the planet Uranus about its axis. As no marks on the planet are distinct enough to give the required information, we have to trust to the spectroscope. The method adopted depends upon the fact that a variation can be detected by means of that instrument in the two pencils of light reflected from the two respective sides of a rotating body; that beam of light from the side which approaches the observer is slightly shifted in position when compared with that from the receding side. The spectroscope separates the rays, and according to the rate of movement, so is the separation more or less. Drs. Lowell and Slipher have just reported that they find the period of Uranus' rotation to be 10 hours 50 minutes. Until lately the planet has had its south pole presented directly towards us and therefore the spectroscopic method could not be tried because there was, of course, nothing but a circular motion to be seen. The spectroscopic method of determining the rotation of so small a disk as that of Uranus is an extremely delicate one, and is subject to some probable errors. It has been applied to Saturn and Venus also, with success in respect to the former, but the results derived from the spectroscopic observations of the opposite sides of Venus have varied according to the observer. Astronomers are still divided in opinion as to whether Venus makes one revolution only on its axis during its year, therefore always presenting the same face to the Sun, or whether it revolves in about twenty-four hours. In 1900, Belopolsky, of Moscow, by means of the spectroscope, found a rapid rotation. Slipher, at the Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona, arrived at absolutely contradictory results three years later, but Belopolsky continued his researches, and now declares that his observations in 1903, 1908 and 1911, conclusively confirm his original discovery and give a period of nearly a day and a half for the rotation

of Venus. Another careful observer, McHarg, in Ireland, has gone over all the available material and has made extensive observations of his own, even to the extent of drawing a map of the so-called lands and seas on Venus, and he decides for a day of 23 hours 28 minutes 13.595 seconds! The decimal parts of a second are striking, if not convincing in view of the mutually destructive opinions of various astronomers! The question is of great interest, because, if Venus has a day approximating in length to ours, the probability of its being inhabited by animal and perhaps intelligent life becomes very great. H. P. Blavatsky in discussing the plurality of inhabited worlds says:

It is curious that the duration of the day is nearly the same on the four inner planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars.

Astronomers have no definite knowledge of the length of Mercury's day, owing to the extreme difficulty of observation, but efforts are being made to solve the problem.

Probably the most unexpected and incomprehensible discovery ever made in astronomy, if fully confirmed by further observations, is that of the connexion between the age of stars and their rate of motion! It is now seriously announced that a large number of the so-called young stars travel at about seven and one-half miles per second, the middle-aged ones at about seventeen and the elderly ones at twenty-one — a fast life indeed! Our Sun being past its early youth moves at about twelve and one-half miles a second. There is no *a priori* reason why this should not be so, but it must be remembered that the difficulty of being sure about anything connected with the movements of the distant stars is enormous, for there is no fixed point of comparison, and even the spectroscopic method of measuring the approach and recession of objects in the line of sight is liable to error. Again, the assertion that we have conclusively ascertained the relative ages of many of the stars by means of the study and classification of the spectral lines given off by their outer surfaces, is not literally true. The theory on which it is based is unproved. Ages must pass before it can be demonstrated, and we may find that some other order of progress is the rule. Red stars are supposed to be the oldest type, and white stars, like Sirius, the youngest, yet there are records that Sirius was once reddish. If Sirius can have changed from red to bluish-white in two thousand years, a mere moment in the life of a star, the element of age may have very little to do with stellar colors or spectra.

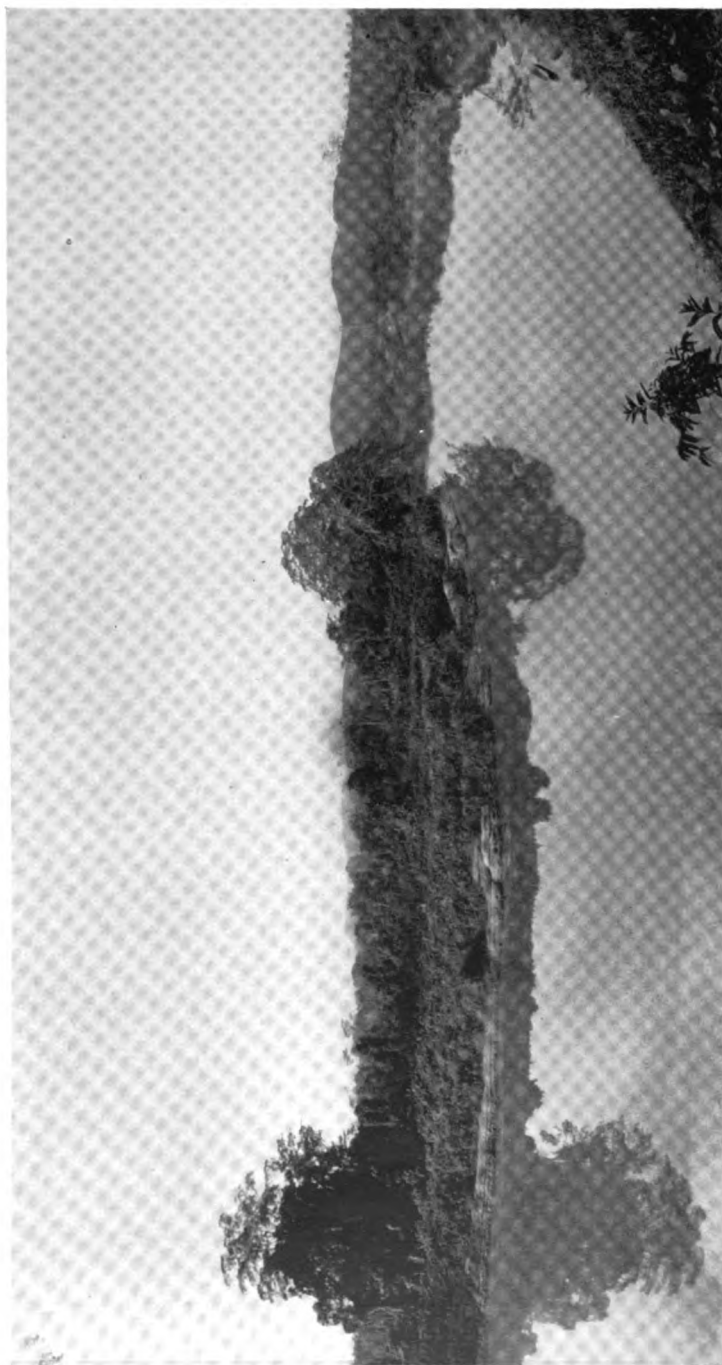


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A PLANTATION OF CULTIVATED RUBBER TREES, (" CASTILLOA ELÁSTICA ")

ON THE LUMIJA PLANTATION, DISTRICT OF PALENQUE

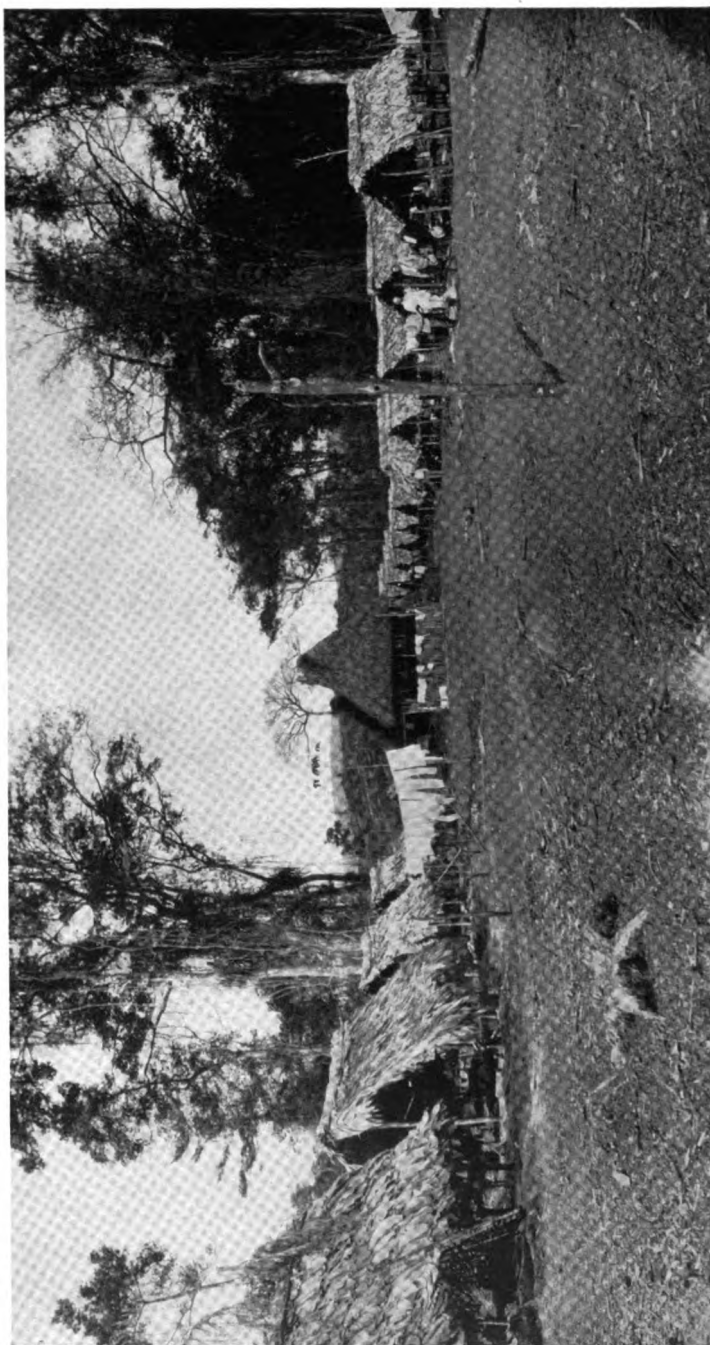
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley)



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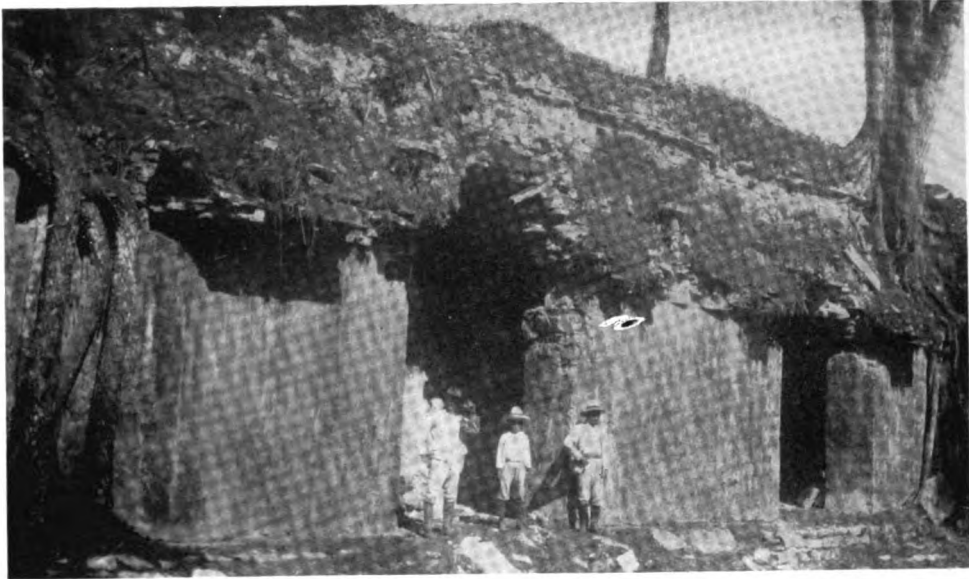
VIEW ON THE RÍO TULIÁ, DISTRICT OF PALENQUE, MEXICO

A wild fig tree on the point; the hills in the background are planted with rubber trees.
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley)



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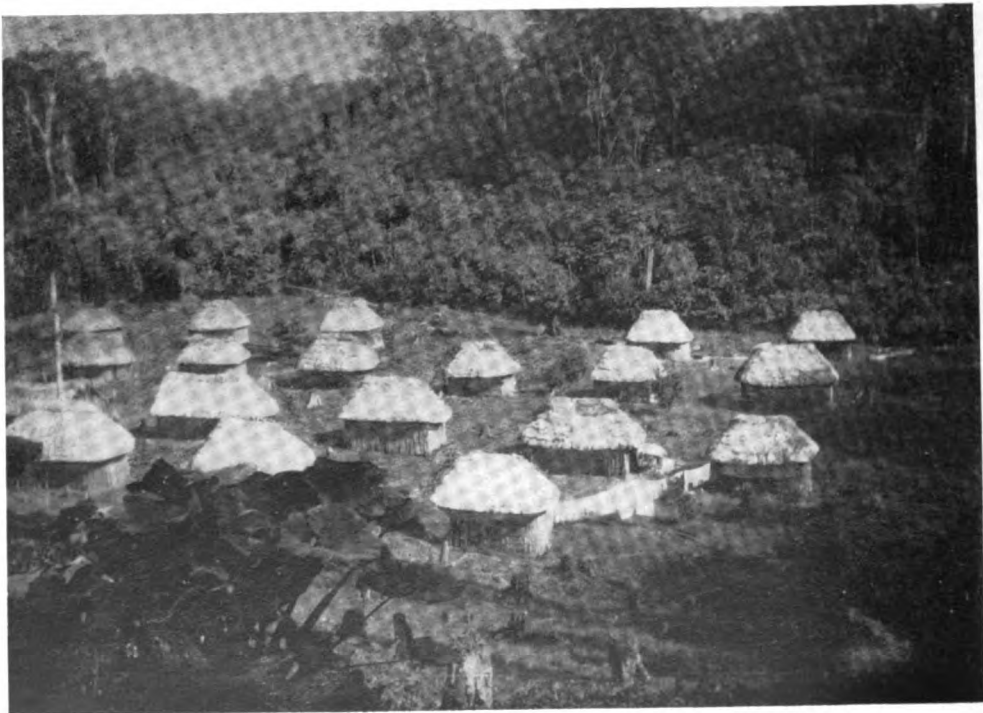
TEMPORARY CAMP ON THE FLORIDA PLANTATION, DISTRICT OF PALENQUE, MEXICO
From this camp in 1905, seventeen hundred acres of dense forest were cleared, burned,
and planted with corn, and rubber trees.
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley)



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RUINS AT PALENQUE

Note the tree growing from the roof.
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley)



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A COFFEE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR PALENQUE
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley)



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ONE OF THE PYRAMIDAL MOUNDS AT PALENQUE

This was undoubtedly faced, at least on one side, with steps leading to the building at the top; but the rank vegetation has broken and overturned all the facing except a few of the top steps on one side.

(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)



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CORRIDOR IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PALENQUE, MEXICO
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)



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CORRIDOR IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PALENQUE, MEXICO
The same as in preceding picture, but looking the other way.
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)



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IN THE RUINS OF PALENQUE
(Photo. by courtesy of F. A. Markley.)

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL PROGRESS:

by Archaeologist

THE IVORY PALACE OF AHAB



THE discovery of the palace of King Ahab is the subject of an article in *The Scientific American* about recent excavations in Samaria. Harvard University has undertaken the explorations, which were hampered by the condition that everything should be restored to its original state; so that the explorers had to dig in sections and put back the earth. Samaria was the last of three successive capitals which the kingdom of Israel had after its separation from Judah; Omri, founder of the third dynasty, chose for his site an isolated hill six miles northwest of Shechem, and the city was called Shomeron, now known by its Greek form Samaria. The hill rises to from 400 to 500 feet above the surrounding valleys and to 1400 feet above sea-level, and the natural defences were increased by fortifications. Samaria was taken by the Assyrians and underwent many vicissitudes while under Assyrian and Babylonian rule. It reached its highest artistic glory under Herod the Great, who rebuilt it and named it Sebaste in honor of Augustus. Ahab the successor of Omri is said to have built an ivory palace; and it is this that the explorers, after removing the rubbish of successive civilizations, think they have found. The ruins cover an area of nearly two acres and the lower courses of masonry are built into the living rock. This is the first and only palace of a Hebrew king yet found. It was undoubtedly an immense building, consisting of chambers grouped around courts. Two grades of construction appear in the walls, and this is considered to indicate that Omri built the palace and Ahab enlarged it. Some seventy-five fragments of pottery inscribed with records in the old Hebrew script were found. It is not the square modern character but that ancient writing, allied to the Phoenician, found on the Moabite Stone and the Siloam tunnel inscription. It is written in ink with a reed pen and consists of labels for jars of oil, wine, etc.

The excavations on the summit showed four superimposed eras of structures — Jewish, Babylonian, Greek, and Herodian or Roman, and many interesting remains of the last period remain. It is expected that the records found are but a foretaste of what will come to light when the excavations are renewed; and as Ahab is not far removed

from Solomon, we may even get some valuable information as to the latter monarch.

Whether the ivory palace of Ahab is a historical fact, we know not, nor whether what has been found is actually the building recorded in the Bible. Archaeologists will fall into confusion if they neglect to take into account that the narrative of the Old Testament is not a plain history as we understand the word "history" today. Nor is it fiction. It is allegory, and allegory of the kind whose kernel consists of actual chronicles. Those who compiled the Bible designed to make a kabalistic book containing esoteric teachings veiled in symbolism; and the collection of chronicles and traditions therein contained serve as the basis for this allegory. The building of Solomon's temple has an obvious symbolical meaning and the account tallies with that of certain Persian tales. The Persians tell of a race of wise kings called Sulimans, counting seventy-two of that name. It may well be that a king of the Israelites did build a temple and that he was succeeded by other kings as related; but whether his name was Solomon, or whether that was merely a kind of title like Augustus or the Great King, is another question.

THE ETRUSCAN PROBLEM

ETHNOLOGISTS, in studying the multitude of different races of humanity that occupy the earth now or of which our meager histories give us any account are often sorely puzzled over some race which refuses to be fitted into the scheme. The theories are too narrow, being based on some but not all of the facts; and consequently there remain other facts which do not support the theories. The very use of the word "theories" in the plural shows that the actual truth has not been found. Yet if we study attentively what is taught in *The Secret Doctrine* and other writings of H. P. Blavatsky, we shall find that the facts known to archaeology serve merely to confirm these teachings; for the teachings are not mere speculations built on a background of preconception or fitted to modern scholarship, but an outline of human history as known to that body of archaic tradition known as the "Secret Doctrine of the Ages."

The "Etruscan problem" is a well-known instance of the kind of fact which does not fit in with the theories. Who the Etruscans were, whence they were derived, and whence they came into Italy, has been the subject of innumerable conflicting theories, and is still so.

Professor Alfred Emerson, of the Art Institute, Chicago, writes

on the subject in *The Scientific American Supplement*, and the following represents in part his remarks. Herodotus relates that the Etruscan settlers came by sea from Asia Minor, and Horace accepts this opinion. But the language of the Etruscan inscriptions bears no resemblance to Lydian or to any other tongue ever spoken in Asia Minor as far as we know. Linguistic scholars have attempted to relate it to Basque, to primeval Latin, and to the speech of the North African Tuaregs; but all in vain. The occurrence of Etruscan constructions, tombstones, bronze utensils, and earthenware, which preserve types of composition and ornament unaffected by Greek models, proves the prolonged survival of an artistic tradition in Italy. The domestic architecture and stone carving was largely Cyclopean, and vaguely recalls the rude monuments and carvings of the Celts and Scandinavians, "although these had their origin a good thousand years after the downfall of the Etruscan power in Italy." Adepts in Chinese and Japanese art have "noticed a fabulous similarity" of certain open-work terra-cotta tabourets from Etruria with similar utensils found in the prehistoric barrows of Japan. During the Etruscan predominance in Italy, before and during the early days of Rome, it appears to have been not an empire but a loose confederation of from twelve to twenty kingdoms and states. Jules Martha has lately submitted to the Académie des Inscriptions a paper on the Etruscans, in which he considers the syntactical construction of the inscriptions and seeks another language having the same peculiarities, finding it at last in the Ugro-Finnic tongues, a racial group now best represented in Europe by the Magyar and by the Finnish.

So much for this writer, who does not much enlighten us, merely stating various theories and mentioning particularly the latest, founded on the philological fad. In the *Century Path* for August 1st and 8th, 1909, (International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma) Professor William E. Gates writes on the Etruscans and refers to the conjecture of a man who, working on some Runic analogies in the Etruscan inscriptions, considered that he had found evidence of their Trojan descent and confirmation of Virgil's statement. They were skilled in road-making, continues Prof. Gates, aqueduct-building, architecture, civil polity, and the thousand arts of civilization, and what has come down to us through the Romans is but the dim record of their achievements. Their literature has disappeared, though Roman authors tell us it included histories, poems, tragedies, and

books of discipline and religion. As to their language, affinities have been found between the inscriptions and —

Ethiopic	Celtic
Egyptian	Basque
Arabic	Anglo-Saxon
Coptic	Teutonic
Chinese	Runic

And "what not," let alone Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

This looks like a catalog of all the languages spoken and affords us ample choice of theories, so that all tastes may be suited. Solomon says that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, but there is not much else apparently!

A useful *résumé* of accessible information on the Etruscan problem will be found in the above-mentioned two articles by Professor Gates. One striking remark he makes is that we have all along been looking at the Etruscans and the Pelasgi "in the Graeco-Roman room, as it were," just as the Egyptians have been viewed as a people with whom the children of Israel sojourned awhile. We must go back further and shed some of our preconceptions. The existence of such races as the Etruscans and Pelasgi is evidence that Graeco-Roman civilization was but a recent offshoot that has bulked too largely in our imagination; nor are we yet free from the Biblical Hebraic tradition.

PRE-CHRISTIAN CROSSES

WE observe that a correspondent to the *Times South African Supplement* (London) is puzzled over the universality of the symbol of the Cross, and particularly over its existence in pre-Christian times in Central America. Cortés and his pious soldiers may well have been surprised, he says, after proclaiming themselves warriors of the Cross, to find that emblem in the court of a temple in Cozumel; but perhaps they were too stolid to be surprised. In any case it is the fact that crosses are to be found in many places, of various patterns. There is no jot of evidence for the notion that St. Thomas brought the Cross over, or that Spanish colonists did so; and even if there were such evidence, there still remain the crosses that are to be found in all those numerous parts of the wide world where neither St. Thomas nor the colonists could possibly have set foot.

One cross, on a tablet of sculptured stone at Palenque, has a bird perched on it. Two human figures, one on each side, are making

offerings to this bird, one offering a manikin, the other maize stalks. Other accessories serve to indicate that the cross is really a tree. Leaving aside the quaint observations which the narrator makes about this, we may leave its interpretation to students better acquainted with the science of symbology as a whole. They will know something about the Tree and its meaning, about the pair of figures at the sides, and about the bird at the top; also what is signified by a man offering up a manikin. Human sacrifice, though it has often been known only as a cruel and degraded rite, did not thus originate. The aspirant to Wisdom had to make sacrifice of *himself*, but the best of us are prone to sacrifice other people instead of ourselves, though the god propitiated thereby is not the same.

But why waste breath in puzzling over the Cross, when it is but a single one out of a multitude of symbols, which also are found among many ancient peoples and in all parts of the world? The Circle is one such figure; and, given the Circle and the Cross, we can make out of the two a large number of combinations. The Cross itself is made of lines, and lines may be horizontal or vertical. Circles, squares, triangles, etc. make up a multitude of symbols, including those of the alphabet, the numerical digits, and the duodecimal division of celestial circles. The only thing to do is to set about studying ancient symbology and its meaning.

Christianity can no longer, in the face of modern knowledge of historical and geographical facts, claim a monopoly of the Cross symbol. But there is no reason for Christians to deplore this circumstance; for their religion, instead of being deprived, is enlarged thereby. Nevertheless we have to recognize the existence of two contrasted spirits in religion — the sectarian or bigoted, and the broad and enlightened. The Cross itself is but a single symbol out of many symbols — just a page torn from a book. Moreover it is an incomplete symbol, for it denotes the lower world only. There are four arms, which are a universally recognized emblem of matter with its four elements, and of terrestrial space with its four cardinal directions. The central point where the lines intersect may be regarded as denoting a fifth or synthesizing element. An ancient Egyptian Cross is surmounted by a circle, the combination being known as the *Crux ansata*, which also makes the symbol of the planet Venus and her correspondences in the various theogonies. This emblem denotes that matter is surmounted by spirit, whose symbol is the circle. But

the circle seems to have disappeared from the Christian emblem. Another religious emblem used today is the Crescent, and within the Crescent a star. It would seem that many ancient religions, especially those of America, had a Circle, the symbol of the sun in astronomy, for their emblem; a fact which has led archaeologists to call them "sun-worshippers," much as if one were to call the Christians "cross-worshippers" or "lamb-worshippers."

But the subject of the Cross and its symbology is too long to go into here; as also the Tree, the Bird, etc. The present point is that a book of ancient symbology does exist and that it is well worth studying. It is one of the keys to forgotten knowledge. It is based on the analogies between Number and Form — principles which underlie creation.

ANCIENT ROCK-CARVINGS

VERY various and conflicting are the speculations which we have to chronicle from time to time about the antiquity of the human race and of culture; but they all tend in the same direction — that of putting back the date of culture further and further into the past. Dr. Lalanne, a French archaeologist, has lately discovered at Laussel, near Marquay, in the Department of Dordogne, sculptures cut in the face of limestone rock inside a cave, representing two human figures, an archer drawing his bow and a woman holding a bison's horn; also two other female figures. From geological indications these bas-reliefs are believed to belong to a period from 15,000 to 20,000 years ago, and to be by far the oldest known representations, in Europe, of the human form in sculpture. This proves, says a writer on the subject, that our quaternary ancestors were far less simian than was once imagined and not much different from some existing races.

So once again, as so often nowadays, we have scientific testimony in favor of the Theosophical view and against the conventional speculations. If we are to trace humankind backwards through the ages in a succession of types becoming more and more ape-like until we come to man's imaginary ancestor, whence both he and the anthropoid apes are presumed to have sprung, then we must put the time very very far back — to ages far prior to the appearance of the said apes. This must be the case if our gradient of human development descends as we go back, for the slope of that gradient is very gradual. But science is even in doubt whether it descends at all; in which case we can never arrive at the required point, however far we go back.

And there are types of humanity on earth today as backward in development as any we can dig up; for races, after they have passed their prime, arrive at their senility, and gradually die out, the human forms born in them affording in the meantime the requisite experience for Souls in certain stages of their human career.

Another question relative to the above discovery is whether the drawings are to be considered early efforts of evolving man to express himself in graphic art, or whether they are not memories preserved by a decaying race of the culture which it possessed before. And here, applying analogy, we take into account the fact that many so-called aboriginal races of today preserve such fragments of ancient arts, which, instead of developing, they go on repeating without alteration except for the worse.

The same point is illustrated by the following.

MODERNITY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIANS

THE *Illustrated London News* (July 13) gives illustrations showing the "modernity of the Egyptian of 7000 years ago," and says that all who have visited the exhibiton of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt must have been struck by the high state of civilization attained as far back as history reaches. The objects illustrated were taken from the cemetery discovered thirty-five miles from Cairo, and show that there must have been a large town. This town preceded the founding of Memphis and probably fell out of use during the time of the early Pyramid Kings. The articles include basket-coffins, flint bracelets, wooden trays and dippers, a palm-fiber bed-mat resembling a modern spring mattress, and baskets of 7000 years ago as fresh as if they had just been made.

We recently drew attention to some conjectures by certain authorities of the British Museum, placing Egyptian culture as far back as "anywhere from 50,000 to 500,000 years ago," or some such figures; on the basis of geological discoveries concerning the antiquity of the Nile. The above 7000 years dwarfs into insignificance by comparison; but in any case we see no sign of primitive stages, and must always presume the existence of long ages preceding the ones whose records we discover. The manner in which races acquire arts is by the passing on of light and knowledge from one race to another by means of Teachers of whom we find traditions in all races. Man himself in the earlier stages of his evolution received the light of his Intelligence from Beings higher than himself; for while body evolves upwards,

Mind evolves from above. The Fifth Root-Race of humanity is stated to have been in existence as a distinct and separate race for 800,000 years, its beginnings going back about 1,000,000 years. It is subdivided into seven sub-races, of which the present is the fifth. It was preceded by the Fourth Root-Race, called Atlantean. The earliest Egyptians seem to have been an offshoot of the latest Atlanteans. In view of this it is evident that 7000 years will not carry us very far towards Egyptian origins.

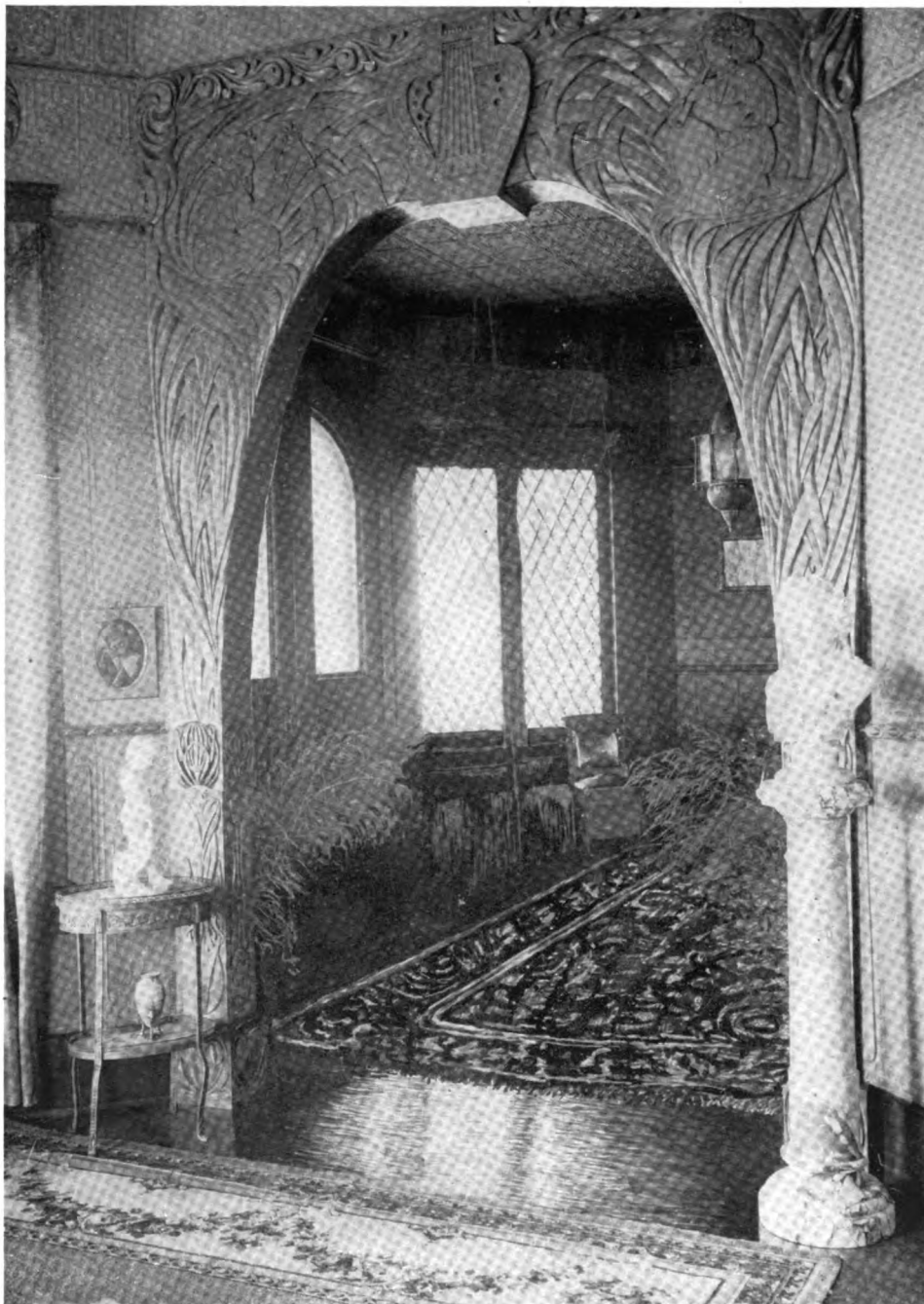
WHO ARE THE LOLOS?

A RECENT English translation of the Vicomte d'Ollone's record of his Chinese travels* gives occasion to refer again to the mysterious Lolos, who were mentioned in a review of the French edition in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for December, 1911. The Lolos are independent and occupy a mountain region between Ningyüan-fu and the Yangtze river, which presents a complete blank in the maps. They are magnificent men, many of them over six feet tall, with aquiline noses, large eyes, finely arched brows, and a frank soldierly expression.

We also read that in the west of China, in Kwangsi, Hunan, Kweichow, Yünnan, Szechwan, and Kansu, there are populations belonging to many distinct races. In the course of their travels the expedition noted vocabularies of forty-six languages and dialects.

The importance of these facts, and our reason for calling renewed attention to them, is the striking confirmation they afford of the statements made by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* — particularly in those respects wherein her teachings conflict with the authoritative opinions current when she wrote. The map of humanity is very different as represented by those teachings; for in it many a blank space of the ordinary maps is found filled in. What is usually spoken of vaguely as the "dawn of history" is seen to be quite a recent landmark on the road which humanity has traveled. The existence of such a race as the Lolos are described to be will take some accounting for according to conventional theories, for it seems to indicate a retrogression rather than an evolution. Evidently these people, now reduced to a small and isolated tribe, are the survival of a once mighty nation.

*In *Forbidden China: the d'Ollone Mission, 1906-1909, China, Tibet, Mongolia*. By Vicomte d'Ollone. Translated from the French of the second edition by Bernard Miall. London, Fisher Unwin.



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IN A LOMALAND HOME



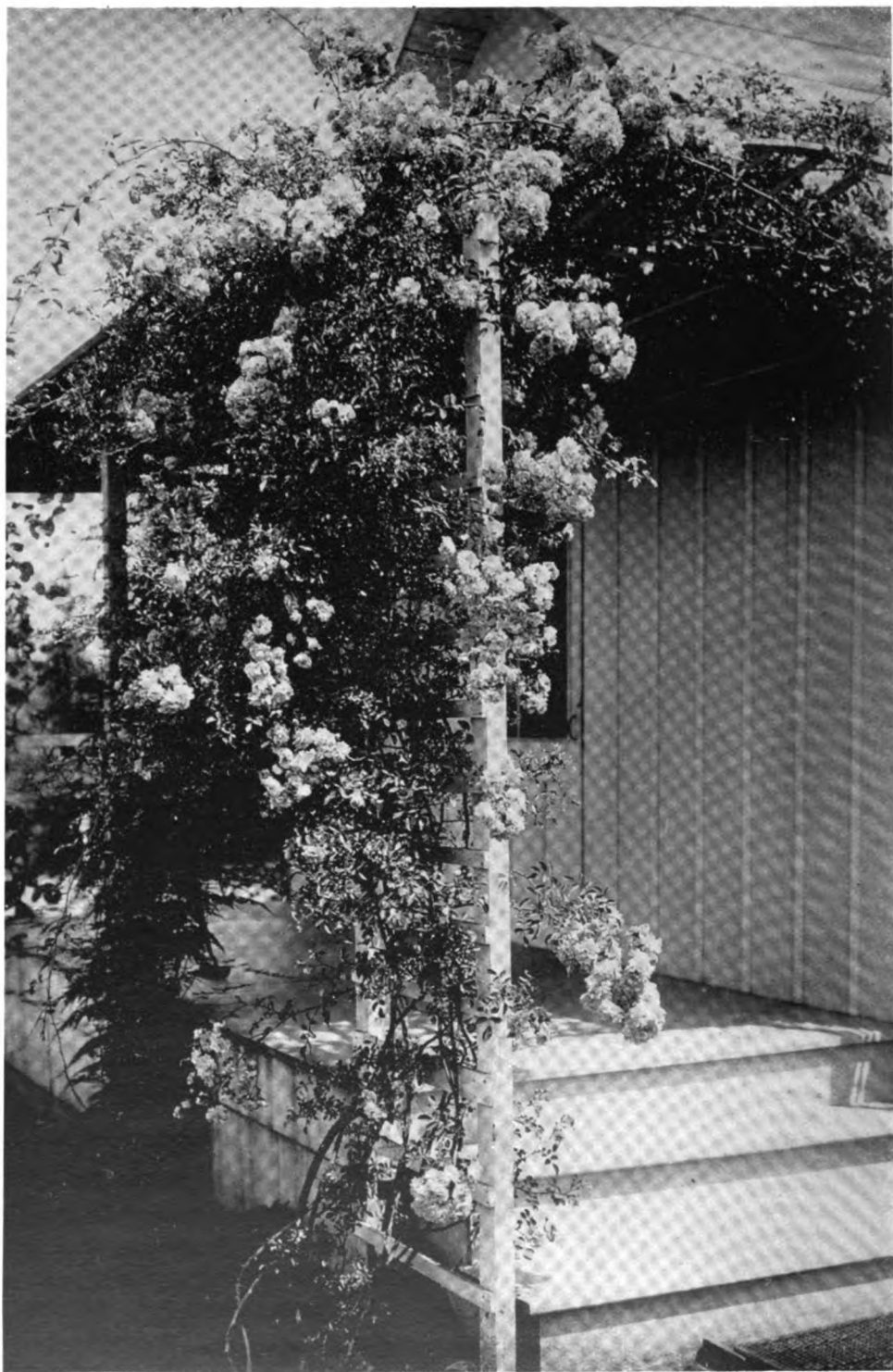
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CACTUS IN BLOOM, LOMALAND



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A CORNER IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE
Screen and Flower stand carved by R. Machell.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROSE-COVERED PORCH OF A LOMALAND BUNGALOW

THE SEVEN SUNS: by T. Henry



IN his "Notes on the Korôrofawa and Jukoñ," in the *Journal of the African Society* for July, Mr. H. R. Palmer gives this item from the cosmogony of those tribes:

There are seven suns.

Here we find one of the innumerable instances of the number seven used in connexion with cosmic mysteries. The ancient science known as the "Secret Doctrine" teaches that everything has seven principles; the seven principles of man is a well-known expression; and each of the principles in man has its analog in nature. Further, the septenary principle of subdivision can be applied in a multiplied and involved way, each one of a group of seven being subdivided again into seven, and so on. But the reader's attention is particularly called to the following quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky.

Speaking of an ancient MSS of the Kabala, the author says:

In that parchment the *Seven Suns of Life* are given in the order in which they are found in the *Saptasurya*. Only four of these, however, are mentioned in the editions of the Kabala which are procurable in the public libraries. . . . Even now the *exoteric* Kabalistic teachings speak of a *Central Sun*, and of three secondary suns in each solar system.

H. P. Blavatsky then quotes Dr. Henry Pratt's *New Aspects of Life and Religion*, in which he gives a synopsis of the views of the Kabalists:

The *Central Sun* . . . was to them (as much as to the Aryans) the center of Rest; the center to which all motion was to be ultimately referred. Round this central sun . . . "the first of three systemic suns . . . revolved on a polar plane . . . the second on an equatorial plane" . . . and the third only was our visible sun.

Without quoting further from the pages in which H. P. Blavatsky compares various ancient cosmogonies to prove their uniformity, we are able to show that these African "savages" are in agreement with the ancient (esoteric) Kabalists and with the ancient Aryan *Saptasurya*. Whence did they get the idea? If we may explain it in this case by the hypothesis of a fortuitous coincidence, we cannot thus explain all cases of such coincidences. For the students of folk-lore well know that the like is to be found all over the globe. Evidently this was an item of traditional lore; and we are informed by the writer that these tribes were once a far greater people than they are now.

Earlier still, it may be inferred, they were still greater; and if we could trace their descent still further, we might find it lead to a great civilization. The land in which they dwell is that of the Egyptians, the antiquity of whose culture goes back much further than we can reach. They might have derived their traditions thence; or they and the Egyptians might have derived it from a common source. In fact, archaeologists are every day driven nearer to the teaching of *The Secret Doctrine* that all cults have their common origin in a great parent-system, once universally diffused and generally known, to which have been given the names "Secret Doctrine," "Wisdom-Religion," etc. To quote further from this African cosmogony:

If there is an eclipse of the moon the people beat drums to make the sun let the moon go.

That probably means for the tribesmen of today nothing more than a piece of folk-lore or a superstition; unless they have wise men who know more than they will give out to strangers. But even so it is significant that such a belief regarding eclipses should be so universally prevalent. And note that the sun is below the earth at the time.

What is there that would lead these people to suppose that the sun had anything to do with the matter? Here again, in all probability, we have an item of traditional lore, embalmed, as usual, in figurative language. We find people in India saying that the sun during an eclipse is devoured by a dragon, and probably the ignorant take this literally. Yet in the astronomical books of that same country we find that the dragon is connected with the nodes of the moon, which are called Rahu and Ketu, the Head and Tail of the Dragon. Thus we trace the popular superstition back to astronomical knowledge, and thence we must trace it back to that knowledge which caused the moon's nodes to be so designated.

Each star represents the soul of a man.

We need only mention the Romans as one instance of a people among whom this belief prevailed. It is doubtless a misinterpreted symbol of the Secret Doctrine.



"THE SOURCES OF RELIGIOUS INSIGHT":*

Bross Lectures, 1911: by Josiah Royce, Ph. D., LL. D.

SO valuable is this book, in our opinion, as a lucid interpretation of the essence of what is best in the religious and philosophical thought of today, that we would like to see the subsequent editions published under a title better fitted to arrest attention. We would suggest, for reasons that will subsequently appear, the title "The Church Invisible"; since the present title may deter from a second glance many to whom the book would have proved valuable.

The expression, "Invisible Church," conveys the author's solution of the problem he propounds. That problem may be stated as follows: Granted that every man is endowed with a faculty for judging and appraising the value of any external revelation or experience, what is the source of this marvelous faculty? In the author's opinion the predication of such a faculty in man involves a dilemma which he calls the "religious paradox." Man earnestly yearns for a revelation of the truth, or, as the author puts it, for *salvation*; and yet man, being thus deficient and needy, possesses this superhuman power of insight which is his final court of appeal in judging all doctrines, experiences, and revelations. Whence does man get this wonderful power?

In seeking the answer to this question the author takes us over the various grounds, considering severally individual experience, social experience, the function of the reason, the use of the will, loyalty to the sense of duty, etc. Though it would be an intellectual pleasure for us to present an abstract of his lucid exposition of all these subjects, the limits of a review do not permit; and we must be satisfied to say that the reader will find himself carried along without sense of difficulty through the chains of arguments that lead to the triumphant conclusion.

The great importance of this book, as we think, lies in its attitude towards the philosophy of religion; in which respect it presents one of the best evidences we have seen of the broadening spirit of the age. We have no longer to choose, as of old, between a barren agnosticism or cold scepticism on the one hand, and a narrow dogmatic devotion on the other. Though religion is analysed, and very ably analysed, the result of that process does not reduce it to useless fragments. The analysis is constructive and useful, not destructive and useless. It leaves us

* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

in possession of an increased store. All that is essential in religion has been preserved and only the non-essentials eliminated by the analytical process. In what, then, does the author find the true source of man's religious insight?

He finds it in what he calls the "Invisible Church" or communion of all loyal souls, which exists and always has existed. And here we see the remarkable way in which the author has escaped from the old-time personalism which always considered such questions from the narrow standpoint of the individual. He has shown in his earlier chapters that our normal consciousness is partial and limited, like a focus of light turned now on one object, now on another. We long to obtain integral knowledge concerning things — to integrate our various fractions of experience and inference. To some extent we can do this by means of our faculties of memory and abstraction. Yet no single human mind can achieve this integration in a degree satisfactory to its own demands. Hence we must take into account the collectivity of human minds.

In speaking of the collectivity of human minds, we might well, as many writers do, fall into futile abstractions. But not the least noteworthy feature of the present writer is the care with which he avoids meaningless abstractions and strives to give a concrete and practical meaning to his every expression. For him, then, the phrase "collectivity of minds" means something. He finds the meaning in a *higher consciousness*, too large to be possessed by any individual but shared in by all.

We see now the remarkable way in which he has woven together the religious spirit, the individual spirit, the spirit of solidarity, and the practical mysticism, all so characteristic of contemporary thought — synthesizing them into a self-consistent whole. It is this higher consciousness that is the source of religious insight for each individual, and it constitutes an invisible church, of which all *loyal* souls are *ipso facto* members. But here we must say a word about the author's conception of "loyal." He does not refer to any church nor to any section of any church, though he admits that some of his hearers will probably wish to do so. On the contrary, so far from flattering the hopes of any church or sect, he welcomes within his invisible fold all souls loyal to the truth, whether belonging to alien religions, or to such societies as the Crusaders, or as individuals. We thus arrive at a means of reconciling religions without reducing them to an unrecognizably minute common factor. What we have is rather a common multiple of religions. "*Such loyalty*," he says, "*implies genuine faith in the abiding and supreme unity of the spirit.*"

The author does not rest content with merely stating the existence of this invisible church as an existent fact and of merely philosophical interest, but expresses the hope that the idea may bear practical fruitage in the minds of his hearers — that the consciousness that there is such a power may serve to enhance the efficacy of that power among men. He is at pains to show that a reconciliation of the varying external forms of religions is neither practicable nor necessary — a result that was arrived at by a recent congress of religions in Germany. Men, in fact, may be one in heart and yet speak divers tongues.

Many other points of excellence crowd to the mind as we review this able syn-

thesis, but we must leave them to the reader's enjoyment and profit. A few remarks from a peculiarly Theosophical viewpoint may be added. The conclusions at which the author has arrived are familiar to Theosophists and have frequently been contended for in the pages of Theosophical writings; but in these essays we find them expressed in terms that will appeal to a wider range of students whose pasturage is not in Theosophical fields.

As to the invisible church, Theosophists would naturally point to their teaching as to that body of knowledge termed the "Secret Doctrine" or "Wisdom-Religion," which they maintain has existed from time immemorial and is faithfully preserved by its guardians. Though at certain stages of the world's history this knowledge has been generally diffused, and its Teachers have appeared publicly among men, at other stages (such as what we know as the historical period) the knowledge is withdrawn and its guardians influence the world from seclusion, sending but an occasional messenger. One such messenger was H. P. Blavatsky, the influence of whose teachings and dynamic individuality has wrought a revolution in modern thought, whose origin is little suspected by those who experience it. For Theosophists, therefore, the phrase "invisible church" may have a yet more definite meaning. Theosophists, again, would lay more stress on the influence of Individuals — great Teachers and Saviors — men who, having attained the higher knowledge, are eager to help others to attain.

Yet again, the Theosophical teachings as to the constitution of the human soul would furnish structure and backbone to the as yet somewhat formless ideas about the higher consciousness. And these teachings are derived from a collocation of the wisdom of the world's sages from all antiquity. But we must not expect that a writer can cover in one series of lectures as much ground as he himself would have wished. Dr. Royce has admirably adjusted the rival claims of plenitude and conciseness. There are many roads to the truth, and these lectures will be the means of interpreting to many earnest students of life their own minds; and, what is of even greater importance, will point the way to the achievement of a solidarity based on something better than sentiments and superficialities.

One is glad the author has laid so much stress on *loyalty* as an essential, if not *the* essential, of religion. We have had too much of the desire for personal safety and comfort. Also, what a relief from the idea of religion as a species of self-delusion based on fear! — the doctrine of armchair philosophers who think the world is peopled with -ists and -isms instead of men and women. But we are led inevitably to the subject of the Ancient Mysteries. Some day the Mysteries will be restored. Of course there are ambitious people and cranks who would like to be the restorers, with themselves as hierophant; but this stage will pass. The fact that there has been such an institution as the Mysteries cannot be overlooked in connexion with Dr. Royce's invisible church.

If the Mysteries are restored, as doubtless in accordance with cyclic law they are destined to be, the restoration cannot come about through mere claims and pretensions, or through any fanatical movement. Teachers must be able to "make good"; they must be able to help and not only to point out the way so that men may see it, but themselves walk in it and be examples of what they teach.

H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

“LIGHTNING IN RELATION TO FOREST FIRES”:*

by Fred G. Plummer, Geographer

LIGHTNING ranks next to sparks from trains as a cause of forest fires, and the author collects the evidence with the object of arriving at a rational and useful conclusion regarding the relation of lightning to fires. Popular belief in all times has held that certain trees — different ones according to different beliefs — are immune from lightning, while others are peculiarly liable. Careful observation disposes of these beliefs. The observations are made both on the growing trees and by means of experiments on the conductivity of different kinds of wood under various conditions. The author gives many tables of statistics relating to these points. His conclusions are that any tree is liable to lightning stroke; that the kind most frequently struck is the kind that is most numerous in the given locality; that various conditions, such as the situation of the tree and its suitability to act as a conductor, favor its liability to the stroke; and that any kind of wood conducts electricity in proportion to the amount of water on it or in it. It is useful to have the facts thus strained out and reduced to portable form; but no doubt there is plenty of room in the world for popular belief and scientific opinion to get along together without unduly elbowing each other. The bulletin is well-illustrated with photographic illustrations of the effects of lightning on trees.

T. H.

“SCIENCIA,” I, 9, 1912 (Bologna)

THIS number of the well-known and excellent international review contains as usual articles in French, English, German, and Italian, with French translations of the articles. If there is a scientific language, it would seem to be French. The University Tutorial Press, by the way, has published a *Science French Course*, for the benefit of those English-speaking people who, though scientific, suffer under the curse of Babel. If the French scientific writer should leave the beaten track of science and make a joke or familiar remark, the student of this course would be out of his depth. The first article is by the late Henri Poincaré, and the editor appends a short biographical note paying tribute to his luminous geometrical insight. The subject is “Space and Time”; and the writer shows that geometry is a convention, and that different people may be permitted to adopt different conventions if it suits them. The conventions which we adopt for convenience of measurement within terrestrial limits may not be suitable outside those limits — the principle of “relativity,” now so much discussed. Federigo Enriques, of Bologna University, treats a kindred topic in his paper on infinitesimal calculus and other fundamental conceptions in mathematics. D. H. Scott, in a paper on the evolution of plants, says that modern palaeobotany has put new life into our study of phylogenetic questions. Other articles and an appendix of book-reviews make up the number.

* U. S. Department of Agriculture; Forest Service Bulletin No. 111.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, price list, etc., see *infra*, under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke, London, England

"The Theosophical Spirit in Welsh Literature" is the introductory theme in the September number. Profoundly instructive and illuminating, it should be read by all who dwell on shores bordering the ocean where once extended the mighty continent of Atlantis. In these days of ours, when everything ancient is so much belittled, including man's own immortal ancestry, and when spectacled simians have driven the archangels from both heaven and — the other place — a breath of ancient Truth like this is mightily refreshing. "The teaching of Rebirth or Reincarnation was a distinct teaching of the ancient Bards and Druids as it is of Theosophy; and it contributed to the highest ideal of life and the kindest treatment of the lower animals." "The Druids taught that 'Atoms of light are the smallest of all things, and yet the greatest, . . . in every atom there is a place wholly commensurate with God.'"

"Thoughts on the Law of Cycles" deals, in this first article, mainly with the small cycles in our daily life, and with the means for counteracting the cyclic return of wrong tendencies. "An Embassy to the Court of the Teshu Lama, in Tibet," written by an English Officer in 1775, is of unusual interest, for the Lama was only eighteen months old at the time; and yet the propriety and dignity of his behavior were remarkable.

There is not space to advert to other articles, but we are content to quote a sentence from one of the best: "The contemplation of beauty should not be regarded as a source of enjoyment but as a stimulus to action — to make our lives beautiful."

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden

In the September number "The True Significance of Individual and Racial Life" is ably discussed in the opening article, which quotes some passages from Theosophical literature that might be better known. "Man, when he has reached his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance the encumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop, and die, and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been."

An article on prehistoric America, with illustrations of some of the archaeological wonders in Yucatan, Peru, etc., should compel the widest interest, dealing as it does in detail with many of the most recent discoveries in Mexico, Arizona, Ecuador, Guatemala, Uxmal, etc, which point to high civilizations, older than that of Egypt. Here details are even more surprising than many of the more imposing features of these remains. Reproductions of some Maya hieroglyphs from Professor W. E. Gates' classic monograph on the Maya-Tzental Perez Codex,

as published by Harvard University (though written and printed at Point Loma), are also given.

A valuable series of articles, entitled "Studies in Orphism," is commenced. These will be found replete with important information regarding events in eastern Europe, from about two thousand to fifteen hundred years ago.

Other essays, including one on The Woman's International Theosophical League, and some remarkably fine pictures from Italy, complete the number.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany

H. TRAVERS shows that Theosophy is the hope of civilization because it alone gets down to facts and touches the mainspring of character. Heinrich Wahrmund, in a second paper on Reincarnation and the Problems of Life, explains how parentage, physical and mental qualities, and environment, are all a fulfilment of the destiny which the Soul has made for itself; it is not true to say: "I had no part in the selecting of my parents!" Even an intellectual acceptance of Reincarnation solves many problems; but a fuller light awaits those who can make Theosophy a living power in their lives. The article on Joan of Arc, by A. von Greyerz, in the same number, shows how Reincarnation clears up the puzzle of her life. An illustrated account of Visingsö, the island on Lake Vättern in Sweden, on which is the site of a future Râja Yoga School, follows; it is by a Swedish member at Lomaland, and he describes the wonderful educational work done there by Earl Per Brahe. Articles on "Rhythm, one of Nature's Finer Forces," and "Brotherhood in Song," represent the artistic side of Theosophy.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California

The October number begins with an excellent account of the life and work of the great Spanish painter, Velasquez, accompanied by seven reproductions of perhaps the best among his known paintings.

H. P. Blavatsky's deeply interesting essay, entitled "A Land of Mystery," reaches its second instalment. Reference is made, among other things, to the tradition regarding the giant-works surrounding Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, which avers that those giants were originally of "a Moon-race," and lived before the era of the sons and daughters of the Sun — thus confirming the Aryan tradition of the Solar and Lunar Races (the *Sûryavansa* and the *Chandravansa*) belonging to far prehistoric ages. The pictures tell their own tale.

A note regarding the destruction of Atlantis discusses current speculation on the subject, and especially Mr. W. Thomasson's recent book, *The Glacial Period and the Deluge*. The teachings of antiquity and of *The Secret Doctrine* are brought to bear on the question, the importance of which is manifest.

"The Jailer and the Gillyflower" is a charming and true story of a phase of prison-life. "An Old Tale Retold" is the first half of a delightful fairy-story, with illustrations, for the young folk; while it has a deep meaning.

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Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

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TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean Highest	70.63	Number Hours, actual Sunshine .	238.60
Mean Lowest	60.27	Number Hours Possible	371.00
Mean	65.45	Percentage of Possible	64.00
Highest	79.00	Average number of Hours per Day	7.95
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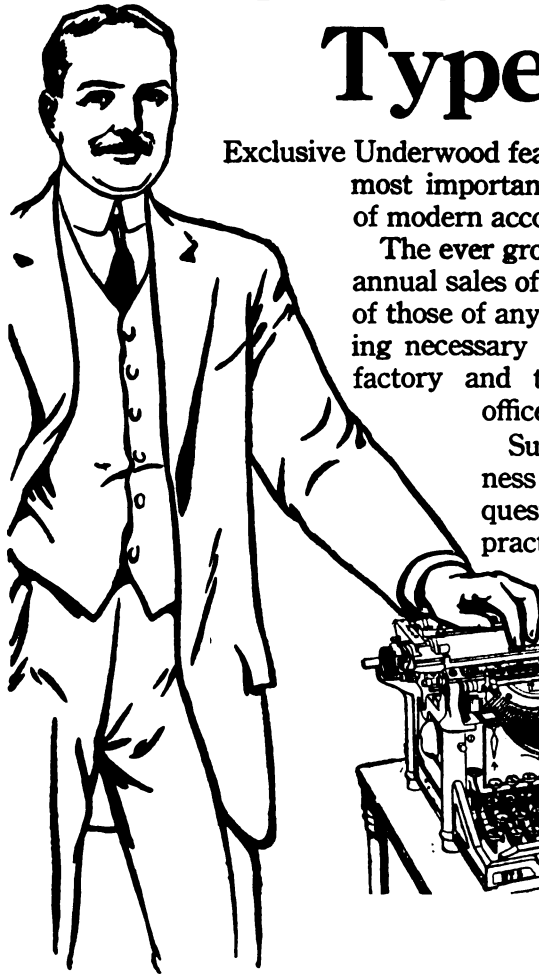
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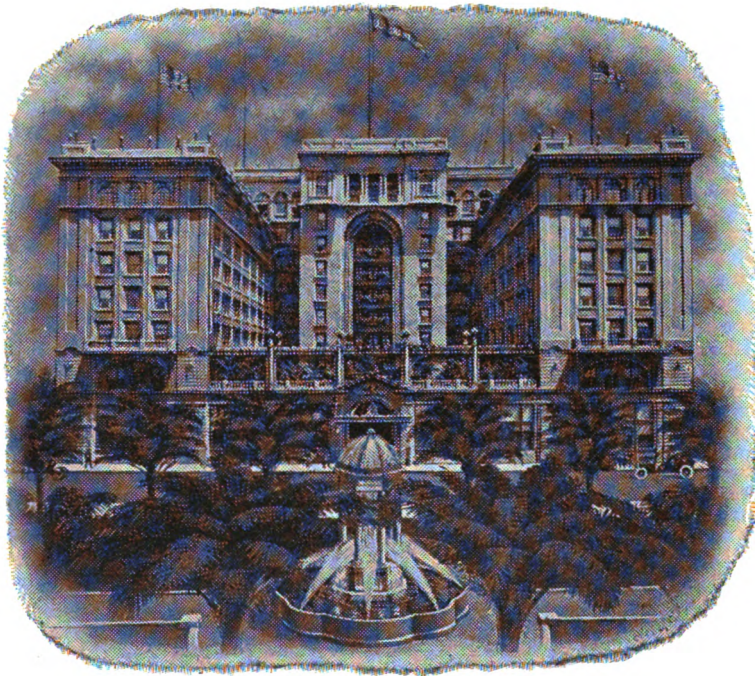
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VOL. III NO. 6

DECEMBER 1912

The Theosophical Path



THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the "password," symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge, and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



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Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

TRUE MANHOOD

*How that it is a warfare but begun;
Unending; with no Power to interpose;
No prayer, save for strength to keep his ground,
Heard of the Highest; never battle's close,
The victory complete and victor crowned:
Nor solace in defeat, save from that sense
Of strength well spent, which is the strength renewed.
In manhood must he find his competence;
In his clear mind the spiritual food:
God being there while he his fight maintains;
Throughout his mind the Master Mind being there,
While he rejects the suicide despair;
Accepts the spur of explicable pains;
Obedient to Nature, not her slave:
Her lord, if to her rigid laws he bows;
Her dust, if with his conscience he plays knave,
And bids the Passions on the Pleasures brose: —*

*Dares he behold the thing he is, what thing
He would become is in its mind its child;
Astir, demanding birth to light and wing;
For battle prompt, by pleasure unbeguiled.
So moves he forth in faith, if he has made
His mind God's temple, dedicate to truth.*

From *The Test of Manhood*, by George Meredith

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 6

WE are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

Katherine Tingley

THE CHRISTOS LEGEND AND ITS MEANING:

by Gertrude W. van Pelt, B. Sc., M. D.



BEAUTIFUL, as is the Christmas time even in this our modern age, when the old symbols have been materialized beyond all recognition, and their grand meanings dwarfed almost to annihilation, what would be the heart-glow, the radiant joy, which would suffuse itself over the earth and bathe the children of men like a benediction, if on this day, when perhaps more than any other each is looking to the joy of another, the real, the deeper meaning of the archaic legend were in the hearts of all as a living reality. Whatever, subconsciously, may penetrate the heart, to the mind at best, of the Christian world, the legend but refers to the physical birth of a being two thousand years ago and has but little, if any, personal relation to himself. Yet cleverly as a veil has been drawn over the past, it is nevertheless true that practically the same legendary lore has collected about all of the world saviors. By way of example, Osiris was born on the 25th of December of the holy virgin Neith, and Horus, the permutation of Osiris, was also born on the same date, in a "manger," and his immaculate mother was Isis. Mithras, the Persian savior, was born on the same day, was visited by wise men, and foretold, like the others. Krishna was born in a cave, and his mother and foster-father were on a journey to pay taxes. Instead of shepherds, cowherds came to adore him. A heavenly being appeared to the mother of Buddha, saying, "Behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, bearing the mystic signs of Buddha, a scion of highest lineage, a son of highest kings. When he shall leave his kingdom to enter the state of devotion, he shall become a sacrifice for the dwellers on earth, a Buddha who to all men shall give joy and the glorious fruits of immortality."

Script No. 8 of *The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings** has the following:

The Etruscans worshiped a Virgin-mother and Son. Cybele was still another Virgin-mother goddess. The Scandinavians had a Sun-god, Balder, (son of the Al-fader, Odin, and the Virgin Frigga), whose festival was held at the winter solstice; and a boar was offered at the feast of Yule to the god Frey, who was killed at that time. The Germanic peoples worshiped a Virgin-mother and child; her name was Eostre, whence our word Easter. Easter-time was a period of fasting with them and many other races. In Finland, Ukko, the Great Spirit, chooses the Virgin Mariatta for the mother of his incarnation as the Man-god, and the mystic birth takes place in a stable. From time immemorial the Chinese have adored a Virgin-mother, Shin-mu, and child, and there are traditions similar to the Christ-story among the records of the Babylonians, Chaldaeans, Tibetans, and other peoples of the old world. It is an astonishing thing to find that the same legend has been the foundation of the religious beliefs of the Mexicans, the Mayas, and other American nations for millenniums! Yet it is undeniable, for Quetzalcoatl, who was born in Tulan in Mexico, was reputed to be the son of the Virgin Sochiquetzal, the queen of heaven. She received the announcement of the miraculous conception from an angel who gave her a token of flowers.

All these saviors were born of virgins, and usually were announced by angels. To make the analogies more remarkable, the incidents attributed to their after life are in many cases, identical. To quote one of these examples from the same source:

Krishna, according to a Sanskrit dictionary (compiled more than two thousand years ago), was carried away secretly when an infant to escape the wrath of the reigning monarch, Kansa, who, like Herod, was afraid of being dispossessed of his throne when the new-born Messiah grew up, and had ordered the massacre of all the vigorous male infants born on the night of Krishna's birth. This is the subject of an important piece of sculpture in the caves of Elephanta. Quaint stories of Krishna's boyhood closely resemble those given in the apocryphal Gospels concerning the childhood of Jesus. Krishna's miracles resemble those of Jesus; the first one was the healing of a leper; another was the raising of a maiden, Kalavatti, who had been fatally bitten by a snake. Krishna, in bringing her to life, uses the same expression as Jesus when raising Jairus' daughter, "She is not dead but sleepeth." Krishna had a favorite disciple who followed him everywhere, Arjuna, who is the counterpart of John in many respects; Krishna boldly and openly supported the weak against the strong and tyrannical, though he was meek and lowly. One account of his death represents him as crucified. Krishna, under the name of Vishnu, is to come again riding on a white horse to restore all things. His worship is known to have been in existence nine hundred years before Jesus, and "miracle plays" depicting his career have been

* The Theosophical Publishing Co., Point Loma, California.

given by his devotees, bearing a curious resemblance to those of the Church in the middle ages.

All these legends and traditions of earlier World-Saviors have greatly puzzled Christian writers, and the remarkable "explanation" has been resorted to by some that they were Satanic tricks of plagiarism by anticipation. When the Spaniards discovered the striking resemblance between the Christian legends and those connected with Quetzalcoatl, they said it was evident that the Devil had taught the Mexicans the same things that God had taught the Christians. The accounts given by Abbé Huc of the religious ceremonies of the Tibetans were similarly "explained."

Today we can meet all such childish sophistries with a smile, but though we have broken from them to a large extent, we have not yet opened wide our hearts and minds and filled ourselves with the breath of heaven; nor can we, until we have discovered the real meaning of some of these archaic symbols, and by weaving their grand pattern into our lives, so altered our outlook, so lifted our ideals and so strengthened our purposes in accordance with them, that we see ourselves as verily part of the great hierarchy of souls whose flower become the saviors of the world.

It is unthinkable that the basic identity of the world religions is a coincidence; and it is equally unthinkable, in view of the profound philosophies of the past, that the universal symbols have not a deep meaning and a wise purpose connected with the life-history of humanity. That they have become materialized, anthropomorphized, and have lost their vitality is one of the signs of the deep descent into material life which belonged to the world cycle from which we are just beginning to emerge.

In the stupendous and exhaustive work by H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, much of the meaning of the world-wide symbols, and of their place in human evolution is disclosed to the understanding of the sincere student.

The Christos Legend has numberless meanings, as the mystery has been enacted on every plane down the scale in the infinite unfolding of the One Life. As the Cosmos is one *in toto*, the story must have its astronomical aspect, which must be the same as all the others, only taken from another viewpoint. In this connexion, it may be observed that the birth is always on the 25th of December. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, the sun appears stationary at the southernmost point in

Capricorn; after which he starts on his upward climb — and is *reborn* — on the 25th, for those dwelling in the northern hemisphere.

The Legend typifies the eternal struggle of spirit with matter. The Christos is forever being born into matter in the process of involution, for the purpose of lifting it to itself, and forever issuing more or less triumphant, in the process of evolution. It has its cosmical application; its application to the great world cycles; to the descent of the world saviors at their appointed times; to the history of races and nations; to humanity collectively and individually. The Christos is the Divine Spirit, whose spark extends to every atom. In unbroken continuity, it must spread out and out on the shores of eternity, for without it life could not be. It is ever present, though hidden in mystery. The task which each one has to accomplish in himself, in order to exist as a spirit, is to bring this into full manifestation. This complete unfolding is expressed by the words, "I and my Father are one," or it is the union of the Higher and Lower Self. The Christmastide is a favorable opportunity for a united effort in this direction. There is a something in the air, more generally felt at that time than at others. The pure altruism in which lies the path which leads out of the smaller self into the greater, is for some reason more easily reached. There are times and "tides in the affairs of men." What might not this anniversary day become, if a lofty philosophy were universal, and some real understanding of the purpose of life were in the hearts of all!

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMASTIDE: by Charles Maxon



PICTURE bringing back many dear memories of childhood comes before me; memories of home, of Christmas morning, of a Mother's tenderness, and the old, old story she often told of the Christ-child, the Savior of the world. Memories too of a picture of bright-robed, winged Angels with long silver trumpets proclaiming the Christmas message, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

For us, children as we were then, and for the children of today, there was and is no festival so full of joy, of bright anticipation, happiness, as Christmas morning; and doubly dear to memories of later years if in our childhood days it was hallowed by a sense, however vague or dim it might be, of the deep significance of Christmastide, with all the sacred legends gathered round about it.

What is the message of Christmastide to you and me today? What is its significance to us, grown men and women, who know the world and its sadness and pain; what significance has it or might it have, if we knew and did our part, to the man in the street, the child in the crowded tenement house, the convict in his cell?

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Such is the message proclaimed on Christmas morning from all the pulpits in Christendom. And from the hearts of unnumbered millions who never enter a church, it has voicing: "Merry Christmas," gladness, joy, are passed from one to another by word and look. For a moment caste and race distinctions drop (almost) out of sight, and we stand on the level ground of our common humanity. For one day, for just a moment of time, there is pause in the turmoil of life. For one day only, if for that, and then the world resumes its course. On no other day or festival in the whole year is the feeling just the same, or the sense of sacredness so marked. Even New Year's Day is different, though it partakes of the Christmastide feeling and is almost one with it, and in some countries is the day of gift-giving as Christmas is with the Teutonic peoples. Properly it should coincide with Christmas which is the true beginning of the year, marking as it does the beginning of the sun's northern course through the heavens. Easter again is different, and Thanksgiving Day, and all the other festivals and national holidays; on none of them is there that wonderful stirring of the heart forces, that thrill of joy and good will, kindness, sympathy, which for a moment we feel on Christmas morning and which, *if we will open our hearts to it*, brings a benediction to us and all whom we contact—if our Christmas greeting given and received does indeed come from the heart and is not an empty phrase.

Is that all the message? Is that all its meaning? Think a moment. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Do we understand these words? Is there not something akin to mockery in them? For nearly two thousand years the Christmas message has been proclaimed. Peace? The air is full of War, and rumors of War; Christian nations increasing their armaments one against the other, and striving to outdo one another by the invention of still more deadly weapons. Was ever a more crucial time in the known history of the world than now? The great nations of the world have parceled out the earth and watch with greedy eyes to possess themselves of more.

There is then this other side of the matter, the awful fact that there

is not peace on earth even among the nations of Christendom, nor good will among men: that few indeed are they who love their neighbor as themselves, and so fulfil the second great commandment, albeit the "first" in practice; for, "if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen;" — selfishness is not the exception but the rule; and by no stretch of the imagination can our civilization be called altruistic nor Christlike.

"Good Will to Men"? Go to the great cities of our civilized nations: acquaint yourself with the lives of the people. What is the picture forced upon your vision? Fierce competition for wealth, fame, power, aye, for very existence, even though the world teems with abundance; selfish luxury, grinding poverty, white slavery; stunted children and tired mothers working in the mills and sweat shops; increasing insanity, crime and suicide; judicial murder of criminals; thousands of dumb animals yearly tortured by vivisection! Dare we say, Peace, Good Will, in the presence of these?

Yet we call ourselves civilized, enlightened; and because you and I (let us assume it is true) do not directly encourage, or take part in, or share in the profits of these enormities, we — aye, with hardly one absolutely sincere exception in a million — we say, or we think, or act, "Lord, I thank Thee, I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, or even as this publican."

Can we then say as a race or a nation, can we even say as individuals, that we have taken the Christmas message to heart and made it a part of our life? Yet the very fact that we do feel the Christmas thrill of joy for one brief moment of time has its significance and its promise. In spite of the facts of life, it is a sign and symbol of what does lie in our hearts, however covered over and forgotten.

Let us ask further then. What is its significance and origin? Is it a message of Christendom only, or does it spring from some far more ancient, some primeval source? Was the event of some two thousand years ago, the birth of a child, destined to be a Savior of men, whose name and worship was to sway the destiny of the world, merely an historical event, however stupendous its significance, or was it the recurring symbol born from the primeval, divine heart of the Universe, and therefore not less, but more grand, more stupendous, more sublime by far?

When we study the legends, the traditions, and the sacred writings of antiquity, and find the same symbolic drama universally enacted;

the same story, in its essentials, universally told; we can come to no other conclusion than this, that the story of Jesus was the story of the re-enactment of the world drama, and that the world has had a long succession of Saviors, each coming at the appointed time, and with the same message. Long ages before the Christian era, the same festival was celebrated of the birth of a divine child, born of a virgin, whose name even, in almost every case, was the same as that of the mother of Jesus and with the same significance. Egypt, India, China, Persia, Scandinavia, Greece, Mexico, all these had their Divine Teachers, Saviors, proclaiming the same message, giving the same teachings, pointing the same way, the one way from darkness to light.

And it is not by chance that we celebrate this festival at this season of the year, albeit there is no historical warrant for it in the case of Jesus. The sun in its yearly course through the heavens fixes the date, and gives the key to its meaning. It is for this reason that our hearts feel for a moment the peculiar thrill and glow of good will and peace at Christmastide: it is because this festival has warranty in the eternal order of the Universe, in the very nature of man, and in the life-history of humanity which is the life-history of ourselves.

Were we to look only at the outer picture of the world, we might well be appalled, we might well proclaim the message of peace and good will a failure and a mockery; but there is an inner fact in human nature, forgotten, set at naught, profaned, defiled and denied, yet unconquerable, reasserting itself though rebuffed ten million times. It is this fact, the central, most stupendous fact and reality in life, that at the very heart of things is Divinity Itself, that at the very core and root of our being is the Divine Essence, Immortal, Unchangeable, Sun-bright, Glorious, Pure: it is this fact that all unknowing we celebrate on Christmas morning; it is this gracious fact, that all unknown to ourselves, prevents us from the suicide of utter despair when we face the awful picture of the world's injustice, suffering, and conflict.

On Christmas morning, for one brief moment of time, the spheres of light and darkness touch in every heart, though we be all unconscious of it. The sphere of light, of our divine, godlike Higher Self, which ordinarily seems so far off, unreachable, often, even at best, but as a dim star in far away heaven; that resplendent sphere of our being that is to be, for one brief moment contacts the dark, cloudy, sphere of our habitual life, of our usurping, passionate, scheming, lower self; it is a moment of contact between heaven and earth.

Could we seize that moment, would we but do so with all the power and strength that is in us, of mind and heart and soul, what might not our lives become? Did we but know it, it is a moment when man, opening his heart to the divine light of the world, calling to the Christos spirit that is there, can claim his kingly birthright; he can, if he will, if his motive be pure, seize that moment and, like Jacob of the Angel, demand its blessing: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

We have been too prone to assume that the happiness of Christmastide is ours to enjoy with folded hands of self-satisfaction; and in so far we have missed the spirit and meaning of its message. We have taken it that Peace and Good Will are given to us as a gift, needing naught on our part in return, or rather before they can really be ours. But it is not so. The Christmas message is far more than that. The Nazarene Teacher himself declared that he came not to bring peace but a sword. The long silver trumpets of the Angel host announcing his coming are trumpets of war as well as of peace. Their clarion call is a challenge, a call to arms and warfare, which must first be waged and that with success, before ever the promised peace and good will can be truly known among men. Not the warfare of man against man, or nation against nation; but the warfare against the evil in our own natures, first to set our own house in order, to achieve self-conquest, the first and greatest of all victories, and to seek to redress the wrongs of the world.

It is for the sake of our weaker brothers and sisters that we must fight, it is to them that we must vow an eternal good will, and for them prepare the paths that lead to peace.

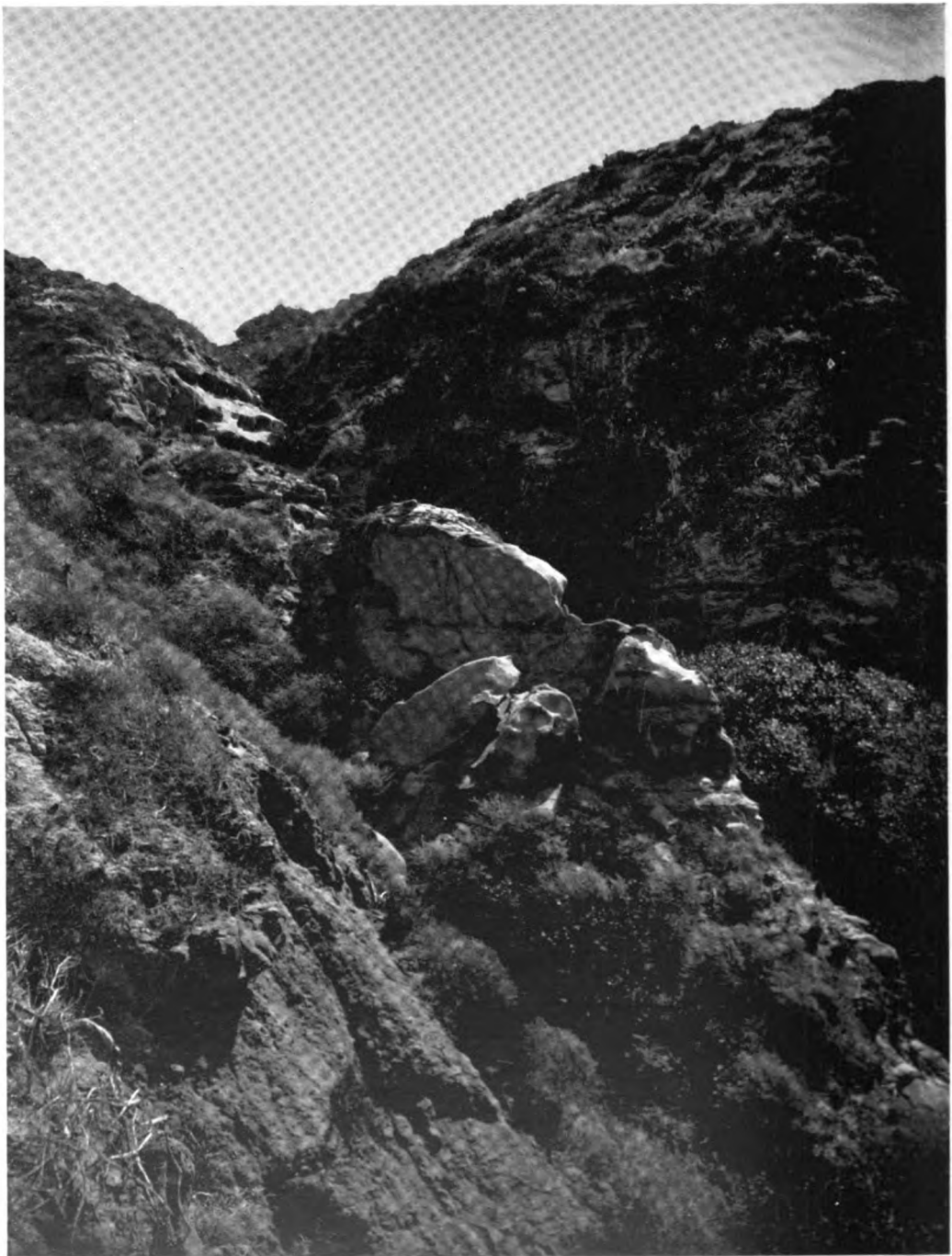
This then is the inner meaning of the Christmas message, in this consists its lasting joy — not for a mere moment of time, but enduring throughout the years and the ages — the joy of service, the joy that comes from the acknowledgement and acceptance of our responsibility as our brothers' and sisters' keeper and helper.

And in our celebration of Christmastide, let us revive sweet childhood's memories with all its associations; let us make this Christmastide and all future Christmas mornings sacred not only for ourselves but for the children and all the children, that they too may learn the meaning of its message, as we also can learn and must learn it from them. "For except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."



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ACROSS THE FIELDS OF LOMALAND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A LOMALAND CAÑON



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A HEDGE OF ROSES, LOMALAND



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STUDENTS' BUNGALOWS
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

A REMARKABLE PHILOSOPHER OF THE RENAISSANCE:

by **Osvald Sirén**, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm, Sweden.

I



IT was with the aid of the philosophy of Plato and the high ethics of the Stoics that the human mind, at the beginning of the Renaissance, liberated itself from the scholastic dogmatism and the light-fearing conventionalism of the Middle Ages. Men went to the greatest sages of antiquity to find guidance in thought and life, a guidance which was no longer to be found among the representatives of the church or of the cloister. The urge was not anything resembling delight in controversy and sophistry, but was an actual desire for truth and reformation, a longing to find the common foundation for religion and science — to make life worthy of the god-born man. Characteristically, indeed, no system was erected wherein God, Man, Nature, were placed in definite compartments. People were tired of such scholastic jugglery. They were now concerned with the satisfying of the living demands of the soul of man, not in the fantasies of abstract disputation. Philosophy became, under the impress of the newly-discovered works of the thinkers of antiquity, far more profound; among its principal representatives it regained its original character of the wisdom of living — of practical wisdom. In place of involved systems and hypotheses, we encounter great spiritual individualities, whose greatness rests in no small degree precisely upon their familiarity with the practical wisdom of old.

Through a deeper personal penetration into the Platonic philosophy, the humanists tried to reconcile many of the tendencies of antique civilization, both good and bad, with the way of looking at things prevalent in Christendom. Plato was made the principal forerunner of Christendom. Through a symbolic interpretation, the Bible was brought into harmony with the teachings of Plato and the Neoplatonists. They were convinced that at the root of all things and of the work of the ancient philosophers were found certain common fundamentals, which ought to be able to be crystallized out to serve as a backbone for a united, eclectic religion. According to the statement of Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus: "There is really only one religion, notwithstanding all the differences of form," and he rejoiced in think-

ing of the time when all the different forms of religion will be reconciled and unified. Even the Florentine Platonist, Marsilio Ficino, saw in the various religious forms merely different ways and degrees of the revelation of truth to humanity.

The desire to broaden the outlook and to gain some knowledge of human development in bygone times was so strong that little time was devoted to the analytical study of details. It was the Golden Age of ideal syntheses and general conceptions. The thirst for knowledge was as much a heart-longing as an intellectual desire. For a while the near-sighted negative critic became, during some sunny decades, overwhelmed by a strong tidal wave of constructive joy of life and the desire for beauty. But all too soon another period of limitations and criticisms arrived. Philosophy was again divorced from life, the gulf between faith and knowledge became deeper than could be refilled by the Reformation or any other religious movement before our days. Attempts certainly have been made to do so many times since the Reformation, but if they bore fruit at all the less said the better in view of the religious fanaticisms and moral aberrations which even in later centuries have played decisive rôles in the life of nations.

If we would choose a man from the ranks of the Florentine humanists who, both in his life and his writings, illustrates the supreme efforts of his age, a better could hardly be found than Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (born 1463). He was less of a professional man than any of the other well-known humanists; his writings do not give a complete expression of his personality; he himself said that "among poets he passed for a philosopher, and among the philosophers for a poet." He impressed all with whom he came in contact as an unusually harmonious and noble personality. "There are few men for whom I entertain such an affection and respect as for Pico," writes Lorenzo de' Medici. Similar undisguised admiration was also given him by such leaders of the Reformation as Zwinglius and Sir Thomas More.

His intelligence was not satisfied even by the addition of the regular Platonic studies to those of Christendom. He penetrated into the esoteric systems of the Oriental religions, and was among the first Western students who, in recent times, tried to interpret the symbolic writings of the Kabala. In his indefatigable strivings to reach the foundations of the various forms of religion, to find the unity in widely separated philosophic systems, his conception of the worth and possibilities of the human soul was greatly enlarged.

Employing the allegorical language he often used, Pico writes on one occasion :

When the Creator of the Universe had completed his work, he looked around for some one who could understand its design, love its beauty, and admire its grandeur.

In Pico's character strong contrasts were combined; logical acumen was found with a disposition towards mysticism — the joy of living and the desire for pleasure were associated with a tendency towards asceticism. Born the son of a prince, he was rich and independent. No external reward could excite his ambition. Even at the age of twenty-four he declared that a true lover of wisdom is a king of kings, and that to such a one every form of ambition — the desire for fame, the love of power, or the craving for pleasure — is worthless.

I prefer my solitary chamber, my books, my studies, and my peace of mind above anything a royal court can offer, and more than all your politics, your pleasures, and rewards.

Thanks to his noble and accomplished mother, Giulia Bojardo, Pico received an unusually careful training. It was by following her wishes that he carried on a very comprehensive course of studies, first in Bologna, and later at the French universities, in order to prepare himself for the highest offices of the church. At the age of twenty-two he met Marsilio Ficino and aroused his admiration, not only by his profound knowledge of Greek Philosophy, but by his familiarity with Oriental languages and systems of thought. Pico read Arabic and Hebrew with the same facility as Greek and Latin, and, in his immense library, upon which he is said to have laid out the greater part of his fortune, all the volumes of Kabalistic and Talmudic literature which he could get, stood beside the works of the ancient philosophers and the Fathers of the church.

Philosophic and linguistic studies, however, did not occupy Pico's youth entirely. He also found time to serve the Muses, both of Music and Lyric Poetry, and his youthful ardor seems to have enticed him into a romantic adventure — an attempt to carry off a girl he loved — which he severely condemned in riper years. The matter was really nothing very unusual in those days, but through Pico's connexion with it a certain amount of attention was aroused. A contemporary diplomat refers to it thus :

The misadventure which happened to the Count (that is to say the falling into

his opponent's hands in consequence of the failure of the adventure) is deplorable, because as well as his great renown for learning he had the reputation of being a saint. Now he will have to relinquish a good deal of his credit in Florence, although he is certainly not the only one who has been driven to make such a slip by love.

Pico himself declared later that even the purest man may sometimes be overpowered by his passions, but nevertheless he condemned his own erotic fancies so severely that he burned the greater part of his lyric poems, even those which had won the acknowledgment of Angelo Poliziano. The poet gradually became silent, giving place to the reformer and philosopher of religions.

Pico took a decisive step in the autumn of 1486, when, at the age of twenty-four, he gave out nine hundred Theses in Rome and challenged all learned men to a disputation, with those as the subject. This plan of stepping forth and inviting all the world to a controversy may seem indeed somewhat bombastic to us, but it was not unusual during the Renaissance, when one wished to attract attention to wrong conditions. Pico's disputation challenge was very remarkable. The tenor of the Introduction was to this effect:

Count Mirandola is coming to defend publicly these nine hundred Theses, which have been collected from Dialectics, Moral Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, Magic, and the Kabala, and which partly represent his own thoughts, and are partly derived from the wise writings of the Chaldaeans, Arabians, Hebrews, Greeks, Egyptians, and Latins. In the formulation of these Theses he has not confined himself to the pure Latin tongue, but has employed that language which is used by the famous disputants of Paris, as well as by most philosophers today. The opinions which belong to different nations or single great sages are placed together, but those which proceed from separate divisions of philosophy are blended.

Invitations to take part in the controversy were sent to every university in Italy, Spain, France, and Germany, and the organizer was so desirous to gather a large attendance, that he even promised to pay the traveling expenses and maintenance, during the disputation, of persons of limited means. Unfortunately the carefully prepared event had a more ignominious termination than any one could have foreseen, and it was not improved by Pico's imprudent choice of Rome as the place for his great blow in support of his ideas of Reformation.

Pico's nine hundred Theses, which extended over so all-embracing a region of knowledge, could not fail, of course, in arousing the displeasure of the Pope and the clergy. The author had stated many

things which did not agree very well with the dogmas of the church. The following is an example:

It is not becoming to men to assert, on the basis of their own egotism or personal fancies, that any particular article of faith is true or false; as if one's beliefs could be dependent upon mere likings.

or this:

A temporary sin cannot be punished by an eternal punishment.

And broader still:

There is no science which convinces us more clearly of the divinity of Christ than Magic and the Kabala.

The strong Neoplatonic and Kabalistic elements which entered into Pico's Theses must have especially aroused the indignation of the Pope. The matter could not be passed without notice, though from the beginning Pico declared his willingness to submit to the judgment of the church. The Disputation was prohibited and the learned author called to appear before a papal college. But before sentence was pronounced Pico had left Rome. Though he had originally wished to remain on a friendly footing with the Papacy, it seems that he now realized that such a position was untenable for one with his aims. He composed an "Apology" for his Theses, in which he advanced still more boldly against the Church.

My Theses caused some people to distrust all kinds of learning and philosophy by reminding them that Adam was driven out of Paradise because he, through the attainment of the knowledge of good and evil, desired to approach nearer divinity. So, it seems, all who wish to know more than what is considered good for them are to be driven from the presence of Christ's Vicar.

II

In opposition to those who had censured the holding of any disputations at all, Pico affirms that most of the philosophers took part in them, and that even Plato and Aristotle approved of the public interchange of opinions. Just as the muscles of the body are practised by the means of sports and competitions, so must the powers of the soul be strengthened by intellectual exercises. Even Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom, bore the warlike panoply of helm and shield.

My purpose was to learn the guiding principles in each system. The ancients had already observed that the various theories formed a unity, and that each philosophy should be regarded as a development or continuation of its predecessor. This even applies to the system of Aristotle, which has been shown to be a reminiscence of Plato's thoughts. Of course he also advanced ideas peculiar to himself, but they cannot be distinguished unless one knows those which he has in common with others.

Among the Theses there is a new reference to an ancient science — magic.

But I distinguish two kinds thereof: one is the work of demons, who seek to pass for authorities. It is our mission to eradicate that false science from the world. The other kind of magic, on the contrary, means nothing else than the end or perfection of natural philosophy. The former, the pernicious tendency, had no distinctive name among the Greeks; they called it simply witchcraft. The other was called true magic and was put on the same level with the highest wisdom.

Pico expresses himself more fully still concerning the two different kinds of magic, and says that the right kind

has always been regarded as a sublime and truly reliable science. Earnest men and true philosophers have devoted themselves to its protection and have regarded it as a holy thing. It effects no miracles indeed, but works only by means of natural laws and forces. It is an expression of the unity that exists in all. The Greeks described it, therefore, still more accurately by the word "sympathy."

As the husbandman ties the vine to the elm tree, as if he would marry the elm with the vine-leaf, so the true magic unites heaven and earth and seeks to bring the powers of the inferior world into touch with those of the higher. While the false magic is unwholesomely unnatural and does terrible injury, the true divine magic is, on the contrary, full of the highest blessing. If the former throws its devotees into the abyss with God's enemies, the natural magic gives us an insight into the works of the Almighty and glorifies their nature. The heart, which, with the aid of the true magic, comprehends God's wonders, is imbued by it with charity, gentleness, and true faith. It leads us towards true religion, and brings our souls to unite with enthusiasm in the words of the prophet: "Heaven and earth are filled with the splendor of Thy glory. . . ." I have expressed myself somewhat fully about natural magic because I know there are still persons to be found who, like a pack of savage dogs, will tear to pieces what they do not understand.

Various other remarkable statements could be quoted from Pico's "Apology," but they would be too lengthy to insert here. The quotations already given plainly set forth his religious sincerity and intuitive ideas. The "Apology" caused still more irritation in Rome. The Pope proclaimed the author under excommunication and declared his

Theses heretical (1487). There was such anxiety to reach him that even when Pico had left Italy an order to arrest him was despatched to the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and two papal Legates traveled to France expressly to try to catch the dangerous man. They succeeded, and in the following year he was imprisoned in France. But his captivity did not last very long. The Milanese ambassador in Rome made energetic representations and the papal authority found itself compelled to yield.

Pico afterwards resided in Florence, where he had a true friend and protector in Lorenzo de' Medici. The influential Medicean prince even tried to prevail upon the Pope to rescind his condemnation, but in this he did not succeed. Not until later, after his death, were Pico's writings declared harmless.

Bearing in mind Luther's almost contemporary appearance in Germany, may one not ask what it was that restrained Pico — a far more broad-minded personality — from seriously trying to promote a reformation of the church, from which he probably suffered as much as Luther? May it not have been his conviction that behind all the religious forms, however distorted by dogmatism and sacerdotalism, there was one truth in common, and that it was consequently of greater importance for a private individual to deepen and beautify the religious life in his own sphere — to try to penetrate to the core of his own religion — rather than to make war against formal institutions? Pico's own life after the period under consideration seems to warrant this idea.

His whole efforts were now devoted to becoming a helper on both spiritual and material lines, through the application of his science and unusual knowledge of human nature to the welfare of others, and of his material wealth to the relief of want and suffering. When he himself was unable to seek out the needy ones, he commissioned a friend to take food and money to those who lacked the most. He spent a peaceful and retiring life. The following significant lines of Lorenzo de' Medici show this:

The Prince of Mirandola lives here, in our neighborhood; he passes an unostentatious, holy existence; he avails himself only of the absolute necessities of life. In my eyes he is a truly ideal character.

Pico writes:

Pain and sorrow seize me when I see those who call themselves philosophers hunting after reward and payment. He who is striving for gain, he who is not

able to bridle his ambition, can never get knowledge of the Truth. Frankly and freely I can say that I never turned to philosophy with any other motive than to serve it. The hope of recognition or reward did not attract me to it. The evolution of the soul and the knowledge of the truth I desired have been my sole aims. My desires were concerned with the acquirement of the Truth, and I put my whole soul into my efforts to find it. I relinquished the common cares of the day, and devotion to private and public matters I considered unimportant in comparison with that. . . . Deep knowledge endowed me with philosophy to make my own conscience and not the opinion of the multitude the judge of my actions.

But while Pico valued philosophy above everything else he fully recognized its limits. He says, among other things, that if men were able to know and love the divine through logical reasoning alone, philosophy would be the ultimate and the highest thing for humanity, and it would completely satisfy their inner cravings. Philosophy, however, is only able to raise our intelligence to a higher level without being able to give us a complete picture of life and man. At best it can unify our knowledge of nature with our knowledge of the mind of man. Philosophy searches for truth, led on by its thirst for knowledge. The inner knowledge, man's unity with the divine, Religion alone can bestow. Thus, when Pico attributed this high value to religion, he did not refer to any special church or confession of faith, but to that which underlies all religious forms and remains independent of their differences — Religion itself.

Pico, like many other of the most enlightened minds of the age, was convinced that an original, common, basic religion can be found, whose truths are obscured by creeds and dogmas. He tried to extract the original living meaning in the teachings of the Christian Church, and to show the correspondences with other religious forms. He believed that the Trinity and the Incarnation of the divine in man were plainly expressed in the Kabala. According to Pico, spiritual knowledge was revealed to mankind by great Personages, who arose from time to time, and proclaimed the truths in various forms in consonance with the development of their age. Among such Teachers, he said, were Moses, Plato, and Christ. Each of those Teachers have often employed forms and allegories which are not very easy to understand. According to what Plato writes to Dionysius they did so intentionally:

that one should only utter his thoughts about the highest and ultimate things in obscure terms, so that what one wishes to impart to initiated friends may not be understood by the uninitiated also.

Nor can Moses' writings be understood except in the light of older and more primitive religions. The words and images in Genesis are like beautiful vessels which conceal precious wines within them.

Pico seized upon truth wherever he found it, quite independently of traditional opinions. He fearlessly denounced the *degenerate* astrology and other forms of superstition which played upon the lower passions of man. That kind of astrology, he declared, continually turns its gaze from the heavens to the earth, though it sets out to do the contrary; philosophy alone is able to explore the Unseen which is behind the outer forms. In a long treatise, which is considered the best Pico has written, he treated the misconceptions of the then current astrology in detail, and he succeeded in very powerfully influencing public opinion upon that question, which was then one of special importance.

After all, Pico's strong emphasizing of man's free will and moral responsibility is of the greatest consequence to us. He reminds us of the words of the prophet Asaph:

"Ye are gods, and children of the Most High." Abuse not the Father's most precious gift, the freedom of the will, which he has bestowed upon you. Convert it not from a blessing to a curse. Let our spirit be filled with a holy zeal, so that we, who are not content with the lowly position of mankind, may aspire to the Highest with all our strength — which we truly can do if only we will.

Pico makes the gods say to man:

Neither heavenly nor earthly, neither mortal nor immortal have we created thee. Thou thyself shalt, according to thine own will and thine own glory, be thine own master-builder and creator, and thou shalt create thyself out of those materials which please thee best. Thou art free to descend to the lowest grade of animality — but thou canst also raise thyself to the highest sphere of divinity.

"Nothing too much," that is the standard for every virtue, and the canon for thought, the foundation-principle of moral philosophy. And still further: Know thyself. These words encourage us to penetrate into all nature's mysteries, for man is indeed the link between all things in nature. He is like a liquor blended from all her essences. Thus as Zoroaster has written and, later, Plato in his "Alkibiades," he who knows himself finds All within himself.

WITH THE ZUNIS IN NEW MEXICO:

by George Wharton James *



WHEN Coronado, with his band of gold-seeking Conquistadores, started from Northern Mexico for the discovery of the mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola," in 1540, he and his companions valued money more than human life, and the finding of precious stones more than the discovery of a new race.

Hence their expedition was, to them, a sad failure. For the Indians of our portion of America were not, as were the tribes of the Mexican country and of South America, adepts in the arts of mining and the smelting of gold and silver ores.

But had these conquistadores possessed a true appreciation of the doctrine of man's brotherhood they would have rejoiced in the discoveries they did make, for they found several most interesting races of people, whose inner lives and customs to this day we have not yet completely penetrated.

It is to these peoples I wish to pilot my reader in this series of articles, for they have lost none of their fascination and attractiveness in the three hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since they were first seen by Caucasian eyes.

Coronado's expedition was undertaken because of the reports brought to the Viceroy of New Spain by Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition to what is now Florida. That expedition, as is well known, went to utter destruction and none but Cabeza de Vaca, and three wretched companions escaped. With a keen appreciation of his desolate condition and his only hope of salvation de Vaca determined to endeavor to reach the settlements on *the other side of the country*, and thus started that marvelous, first transcontinental journey over the plains and mountain ranges of North American territory. Imprisoned by tribe after tribe, now abused as a slave, now revered and almost worshiped as one possessing great shamanistic powers, it required the exercise of constant craft and cunning to escape and push on westward. Oh the impatience, the heart-hunger, the agony of despair of that long nine years of endeavor! For it was nine years from the time of the destruction of Narvaez's ships before Cabeza de Vaca and his companions astonished

* Author of *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert, In and Around the Grand Canyon, The Indians of the Painted Desert Region, Indian Basketry, Through Ramona's Country*, etc., etc.

the Spaniards of Culiacan by marching in upon them as those raised from the dead.

Eagerly their story was listened to, and while their woes doubtless were formally sympathized with and their hardships condoled, the part of their narration that excited the most interest and awakened the most solicitude was when de Vaca told of certain cities that had been described to him, somewhere off to the north, but too far from his westward path for him to visit.

Immediately his hearers decided that these were the long-dreamed-of "Cities of Quivera," and after a reconnaissance, conducted by Marcos de Niza, Coronado's expedition set forth, with great pomp, circumstance, and blare of trumpet, in February 1540.

On the seventh of July in the same year, after a somewhat strenuous and arduous journey Cibola was reached, and here is Winship's translation of the description given of it by Castañeda, the historian of the Coronado expedition:

It is a little, unattractive village, looking as if it had been crumpled all up together. There are mansions in New Spain which make a better appearance at a distance. It is a village of about 200 warriors, is three and four stories high, with the houses small and having only a few rooms, and without a courtyard. One yard serves for each section. The people of the whole district had collected here, for there are seven villages in the province, and some of the others are even larger and stronger than Cibola. These folks waited for the army, drawn up by divisions in front of the village. When they refused to have peace on the terms the interpreters extended to them, but appeared defiant, the Santiago was given, and they were at once put to flight. The Spaniards then attacked the village, which was taken with not a little difficulty, since they held the narrow and crooked entrance. During the attack they knocked the general down with a large stone, and would have killed him but for Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and Hernando de Alvarado, who threw themselves above him and drew him away, receiving the blows of the stones, which were not few. But the first fury of the Spaniards could not be resisted, and in less than an hour they entered the village and captured it. They discovered food there, which was the thing they were most in need of.

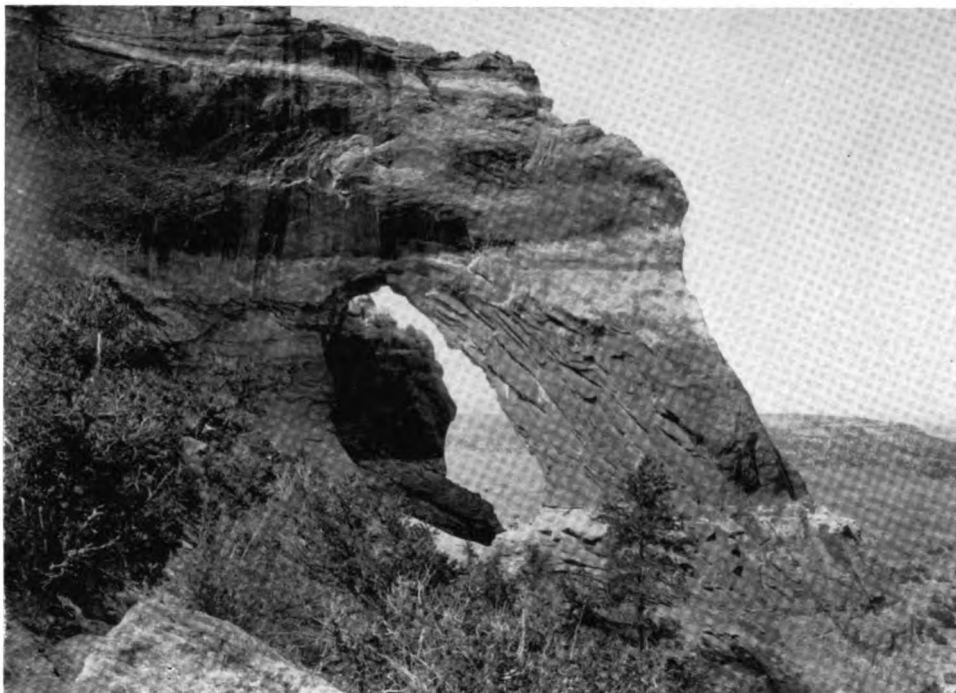
Thus was given to the world its first knowledge of Zuni and its interesting people. But next to nothing was really known of them until Lieut. Frank Hamilton Cushing was sent in 1879 by Major Powell, the director of the U. S. Bureau of American Ethnology, to live with them and make an exhaustive study of their mode of life and thought. In the *Century Magazine*, in 1883-4, Cushing published three articles upon the Zunis which aroused the interest of the whole English-

speaking and civilized world, and since then other scientific investigators have carried on their researches, until now we have a fairly accurate and comprehensive knowledge of Zuni and the Zunians. Upon this knowledge gleaned by others, in addition to the results of my own observations, which have extended over twenty years, I shall depend for the following sketches.

To reach Zuni today one travels on the main line of the Santa Fé route from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Some sixty-nine miles west of Albuquerque, N. M., or 1473 miles west of Chicago is the small settlement of Grants, and from this point, or Gallup, sixty-two miles further on, one may secure a team and drive almost due south to Zuni. The distance is in the neighborhood of fifty miles, and on the journey we pass by the most notable autograph album known to man. This is *El Morro*, of the Mexicans, or the *Inscription Rock* of the Americans. It is a noble triangular block of sandstone, of pearly whitish color, with sheer walls over two hundred feet high and suggesting in its stupendous grandeur a temple or castle built after the style of the Egyptians, but immeasurably larger. The walls are seamed and marked with the storms and conflicts of many centuries and are thousands of feet long, while its towerlike appearance in front is matched by a singularly majestic piece of nature sculpturing in the rear.

On two sides of the rock the inscriptions are found, and as they were all engraved by men standing at the base of the rock, very few of them are higher than a man's head. The perfection of the inscriptions is remarkable. They are as distinctive in their character as the handwritings of men on paper, and all of them are remarkably well done. The surprising thing is that after all these years they are still so perfect; but this is accounted for by the peculiar character of the rock and the fact that it does not crumble when exposed to the weather. It is of very fine grain and comparatively easy to scratch into, and the two walls upon which the inscriptions occur being practically protected from storms, these rock autographs remain almost as clear and as perfect as the day they were written. That of Lieutenant Simpson seems as if made but yesterday. It was neatly done in a parallelogram by Mr. Kern, and reads as follows: "Lt. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and R. H. Kern, artist, visited and copied these inscriptions, September 17th, 1849."

The major part of the inscriptions are on the north face of the rock a very striking one being that of Bishop Elizaecochea, of Durango,



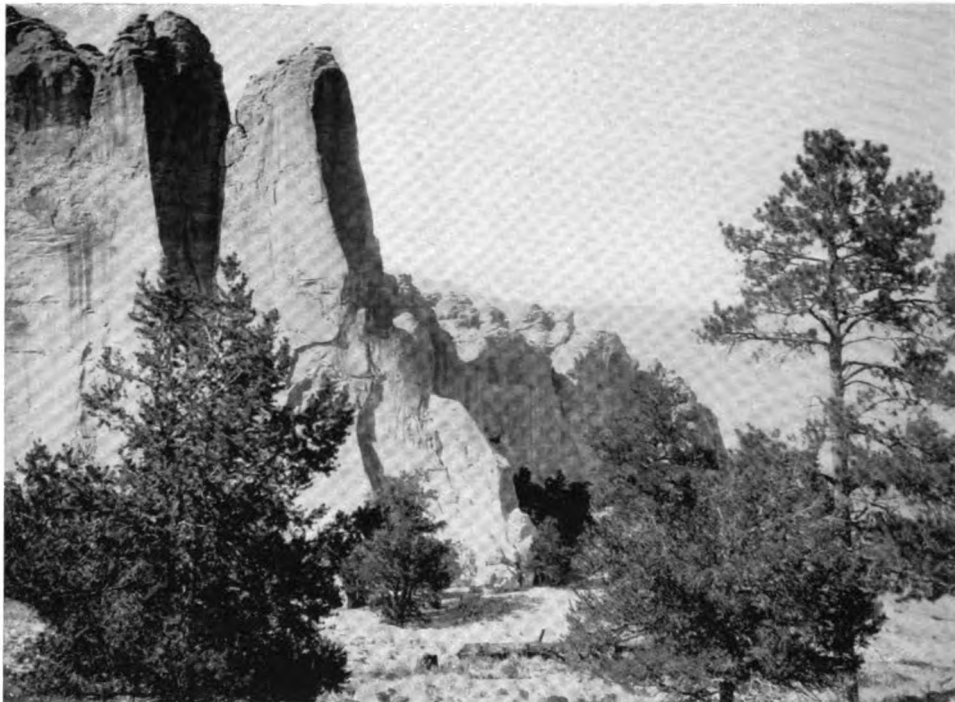
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE FLYING BUTTRESS ON THE WAY TO ZUNI FROM GRANTS
(Maude Photo.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

EL MORRO — INSCRIPTION ROCK

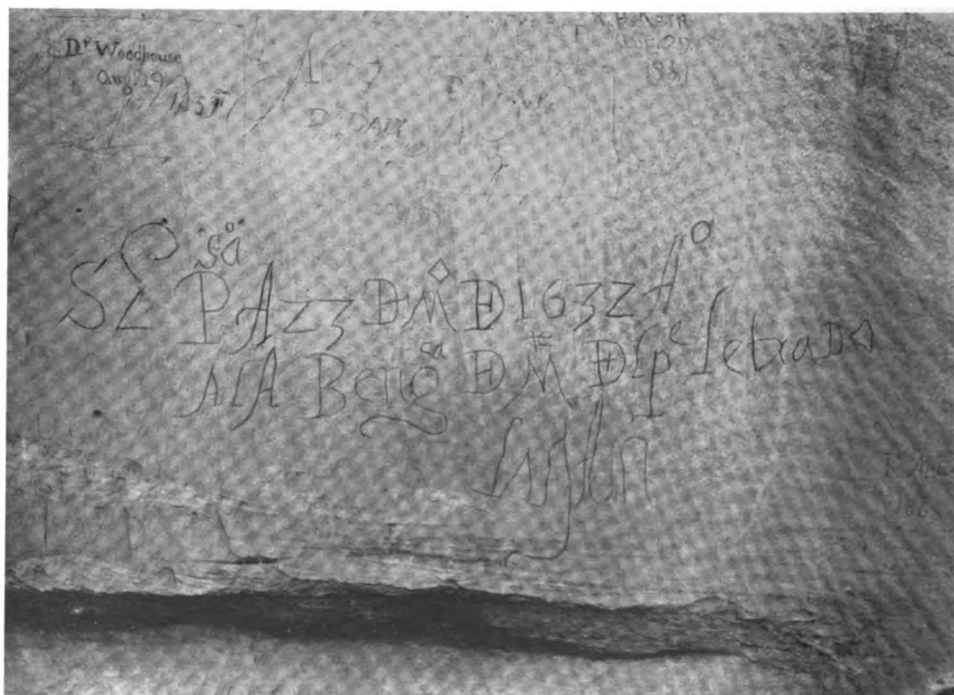


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EL MORRO

Facing south where some of the inscriptions appear.

(Maude Photo.)

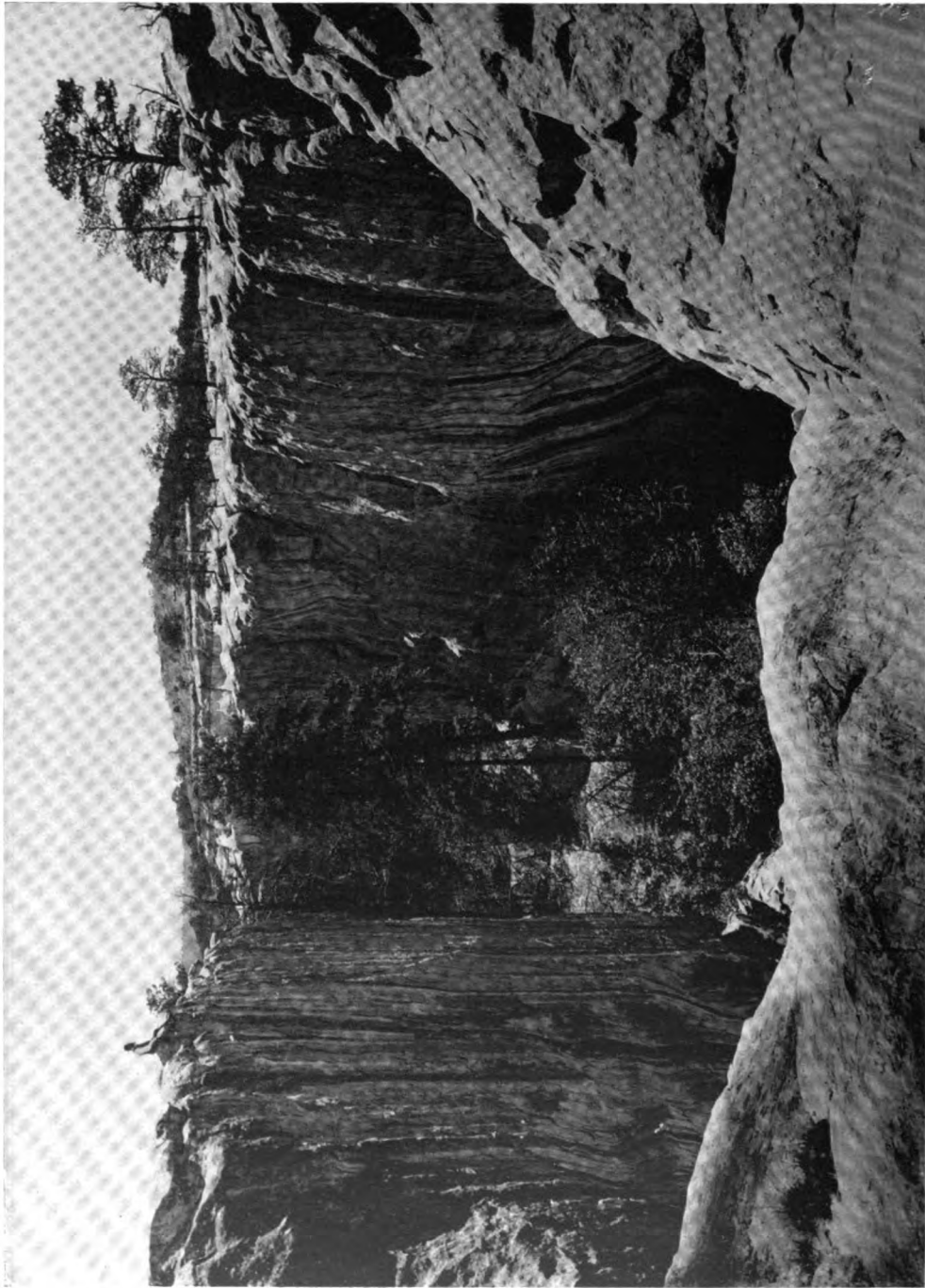


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THE LUZAN INSCRIPTION

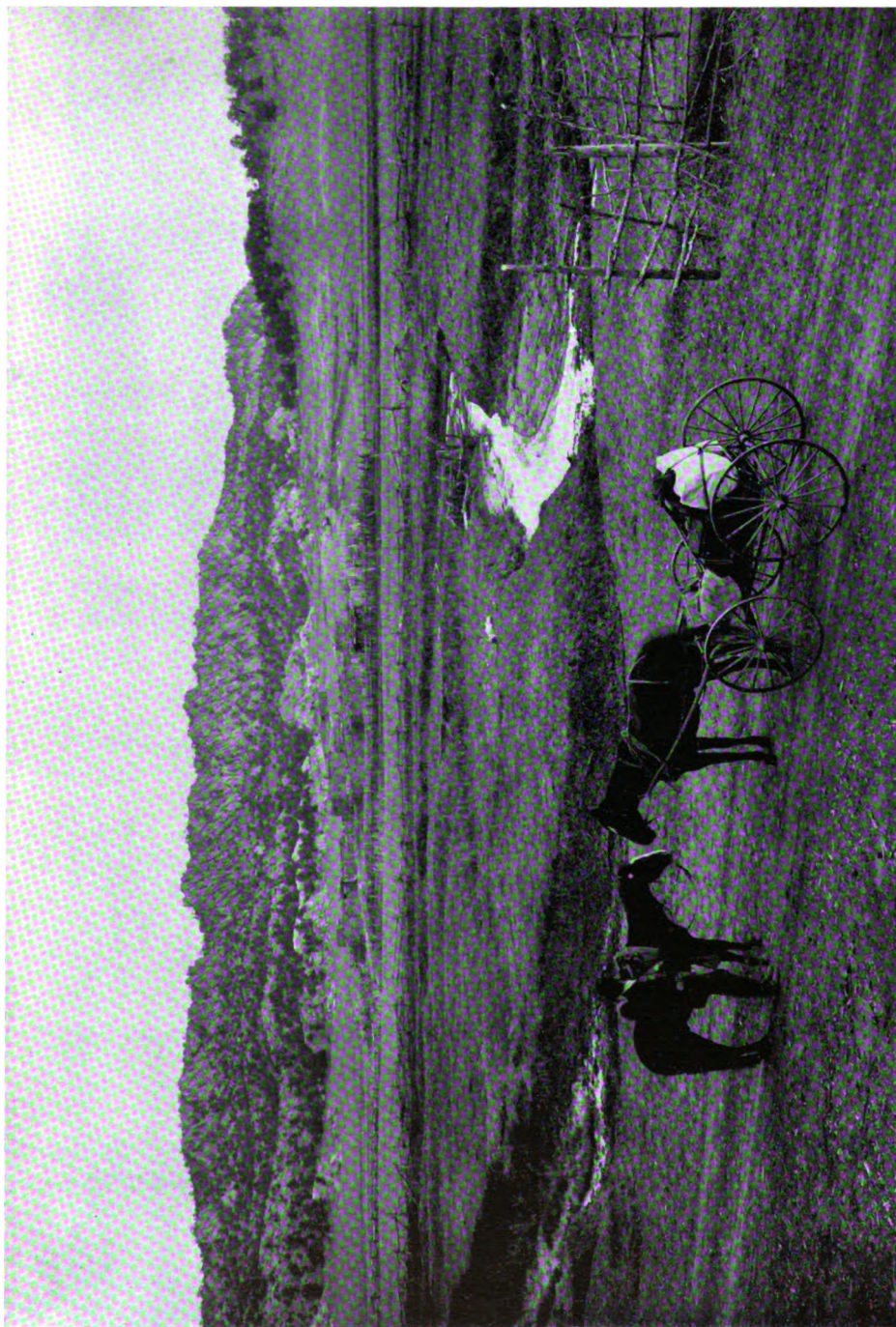
One of the most interesting at El Morro, N. M.

(Copyright F. H. Maude, used by permission.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE HIDDEN CANYON IN EL MORRO
Dr. Geo. Wharton James on rock to left.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE SUMMER PUEBLOS OF THE ZUNI ON NUTRIA CREEK, AND THE GREAT
STONE WALL OF THE SAN RAFAEL SWELL IN THE BACKGROUND

Geologically this region is as interesting as it is archaeologically
and ethnologically.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ZUNI FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ZUNI RIVER
The dry bed of the river can be seen in the center of the photograph.



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THE PLAZA AT ZUNI AND THE GREAT COMMUNITY HOUSE
(Maude Photo.)

Mexico. Here is the inscription as copied by Mr. Kern. Its translation is as follows:

On the 28th day of September of 1737, reached here the most illustrious Señor Doctor Don Martin De Elizaecochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th day passed on to Zuñi.

This refers to one of the official visits made by the Bishop of Durango, in whose district the whole of New Mexico belonged, and to which it remained attached until 1852.

Just above that of the Bishop and slightly to the left are two other autographs, doubtless of members of his party. Between them is a fairly well engraved representation of an ornamented cross. The larger inscription reads as follows: "On the 28th day of September, 1737, reached here 'B' (supposed to represent Bachiller — Bachelor — of Arts) Don Juan Ygnacio De Arrasain"; and the other merely says, "There passed by here Dyego Belagus."

One of the inscriptions reproduced by Kern is shown herewith.

It is quite a puzzling inscription, being decipherable only by those familiar with the ancient Spanish writings. Translated into long-hand Spanish and then into English, it reads as follows:

They passed on the 23d of March of the year 1632 to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrado. — Lujan

Father Letrado was the missionary who practically established the Franciscan mission at Zuni. He had already proven his faithfulness by service among the Jumanos, a wild tribe of Indians who occupied the plains east of the Rio Grande. He did not labor long with the Zunis, for in February, 1630, they murdered him. The Governor, Francisco de la Mora Ceballos, sent a handful of soldiers under the command of Colonel Tomas de Albizu to avenge the death of Father Letrado, and it is possible that Lujan was a soldier on this expedition. When the soldiers arrived at Zuni they found that the pueblo was deserted and the people had retired to the summit of Corn Mountain. With great tact and diplomacy Albizu persuaded them to return to their homes, and, on promises of amendment, the breach caused by Father Letrado's murder was healed.

But however interesting the inscriptions are at *El Morro*, they are by no means the only objects to attract our attention. Walking along the east wall for several hundred yards, we find it possible to scale the rugged slope that leads to the top of *El Morro*. Here, to our surprise,

we discover that it is practically split in half by a narrow canyon, in the center of which grows a tall pine. This canyon seems literally scooped out of the solid rock, for from the point where we have been examining and copying the inscriptions there is nothing whatever to indicate its existence. It is a perfect *cul de sac*. A whole army might hide here, and if they observed a discreet silence, another hostile army could occupy the north and south sides of the rock for a week and never dream of their existence. Perched on the highest summit of the two sides of the rock thus divided by this canyon, are the ruins of two interesting prehistoric villages. The nearer of these ruins presents a rectangle 206 feet wide by 307 feet long, the sides conforming to the four cardinal points. We examine them with interest. There were evidently two ranges of rooms on the north side and two on the west, with a few rooms within the court. On the north side we find one room seven feet four inches by eight and one-half feet, and on the east side one, eight and one-half by seven feet. These were the two largest rooms, except for one circular *kiva*, thirty-one feet in diameter, near the middle of the north wall.

The ruin on the opposite side is of the same character, and around both ruins we pick up many specimens from the immense quantities of broken pottery, almost all decorated after the usual style.

This visit to Inscription Rock prepares us for the greater interest that awaits us at Zuni. Wearily our ponies drag us over the sandy road until at last from the summit of a hill the Zuni Valley spreads out before us, and there in the center of the plain, close by the almost dry stream, arises the city of our dreams of many years.

Eagerly we pushed on and in due time reached the house seen in the right foreground of the engraving. Now, while our ponies were being unharnessed, we were able to get our first comprehensive view of Zuni from the east side of the now almost dry creek that has been dignified by the name, Zuni River. It never was much of a river, though one of the first expeditions into the region after it became U. S. territory was to determine its navigability.

Yonder is Zuni. Imagine a lot of low, squat, square, or oblong, flat-roofed houses of adobe, leading the eye from the left to the main part of the town, where they are connected one with another, in rows and squares and streets, piled up one above another, receding in front and on both sides as they ascend higher, so that they form a series of terraces on three sides, the topmost houses being perched six stories

high, and you have a crude idea of the architecture of Zuni. Now add to this the poles of the ladders thrust out from numberless hatchways, the quaint chimneys, made of pottery *ollas*, or water-jars, the bottoms broken out, piled one above another, the quaint stairways between the stories and on dividing-walls, the open-air bee-hive-like ovens, the strings of chili-pepper pods, glistening brilliant red in the sunshine, the piles of firewood stacked on the housetops, the patient burros standing hobbled in the streets, or slowly moving to and fro in search of scraps, the little figures of naked boys and girls — bronze cupids as one has appropriately called them — romping about and playing hilariously, as children of the sun-loving races always do, and you have a fair general impression of what Zuni is to the casual observer.

But only to the casual observer. It has taken years of patient, loving study to discover what is behind all this. One meets the men and women of Zuni, some of them with smiling faces, others stern and serious — all seamed and wrinkled with the earnestness of life — and he thinks of them as crude, simple, ignorant and perhaps brutal savages, and yet, what a wealth of poetry, of symbolism, of imagery, of tradition, of folk-lore, lies back of those simple and weather-beaten, life-scarred faces. Into some of this wealth I wish, by and by, to lead you.

In the meantime let us seek to know more of the Zuni of today as it is in its everyday life. We meet a Zuni man. He is not tall, say about five feet six inches, solidly built, with the appearance and carriage of an athlete. His dress is of white calico and consists of a kind of shirt or jacket, and a pair of trousers that are slit from the knee down. He wears blue stockings, kept in place with vividly scarlet garters — bands about two inches wide and beautifully woven — and his feet are covered with thick-soled buckskin moccasins. On his head is a handkerchief tied around the forehead, and called by the Spaniards, "banda." As we meet him he gives us a word of greeting and advances. We take his hand and breathe on it. At this he smiles and does the like to us. Now we notice that he has several strings of shell-beads around his neck, in which are placed pieces of turquoise, and a leather belt around his waist, on which are fastened several large silver disks, chased or engraved into certain curious and striking designs.

The women are smaller than the men, with shapely arms, hands, and feet. None of the younger ones are corpulent, though some of

the older ones become quite stout. They are good-looking, have large limpid black and brown eyes, which are generally laughing and tender. To their friends they are kindly and affectionate, motherly and compassionate, loyal and helpful.

Their dress is picturesque in the extreme. The gown is home-woven — generally by the men — of black diagonal cloth, embroidered top and bottom in blue. It is in one piece, and is folded once and sewn up to within a short distance from the top, and again the top edges are caught together for a few inches. The right arm passes through the opening and thus the right shoulder is draped while the left arm is bare as the gown passes under the arm. It generally reaches well down to the knee. Of late years a cotton garment with high neck and long sleeves is worn under the gown, but at all ceremonials this is discarded. At the waist a long belt is wrapped several times. This is of bright red and blue color and its ends have a long fringe. As this end is tucked under and the fringe falls it adds a very attractive and picturesque touch.

Another indispensable article of dress, the use of which a white man cannot comprehend, is the *pi'toni*, a piece of calico — sometimes made of two very large bandana handkerchiefs sewed together — is tied in front of the neck and allowed to fall over the shoulders. And she must be poor indeed who has no necklace of silver beads (native made), with several strings of shell-bead or wampum. The legs are wrapped around and around with wide pieces of buckskin, giving them a heavy and clumsy look, though they set off the smallness of the feet which are clothed in buckskin moccasins.

The hair is banged all around down almost to the shoulders, and then tucked up in front under the forehead to allow the face to appear.

The children are many and various, of all sizes and both sexes, but all alike healthy, happy, vigorous and naked until they reach the age of six or seven. When I first visited them, more than twenty years ago, they ran about nude until they reached the age of puberty.

Owing to their isolation the Zuni Indians have preserved a strong individuality. Like the Navahos they are readily distinguished. They have few mixed bloods in them.

Their natural impulse is towards the highest type of hospitality. They do not *invite* you; they *expect* you. In other words, if you enter a Zuni house and express your intention of staying in the town for any length of time it is taken for granted that you will make that

your home as long as you stay. Food is prepared for you, and happy indeed are they when you accept and eat with them. I well remember my first meal with Tsnahey and his family. He was then Governor of the Zunis. The food was spread out on our table — which was the *floor*. It was the time of green corn, and one dish was of a mush made of ground green corn, flavored with certain wild herbs. It was delicious. Then a kind of mutton stew was served, consisting of small cubes of mutton, squash, beans, corn, and chili pepper, which latter they use largely in many of their dishes.

We also had "hewe" or wafer bread and tortillas, the latter made in Mexican fashion. Tsnahey was somewhat "civilized," so coffee was served, sweetened with white man's sugar. Then we had for dessert stewed dried peaches — these latter gained from the Havasupai Indians, who dwell deep down in a secluded canyon, not far from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, to which their canyon is tributary.

An interesting meal in which the most scrupulous care was taken to please the guest, to see that he was served first and abundantly, and that everything was to his pleasure.

Let us watch Tsnahey's wife make the wafer bread, which is so strange and interesting at first sight. It is made of corn meal finely ground. Of this a soft batter is made. Now it is ready to bake. A large flat stone is raised so that a fire can be made underneath it. When the stone is hot enough, a piece of mutton tallow is rapidly rubbed over its surface, and then the "hewe"-maker dips her fingers in the batter and rapidly rubs them over the hot surface. Almost the moment she touches the slab the batter cooks into a thin, wafer-like sheet, so that, at two or three dips and passages over the surface, there appears a large sheet of the bread. Before it is perfectly dry it is folded over and over again until it is about the size of a shredded-wheat biscuit and then it is ready to be eaten. Naturally it is dainty, delicate, and delicious, and makes a very palatable bread.

It was here, also, that I first saw a Zuni woman make pottery. The clay is gathered from two or three different localities and mixed, for it is found that certain mixed clays are much better than any one of them taken alone. After being well washed and puddled, the worker takes a small piece of the now prepared clay and rolls it out between her hands into a long "rope." She now coils this around a center and makes the base of her jar or "olla," pressing and pinching one coil into

or upon the other until they cohere, and then smoothing them out with a *spatula* made of bone, or perhaps of a dried piece of melon or gourd rind. Step by step, rapidly but surely, she adds coil upon coil, using as a base upon which her growing pot may rest, a small, almost flat basket. With nothing but her eye to direct her, coil is added to coil, the spatula, with the hand inside the jar to support the pressure, rubs the corrugations out and smoothes them one into another, shapes the neck of the jar and finally completes it.

Now it is placed in the sun to dry for a day or two, and while still in this brittle state it must be painted and otherwise decorated. A white paint is put on as a base which is allowed to become thoroughly dry. It is then rubbed all over most carefully with a polishing-stone, which not only smoothes away all roughnesses, but makes a surface upon which it is easier to paint the design. This is the fascinating part of the work. Where do these designs come from? What do they mean? Many of them are symbolic, others from nature, others purely imaginary to represent some thought of the decorator's mind. All are interesting and most are striking. It has also been found that many of the designs are archaic, having come down from the potters of the past, and they are still copied, though the symbolism or its interpretation has been lost. Whatever the design is to be no one but the designer can tell. She has no copy, no drawing, no sketch. Everything is worked out beforehand in her own busy and imaginative brain. Her "tools" are simple and her materials few. Her paints are gained from the ferruginous clays, which experience has taught her turn to red, yellow, or brown in the oven under the influence of heat. The black is caused by boiling *cleome serrulata* in water and mixing it with a manganiferous clay. Her paint brushes are made of yucca fiber and needles. Now, with the olla on her knees, and her paints in the small mortars in which they have been pounded and mixed, she begins her work. Deftly each stroke is placed, and line by line added until the decoration is complete.

Now, when dry, the ollas or other pieces, are ready for firing. Each piece is raised above the ground (for the oven is made anywhere out-of-doors, in a suitable place free from wind), and then an oven of dried manure from the sheep and goat pens is built around and over them. A bit of wafer bread is placed in each pot in order that the spiritual essence of the bread may feed the spirit of the vase. A woman about to bear a child must not look at the pottery or it will

have a black spot upon it when it comes from the oven. The fire is now lighted and most skilfully managed so that the heat gradually increases, and finally is kept as intense as possible for an hour or so, when it is allowed to die down and, when quite cooled, the pottery is removed.

Some of the designs are easily understood. Here is a conventionalized butterfly, here a deer, there the symbolic thunder-bird, while rain, cloud, and water symbols are frequent. A great variety of geometrical designs are used; indeed it may safely be affirmed that among the pottery of the Zunis and other pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, may be found every design of this nature known to man.

Before leaving this subject of pottery let me tell of the care with which the reverent Zuni woman gets the clay for her work as related by Mrs. Stevenson, one of the experts of the Bureau of Ethnology:

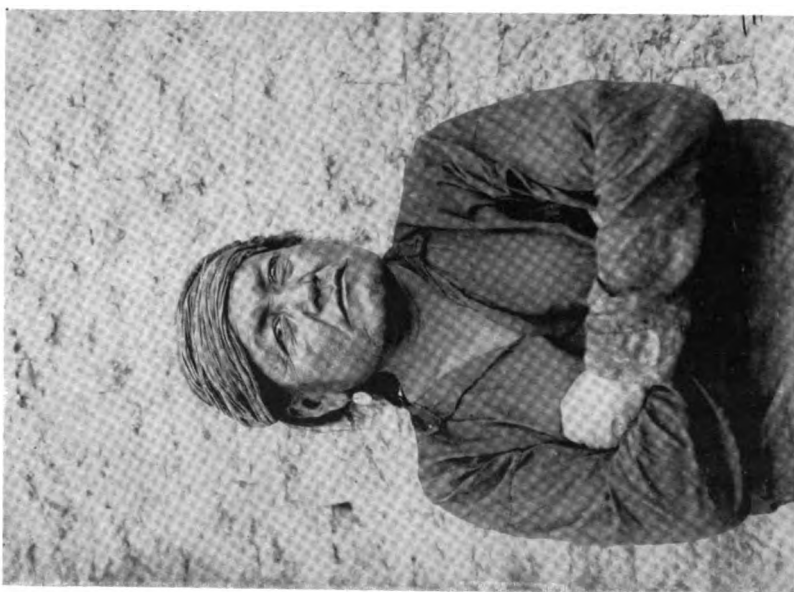
On passing a stone heap she picked up a small stone, in her left hand, and spitting upon it, carried the hand around her head and threw the stone over one shoulder upon the stone heap in order that her strength might not go from her when carrying the heavy load down the mesa. She then visited the shrine at the base of the mother rock and tearing off a bit of her blanket deposited it in one of the tiny pits in the rock as an offering to the mother rock. When she drew near to the clay bed she indicated to Mr. Stevenson that he must remain behind, as men never approached the spot. Proceeding a short distance the party reached a point where We'wha requested the writer to remain perfectly quiet and not talk, saying: "Should we talk, my pottery would crack in the baking, and unless I pray constantly the clay will not appear to me." She applied the hoe vigorously to the hard soil, all the while murmuring prayers to Mother Earth. Nine-tenths of the clay was rejected, every lump being tested between the fingers as to its texture. After gathering about one hundred and fifty pounds in a blanket, which she carried on her back, with the ends of the blanket tied around her forehead, We'wha descended the steep mesa, apparently unconscious of the weight.

The sleeping-arrangements of the Zunis are quite simple. In one corner of every well-appointed house hangs a long pole, suspended by thongs of rawhide at each end. This is poetically termed "the pole of the soft stuff." The term soft stuff includes sheep and goat skins, bear, coyote, mountain-lion, badger, and other wild-beast skins, together with the robes the Zunis themselves weave or purchase from the Navahos. While a few blankets are woven by the Zunis they have almost abandoned the art, as they are better potters than weavers. Or perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that they prefer to make pottery, and as the Navahos prefer to make blankets and are anxious to trade them for Zuni pottery, the division of labor has come natur-

ally. But I have seen several Zunis weave blankets for personal wear. These are dyed black, woven in one piece in a diagonal design, and embroidered top and bottom in dark blue. Once in a while a sleeping-blanket will be woven at Zuni, though seldom. These are generally in natural colors, white, black, brown, and gray, the latter being made by mixing white and black. It is a most interesting process to see a native weaver at work, but as the Navahos are the more expert I will defer the description until I write of this entirely different tribe.

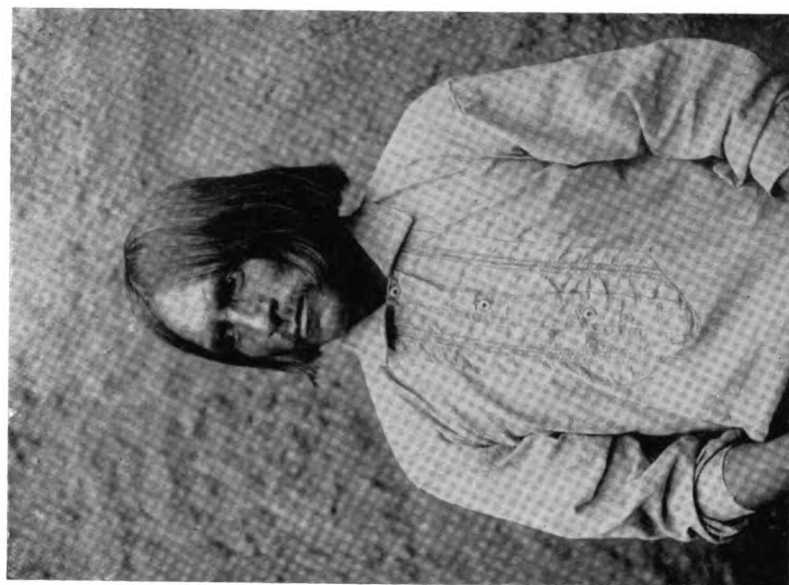
The Zunis, as are all the pueblo Indians, are firm believers in witchcraft, and Tsnahey, my host, was once intimately associated with a witchcraft case, the story of which cannot fail to be interesting. To the whites Tsnahey is known as Dick — Zuni Dick — and brought up in the family of the former Indian trader who lived at Zuni for over thirty years was Zuni Nick. Nick and Dick when I knew them did not speak as they passed by. All my efforts to bring them together failed, and from what each of them told me at different times I have pieced together the following. Nick's bringing-up naturally led him to ignore and despise the superstitions of his people — he simply absorbed the ideas daily talked in his presence by white people when the ceremonies and dances were being performed. He was evidently somewhat of a freethinker and also an outspoken lad, and after he had been to the white man's school and returned to Zuni he did not hesitate openly to criticise the "ways of the old" as followed by the Zunis. In due time, however, he fell in love with a Zuni maiden, who reciprocated his affection, and in spite of many protests of the old men they were duly married. His boisterous and ribald criticisms and his marriage further widened the breach that the years had set between him and the elders, and they sought for an opportunity to rebuke him. One year the Fates seemed to favor them, though it was through misfortune. Their crops were bad; there was a serious drought; the hot winds scorched everything up, and their flocks of sheep and goats began to die off; their children became sick and quite a number died, and when the hunters went after game, in spite of their most earnest petitions to the *we-me* — the fetiches of the hunt — they came back empty-handed.

Now came the opportunity of the elders. They quietly let it be whispered about the village that all these evils had befallen them because Nick had exercised the arts of witchcraft upon them. The leaven of suspicion and hatred soon worked. Nick told me that one



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TSNAHEY, (ZUNI DICK)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ZUNI NICK, WHO WAS HUNG UP BY THE THUMBS
AS A WIZARD



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE COMMUNITY HOUSE AT ZUNI

Where Melita was hidden after being nearly slain by hanging as a witch.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

INDIANS MAKING SHELL BEAD NECKLACES

On the right, Tsnahey, Governor of Zuni, sent to prison for complicity in the hanging of Nick, the accused wizard.

(Maude Photo.)



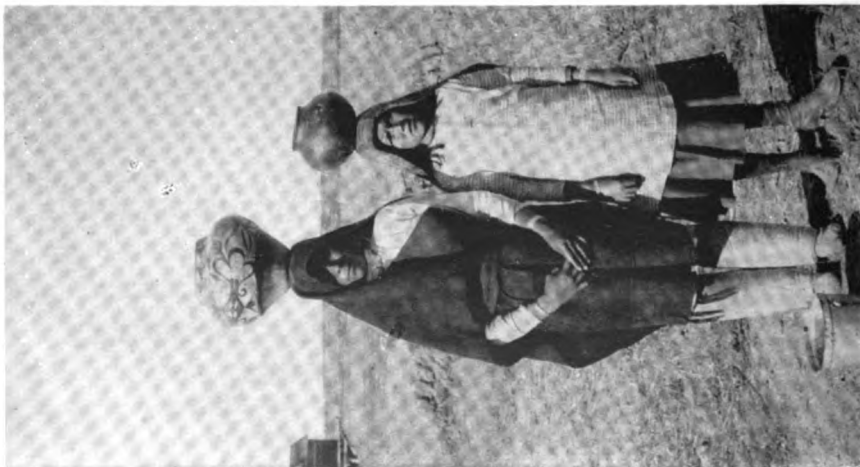
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A GROUP OF ZUNI CHILDREN, NEW MEXICO
(Dr. George Wharton James, Photo.)

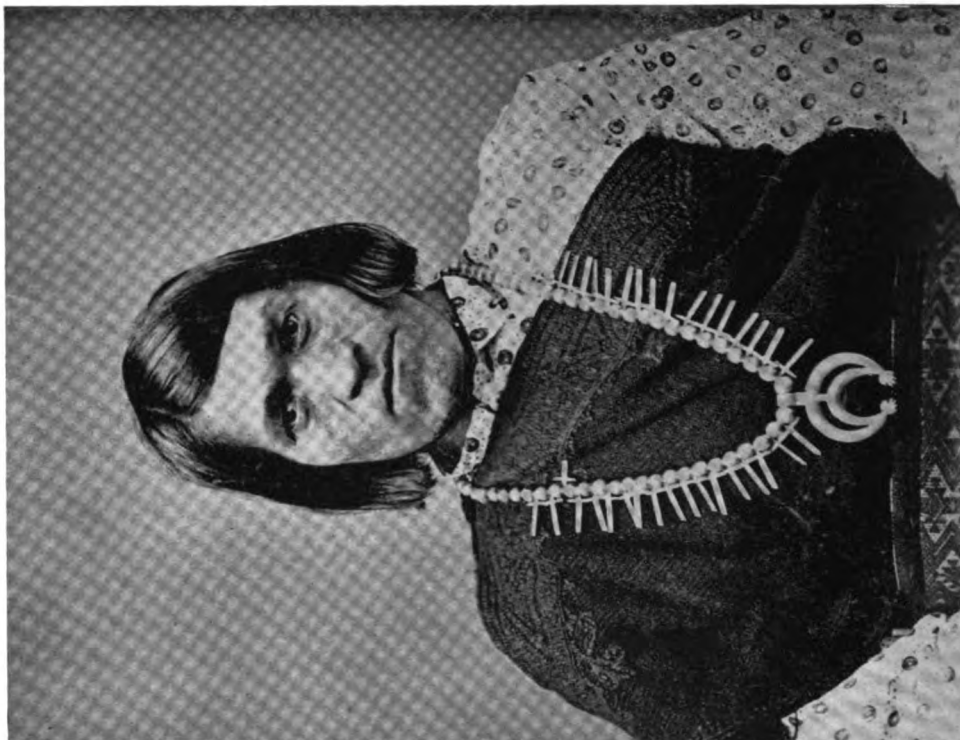


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INDIAN POTTERS — COOLING THE KILN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
 NATIVE COSTUME OF A PUEBLO WOMAN
 AS COMPARED WITH THE
 "CIVILIZED" DRESS.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.
 WE'WHA, THE WOMAN WHOSE DEATH WAS SAID TO BE CAUSED
 BY MELITA, THE SO-CALLED WITCH, AT ZUNI, N. M.

night, when he was sound asleep, a band of the elders rushed into his room, overpowered him, bound him hand and foot, gagged him and then carried him to one of the *Estufas* — or sacred ceremonial chambers under ground — and there accused him of being a wizard. For a long time they harangued him and demanded that he confess — yet, strange to say, in their excitement they failed to remove the gag from his mouth. When, finally, some one noticed it and removed it he declined to confess to anything they required and defied them to do their worst. While he knew what his fate would be, unless he could secure help, he mocked and teased his captors, until, having decided him guilty, they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide *riata*, took him to the wall of the ruined church and there, throwing one end of the *riata* over a protruding beam, hoisted him up, so that he hung suspended in most horrible torture. The weight of the body almost dislocated the shoulder joints and the pain was excruciating. While in this position the shamans urged him to confess. They have no pity on one whom they conceive to be a wizard. All their hatred and fury are vented upon him. Nick hung here until he fainted.

In the meantime some one had sent or taken word to Nick's foster-father, Mr. Graham, and he had come and demanded the culprit's release. And had he not been a man of firmness and influence, and threatened the medicine men with the soldiers from Fort Wingate it is doubtful if Nick would have escaped with his life.

After Nick's release the agent or some official was informed of what had happened. His duty was to bring the chief priests or medicine men to trial for thus "assaulting with intent to kill" one of their number. Instead of this, fearing that if these powerful and influential men were punished the Zunis would rise in rebellion, *he arrested Dick*, who was Governor at the time, and had him sent to prison for several months, on the plea, that, as Governor, he had power to prevent what had occurred.

Hence the enmity between Nick and Dick.

On one occasion I entered Zuni just at the critical time in a "witch's" hanging. The poor old wretch, friendless and forlorn, had been accused of causing the death of Wé-wha, one of the most noted women of the tribe. Refusing to confess she was strung up *by the thumbs*, her hands tied behind her.

Before my horses were out of the wagon I was informed of what was transpiring. But I was watched, and as I hastened to the scene

the poor old witch, Melita, was hurried to what was supposed to be a place of secrecy. Going to Naiuchi, the Chief Priest of the Sacred Bow — the most distinguished and honored theurgist of the tribe, who was conducting the exorcism of the witch — I sought to find what had become of her. He refused to let me know, but I was later assured that she was somewhere in the great community house. Again asking to be led to her I was again refused most positively. Then I began the search and after several hours found her, sick almost to death as the result of the cruel treatment she had received. Her wrists were cut through to the bone, her back all lacerated with the beatings she had received, and her cheeks even were broken where the blood had burst through the veins. When I asked her who had beaten her so cruelly, she cried out "Hay-tot-si, Hay-totsi," who was one of Naiuchi's assistants, the other being Ne-mó-si.

After caring for her wounds, white friends were notified, who brought her food. To prevent further molestation the officers were sent for, and this time, no tender sentiment was allowed to stand in the way of the actual culprits being arrested. They were taken to jail, kept there *without trial*, and then, many months later, were released, to return to Zuni and discuss the wisdom and justice of the white man, who so prides himself on his fairness and honor, and yet could keep prisoners in jail, contrary to law, and finally release them contrary to law.

It may be that some readers will object to being told of these superstitions of the Zunis. Let us not forget that it was but two centuries ago that the classic and educated precincts of New England were enlivened by witch-hunts and that not a few victims were treated even worse than poor old Melita, by the wisest men that America then boasted.



ALL in this world is only *preparatory*, because transitory. It is like a chink in the dark prison-walls of earth-life, through which breaks in a ray of light from the eternal home, which, illuminating the inner *senses*, whispers to the prisoner in his shell of clay of the origin and the dual mystery of our being.

H. P. Blavatsky

ON FICTION: by Kenneth Morris



WHEN we think of the origin of fiction, probably we imagine some prognathous hooligan of the caves, a few thousand years ago, whom the need has taken to relate his exploits in the chase, or at carrying off a neighboring troglodite maiden for his bride. But we suggest that it was neither the desire to brag that began it, nor the mere delight of describing men and adventures. The world within precedes the world without: there are mountains, dragons, forests, battles and voyages in the soul; lacking which, their mere external antetypes would be no better than hollow and uninteresting. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is nearer in its purpose to the first book, than this imaginary production of the literary Dordognian or Neanderthaler; indeed could we take our attention away from the scrap-heap of some wandering outcast tribe of those days, and fix it on the men who built Stonehenge for their bardic rites, what a different idea we should have about the origin of everything. There were gypsies, slum-dwellers, and criminals in nineteenth century England; but there were also Gladstones, Brownings, Tennysons and Brights: crackers, crooks and hoodlums in America; but also Lincolns and Longfellows.

And then, what are the oldest books that exist? Works of fiction in this sense: they are not treatises of science or politics, at least outwardly, but tales of the Gods and heroes, or again, explanations of the mystery and origin of things. Examine those mythological tales, and you find them to be symbolic; i. e., externalizations of the inward drama of man. There is one primeval and basic story: the story of the human soul.

The Primitive Story-teller was moved to his work by this urge then: the necessity of making known the readings he had taken of his own spiritual adventures. He saw within himself the bright ideal of his higher and eternal nature; and the struggles of the personal man to come up with it, to attain union with it. Here were the Lover and the Beloved: the prototypal love-story. He saw within himself the battle-ground of the Spiritual and animal natures of him, the divine at war with the devilish; and here was the foundation of the tales of Moytura, Kurukshetra, Camlan and all ancient warfare and conflict. He saw within him, Augean stables to be cleansed, Nemean lions and hydras, and Kakos, the giant Evil, to be slain; and also the hero Hercules to slay them. He found bright powers in his soul that were his

allies, and recognized their kinship with all the bright powers whose presence runs through the veins of creation; in very deed, there were the Gods, his elder Brothers that were his helpers: also he saw all Nature arrayed in opposition to try and test him; and there were the opposing Gods, whose love was manifested through the trials imposed upon his soul. Or he must quest a Golden Fleece in Colchis, or Apples in the Hesperides; the soul of man contains all treasures within its boundaries, "all Africa and her prodigies"; within ourselves, and for the most part awaiting discovery, are fairy empires in the east and west.

Here, then, is the legitimate field of fiction; this telling of inward truths is its mission and *raison d'être*. In every one of us, latent or active, there is a Hamlet and a Fortinbras, a Polonius, Claudius and Gertrude and the rest; but how shall the interaction and opposition of these be effectively related, except in the form of drama or story? And one does not mean, in saying that these people are within us, that they are various strata of personality that will come to the front, one day one of them and one day another; but that we — the personality — are the hero, or what passes for him; and that the others are what might be called the good and evil planets in our systems, that influence, aid or oppose us. In what conflict? In that grand and prototypal one: the struggle of the personal man to unite himself with the divine in him; in the journey from manhood to godhood. "The universe exists," says William Q. Judge, "for the purposes of soul"; and this is the purpose of the soul; it is the purpose of the soul, of evolution, of the universe, to make the human divine.

Theosophy holds up a torch in the archaic times, and shows, not the hairy, long-toothed troglodyte, but a humanity among whom Gods walked, its instructors. It was the Gods who first told men stories, who originated the art of fiction, you may say; and indeed, one might have known that poetry and all art came from Them, and had a source in some divine necessity from above; and were not the product of outward stress or natural selection or the survival of the fittest. Do they not come now at an inward and spiritual touch, and at that only? All the wealth in the world, and votes cast by millions, could not call one genuine line of poetry into being, nor fashion a folk-tune, nor cause it to be fashioned. In this matter, if the Gods will speak, they will speak; and if they desire to be silent, all the armies and navies of the world will not get a word from them. We can harness a horse to

our primitive wheelbarrow, and make it a carriage; fit it with engines till it is an automobile; give it wings and call it an aeroplane; and see some evolution, some progress called forth by the stress of demand, in the growth; but when the Gods pronounced this: *I know the imagination of the oak trees*; or this: *Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!* — they gave us something that we could do nothing with; as different from any invention of the brain-mind of man, as the lightning of heaven is different from the flash of a squib.

So the earliest works of fiction — we apply the term quite reverently — are the great sacred books of the world; which portray the mystery of the universe for the most part in story form. These are the stories nearest, both in time and form, to those first ones that the Gods told, to which, say the legends, the winds and the waves themselves, growing calm, would listen, and even the stars would forget all else until the story was related to its end. In them there would be no depicting of character, personal character; because there was but one individual as the subject of any story; and he, any individual, the human being; in him and his various principles and aspects, would be found Gods and Asuras and demons, hero and villain, all. The villain would be altogether villainous, because he would stand for the dark forces in nature: there would be no need to paint him streaky, like bacon. Where Dickens for example, would give us one complex man — say Martin Chuzzlewit — the old stories would give at least three main characters: Martin, some one representing his higher nature, and some one representing what there was of evil in him. Although indeed, Dickens had far more in him of the ancient methods than might be supposed.

The advantage of this old style of fiction, this archaic style, is that it is true — far truer than fact. Fiction truer than fact! I mean the fact of the so-called realist. The story-tellers were men who knew the mysteries of man, understood all that is deep or hidden in human nature. That is why their work holds out against all the products of literary evolution; and Vedas, Eddas, and Mabinogion cannot be superseded.

But ages passed, and the Gods became a memory only, and no longer walked with men openly, instructing them. Then came a new generation of story-tellers; bards with but half-knowledge of the grand truths; they told tales half to carry instruction, half for the

amusement of their hearers. They had before them the grand models; but also they had an eye to the outward relations of men. The characters ceased to be entirely impersonal principles, and became, largely, personal human beings. The lover might still stand for the human personality striving upward towards its divine counterpart, but he had also taken on some color of the youthful human in the sentimental stage. The warrior might still symbolize, to some extent, the soul armed against the world-evil; but he also bore a very strong resemblance to some popular soldier of the day. Diversity was gained, you say? There was a growth? Yes, but the simplicity of grand art was also impaired, and truth was dimmed. The process went on, until the true purpose of story-telling was wholly lost sight of. More and more was gained of personality, depiction of character, exact reflection of the kaleidoscopic shiftings of the outward life; more and more was lost the idea of the human soul and its supreme mission here in the world.

From the ancient saga to the medieval romance is a great step downward. In the former we find something of the feeling and uplift of the mighty sculptured kings and gods of Egypt, which convey to us a sense of eternity, of the soul of man master of fate, time, and circumstance; in the latter, at best, we have a grace and delicacy of beauty comparable to the Aphrodites of the Praxitelean school. The stories told them by the Celtic bards were too grand and simple for the Norman minstrels, who retold them on more personal lines. Arthur, the titanic, shadowy figure of an incarnate god, must reappear as a mere courteous king of chivalry; his men, huge, elemental and impersonal, must take the fashion of perfect lovers, skilful tilters, one might say, of combed dandies. Having lost their soulhood, their real *raison d'être*, the deterioration went on apace; until Europe was deluged with a literature of extravagant foppery. The deeds of the heroes of Celtic and Scandinavian saga, were all based on symbology; they were *true*, they meant something — and that something, vast and of supreme import. But the deeds of the Esplandians, Amadis and Palmerins meant nothing; their authors had no idea that there was any occasion for them to mean anything, or that there was anything for them to mean. They had descended, not merely to an extravagance of foppery, but to an extravagance of immorality; it became high time for Cervantes to wield his pen. The descent is quite natural; when you lose sight of realities, you are pretty sure to steer, not merely

for the unreal, but for the vile; when you cut loose from the anchorage of the soul, the divine in man and nature, you shall not drift forever among the pretty mirages of what we may call the higher reaches of personal life; the rocks and breakers of vice are awaiting you, out there on the nether shore of personality.

So in modern times the great romanticists have set a high note in personal fiction; which there was no living up to, because the higher note of truth, impersonality, symbology, was absent. Hence, the realists by way of reaction. But what a conception of reality!

The truth is, there are not two poles in this matter, but three angles. The apex of the triangle is impersonal, symbolic truth; the angles at the base are romanticism and actualism — which latter we mistakenly call realism. We rebel and react against untruth, however fair may be its seeming; we rush to the ugly, the sordid and the vicious, because we know that they do actually exist, as a remedy for phantasmal beauty in which we cannot believe. Your poet of this school will see no stream unless there be dead cats and rusty tin cans in it; and he will celebrate nothing but the cats and the cans. Your novelist will pick out with care everything that is hideous and painful in life, and dish it up meticulously as if that were the whole. *Cui bono?*

Art, like the rest of the universe, exists for the purposes of the soul, to further the evolution of humanity. Forgetting that, it soon ceases to be artistic; that is, it soon ceases to be either truthful or beautiful. One step beyond the realist of the dead cats and tin cans, and you come to the painters and narrators of vice for vice's sake; or to those wonderful new schools that shun sanity as carefully as they shun beauty, and paint their canvases with extraordinary odds and ends in a confusion as fantastic as that of the wandering mind of the lunatic. The romantic and the actualistic schools drift toward the same peril. Art for art's sake, and mere beauty the goal, has sensuality ahead of it; a few literary generations, basing their efforts on this principle, and there will be mistaking sensuality for beauty. Substitute for beauty the photographic depiction of actualities, and the end is no better. To be actual, you will choose the ugly, then the sordid, then the vicious; you will take the lowest as your types of humanity; you will write of vice, emphasize it, give it a hypnotic attraction through its very repulsiveness; and so go on defeating the ends of art, the purposes of the soul, and increasing the squalor of the actual — not of the real — world.

In sober truth, these are the two main currents in modern literature and art; or if not the main currents, they are there in sufficient strength to be a menace to the future of fiction. The remedy? Theosophy. Truth. Reality. A return (perhaps with added skill) to the ancient and majestic idea of fiction: that it should depict the laws, science, and adventures, not of human personalities, but of THE HUMAN SOUL.

A FIJIAN ON THE DECLINE OF HIS RACE:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



IT is our pleasure to notice a remarkable article in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, entitled, "A Native Fijian on the Decline of His Race." The translator, Mr. A. M. Hocart, in charge of the Government school at Lakemba in eastern Fiji, tells us that he accidentally came across this essay written by an intelligent native, and has translated it with all possible faithfulness to the original. We must agree with him that the essay shows that most missionaries have a good deal to learn before they can be successful as teachers. The Fijian criticises the teachings of the missionaries in a manner at once candid and respectful; and, as we shall see, exhibits an intelligence and a general comprehension of religious problems that throws many expounders of Christian doctrine entirely into the shade. The argument of the essay is first given and is as follows:

The decline of native population is due to our abandoning the native deities who are God's deputies in earthly matters. God is concerned only with matters spiritual and will not hearken to our prayers for earthly benefits. A return to our native deities is our only salvation.

As will be seen from the above and from what follows, the Fijian does not deny the Supreme God or wish to *substitute* the native deities therefor; he merely recognizes the existence of subordinate deities. It is interesting to note that in the same number of *The Hibbert Journal* is an article on "The Gnostic Redeemer," which speaks of the *kosmo-kratores*, the rulers of seven spheres in the kosmos, as recognized by the Gnostics.

The first point made by the Fijians is of great importance, and of great interest to Theosophists because it agrees with what Theosophy

teaches. It is that *the Satan of Genesis is a God*. This is exactly what H. P. Blavatsky says; Satan was confused with the personification of human passions and thus made into a devil. The Fijian says:

Well, if the first thing that lived in the world is Adam, whence did he come, he who came to tell Eve to eat the fruit? From this fact it is plain that there is a Prince whom God created to be Prince of the World, perchance it is he who is called the Vu God (Noble Vu). With him abides the power given to him by Jehovah, the Great God or *Spirit* who dwells in Heaven, that is, the second heaven, the dwelling-place of Spirits. I think, Sir, this may be he whom the God of Spirit appointed to be leader of the World, that we might be subject to him, we men who live in the bodily life. The power which originated from the Great House, from the Vu God, the channels of transmission thereof to the life in the body are the nobly born (Lords of the body).

That is, explains the translator in a footnote, the native chiefs are the vicars on earth of the Vu Spirit.

Next is answered the question: If this be so, why is not the fact mentioned in the Bible? The answer is as follows. The Bible does not mention who was Cain's wife, so is it not possible "that some Prince of the World, Vu Spirit, is not set down?" And the writer adds:

I believe, Sir, that there is in truth a Prince whom God created with the world before the creation of man; . . . his authority does not extend in the least to the soul; impossible. Why? Because they are different in kind; the body is one and the soul another; as for him, he is not a devil or enemy of religion, he is merely God Vu; the power of the Spirit God with which he was anointed, abides with him.

To quote further:

I think it is easy for the God of Spirit to bind the Flatterer (Devil), but one difficulty is that he has already made a pact with the Vu of the World, namely that he should be sovereign of the life in the flesh. It lies with Jehovah to settle a thing; the objection is that the will of the God of Spirit might fall into contempt if his decision were reversed in order after all to settle a matter which concerns the body; and since he has confined himself to matters of the spirit, it is hard for his will to extend as far as the body, since there exists a sovereign of the flesh whom he has already appointed.

All this is surely much more philosophical and reasonable than the customary interpretation, or rather, lack of interpretation. By it one of the greatest puzzles of Christian theology — as the parents of small children know to their sorrow — is solved. "Why does not God kill the Devil?" Milton wrote an epic about this, and good Bunyan was content to accept the doctrine that God had an inveterate

foe. But this Fijian teaches what Theosophy and H. P. Blavatsky teach: Satan is no devil but actually the Deity in one of his aspects. He is the progressive power in Man, the divinely-given intelligence. When Man obtained Free Will, he obtained the power to choose both evil and good. Hence Satan may be called a tempter. Man at first abused his prerogative and "fell"; but through salvation he is destined to rise to greater heights. And his Savior is again the Divinely-given Intelligence within him. Theological error has made man afraid of himself — made him mistrust his faculties — caused him to confound that which is good with that which is evil. Hence the confusion in modern thought, which knows not how to discriminate between liberty and license, between aspiration and passion. There is a Devil; but he is the personification of our evil passions. We must overcome him, and that by exercising our own Spiritual Will. But the Satan of *Genesis* is not this Devil. He was Man's teacher. The narrative is allegorical, and we see that the Fijian understood it as such. Satan shows man how to claim Free Will and Intelligence. But Man abuses the gift; yet learns his mistakes and is saved from destruction. To continue:

Jehovah has given us this group of islands as our possession, and the several branches of the race, or groups of families, are severally gathered together under their several Vu Gods, the leaders of the various families in things of the flesh. As for the Christian religion, it has come to Fiji, that is the worship addressed to the great leader of spirits, God of Spirits, Jehovah, that we may pray to him to keep our souls when the life in the flesh is at an end.

It seems to him that the missionaries were wrong in turning the various Fiji Gods into devils. "Jehovah" created all parts of the world, and it is right that the various races of mankind should follow the several customs assigned to them by Jehovah. But the Fijians have forsaken their customs and adopted those of people from various nations. They have rejected their tribal Gods and the result has been disease and death. Why does not Jehovah answer their prayers? Because Jehovah is the God of Spirit and does not act directly on bodily affairs. He answers such prayers through his agents only, the Vu Gods. Jehovah remains hidden from the Fijians and gives no oracles. But if they were to worship those whom he has sent, the Vu Gods, he would be able to answer them with oracles as of yore. He pities the nations that have no Vu Gods; for instance:

How wretched they are and weak, whose medicines are constantly being im-

ported and brought here in bottles! Not so Fiji. If a disease begins to pain, you simply go and pull up a kava plant for some medium of the Vu God; then he arises and prophesies and says: "So and so, go out, stretch out thy hand to the right; the first leaf thou touchest, go and strain it: the patient will thereby recover." And what makes it effective? The power of the devil? No, that it is merely the power of the Spirit God who conferred it upon him; had not such been the intention of Jehovah, it were impossible for that medicine to be effective, or his words would have no power.

Finally the writer nobly declares that he dares not fail in the duty of saying what is in his mind; for by silence he would be disobeying the Spirit God and would be answerable therefor in the judgment of souls. To the missionaries he says:

It is no use being ashamed to change the rules of the Church, if the country and its inhabitants will thereby be saved.

Thus concludes this admirable essay. It makes clear the meaning of what is known as polytheism; and there are still many who think that polytheism is incompatible with belief in a Supreme Deity. Even modern Christian churches, with their numerous "saints," are obliged to recognize the principle taught by this Fijian. When we fail to recognize the principle frankly, then we do so covertly, with resulting hypocrisy. For have we not our "gods"? Who is Mammon? Who is Nature? Who is Luck? All minor gods, all duly worshiped and propitiated. Even the various Supreme Gods of the various religions may be regarded as national or racial.

But shall we, it will be asked, revive in Christian lands the ancient tribal deities, fetishes, local shrines, and so on? Not so; but let us leave to the Fijians and other such peoples the customs which have served them so well and are so suited to their natures. Let us refrain from destroying these customs and beliefs until we have something better to offer them. And, for ourselves, let us try to extract the kernel out of this Fijian belief and adapt its spirit to forms suited to our own understanding and nature.

We can surely, without superstition, believe in the existence of an Intelligence, or Soul, or Presence, in Nature, and that Man can adjust himself harmoniously toward this Soul in Nature, reaping thereby the harvest of wise and gentle acts in benefits to himself. We can believe that Man constantly brings upon himself sickness which all the skill and cunning of modern science fail to avert, by his rude and hostile behavior towards Nature. This Fijian believes that herbs can be charmed by wise and reverent treatment to yield up healing

potencies withheld from the rough and heedless hand; and so he has no use for the bottled drugs we send over. One wonders what he would think of our vivisection; if ever there was a practice more calculated than any other to offend the gods of Nature, surely that is it!

Think how much we lose by our failure to recognize the existence of Intelligences ruling in life! We continually do deeds that violate the principles of justice, kindness, purity, etc., and imagine that, if we escape the penalties of the civil law or the too marked disapprobation of our fellows, we shall escape condemnation. The theological God is too remote a conception to influence our conduct; we need a more immediate practical conception. It is this which Theosophy has sought to convey to the Western world by its exposition of the ancient doctrine of Karma. No act that we do, however secret, no thought that we think, can pass without registering its mark and affecting the world for good or ill. And if the thought that we injure others thereby suffices not to restrain us, we may reflect that every act must react sooner or later upon its doer.

What the Fijian calls Gods, we call "laws." We recognize the laws of health, various social and economic laws, etc.; but we need to make our ideas more concrete. Is there a law of moral hygiene, similar to the law of physical hygiene, and is it possible that a secret sinner poisons himself by his acts, by his very thoughts? We need not bring back fetishes and shrines, but we can learn from this Fijian to recognize the fact that we live in an ocean of consciousness that registers and takes account of our every act and thought; that we are surrounded by living and intelligent beings of all grades who look to us for protection, sympathy, and understanding.

Students of ancient philosophy will note many remarkable resemblances between this Fijian's idea of the theogony of creative powers and the teachings of the ancients on that subject. The natives of these isolated countries are the descendants of a former civilization belonging to one of the earlier Root-Races of humanity; and it appears that they have preserved a good deal of traditional knowledge and religious insight. Though many of these races have reached the end of their long cycle and are destined to disappear, it was not necessary that we should help them to do so. Wiser conduct on our part might have preserved a seed for the future growth in cases wherein that seed has been wantonly destroyed. He who would teach must first learn, and our failures with the natives show how much we have to learn.



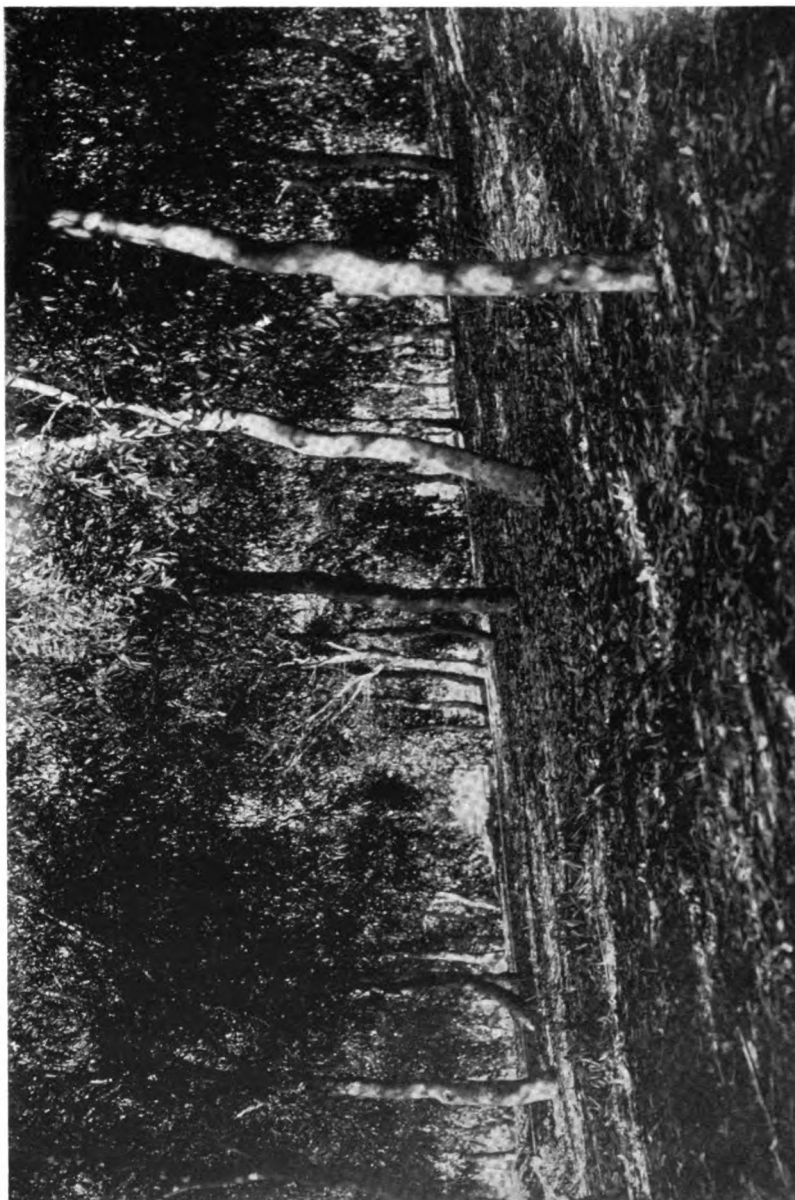
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A LOMALAND ORCHARD



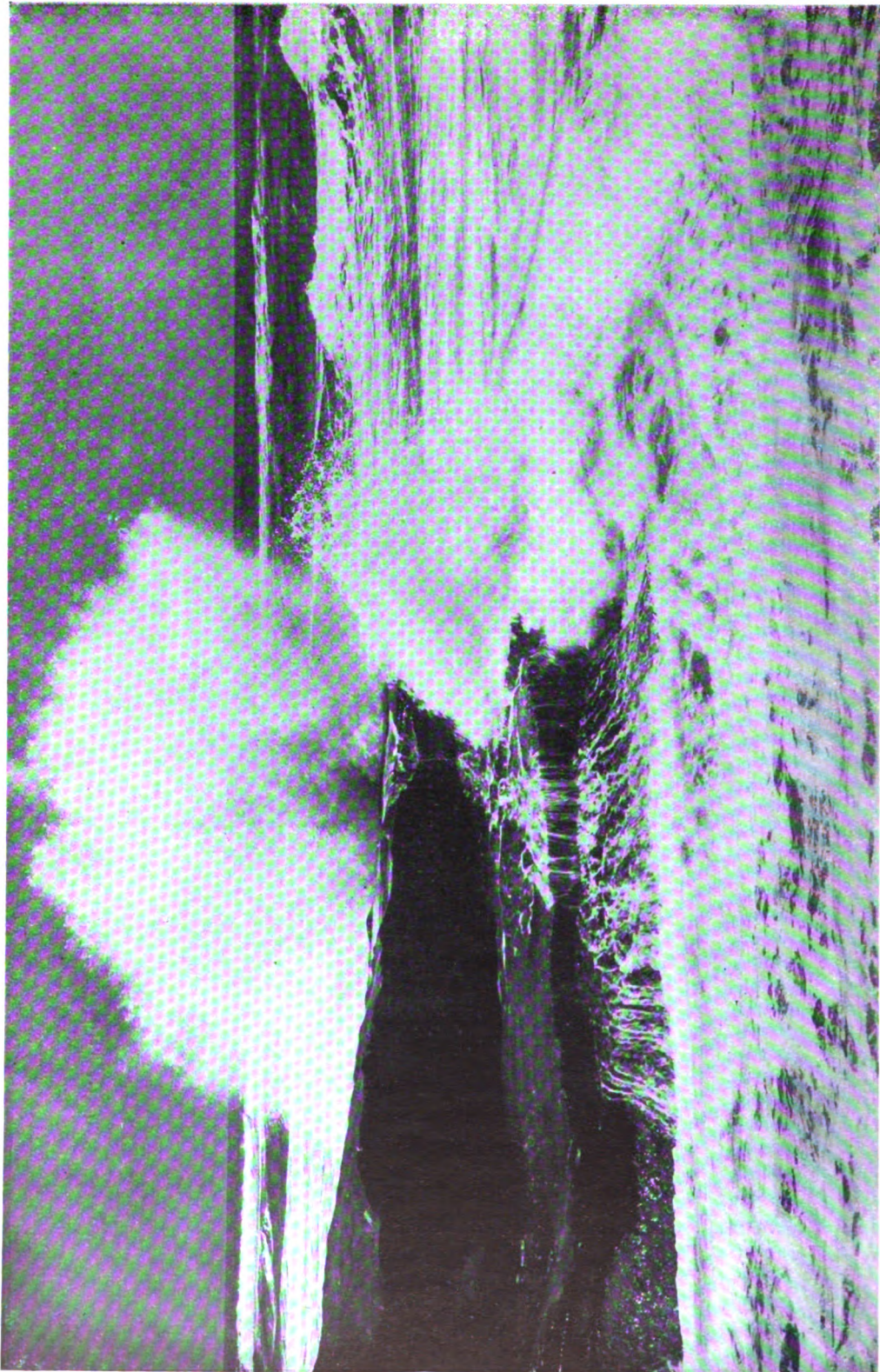
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THE RECENT VISIT OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION TO LOMALAND
RECEPTION IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE RĀJA YOGA COLLEGE



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SUNLIGHT AND SHADE
IN THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT OF THE RÂJA YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA



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“AND THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH”

THE GODS

(From *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*)

by **Kenneth Morris**

WHERE are ye now, O Mighty Ones,
O Dragon Sovereigns of the Deep,
Who make the circuit of the suns,
And in your flaming navies sweep
Where the foamed asterisms surge and leap,
And loud with quickening orisons,
Fohat through Nwyfre burning runs
And wakes the suns from time-long sleep?

Where are ye now, who held of old
Our holiest Wyddfa shrine and fane,
And from that firm and glorious hold,
Spread beauty and truth from main to main?
Where are ye now, whose wizard reign
Left all our mountains bardic-souled —
You Shepherds of the wave-girt fold,
You Guardian Gods of Ynys Wen?

Ah love, strong love, speed forth afar!
Ah, flame-bright faith, take wings, take wings!
Search the wide heavens from star to star
For those unstained, unwearying Kings!
Beyond where the utmost planet sings
Perchance yet flames Hu Gadarn's car,
Where, far in space, the Gods make war
Along the wreck-strewn marge of things.

Nay! in our Wyddfa still ye dwell;
Though all our hope hath grown so cold;
Though priests have wrought of heaven and hell
A snare of lies so multifold,
That we, who were half Gods of old,
Now cringe and doze beneath their spell —
Though manhood waned, and freedom fell,
Still the hills keep their Age of Gold.

And there the golden gorse aflame,
The heather's fair and purple bloom,
Proclaim the Immortal Kin; proclaim
Their war against the ages' gloom.
There where the peaks of Arfon loom,
Pagan, storm-girdled, pure, untame,
Still sounds, as of old, the Chanted Name
Wherewith ye ward these worlds from doom.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Still in the hills ye toiling wait,
 And weave your lone and regal rhyme,
 And fling forth wars on time and fate,
 On fate, and leaden-pinioned time;
 Curb the fierce hosts of greed and crime,
 Folly and madness, lust and hate,
 Till we shall come to know your state,
 And purge, and make our world sublime.

They lied to us that ye were dead;
 Ye pass from view; ye may not die;
 Nay, but your night is almost sped,
 Even now the flame of dawn is nigh!
 Even now your standard burns on high,
 Even now we hear your hosted tread —
 A sign! — the heavens grow flame-bright red!
 The Golden Dragon takes the sky!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
 Point Loma, California.*

THE HYMN OF DESTINY: by R. Macnell

AN ancient memory comes to me calling across the immeasurable gulf of ages that lie buried in oblivion; a haunting melody that softly sings itself into my heart, waking an answer from the depths.

Each step that bears me onward through life's pilgrimage is measured to its cadence, but as I journey on, my lingering mind looks backward to those days that seem so fairy bright across the chasm of forgetfulness.

No strain of sadness mars the melody, nor is its rhythm broken by the undertone that like the chiming of a sunken bell beneath the waves, throbs as the heart throbs with the pulse of life beneath the heaving breast.

So from the unfathomable vortex of the great world's heart pulses the Hymn of Destiny, the karmic undertone beneath the Song of Life.

THE SONG OF LIFE: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



PROFESSOR Schäfer with a broom trying to prevent the world-soul from rolling in upon the scientific consciousness — ”

“That’s rather a mixed metaphor, isn’t it?” I interrupted.

“Perhaps so, perhaps so,” replied Jones, returning his eye to the microscope. “But when I look at a *Protococcus* such as I’ve got here now, visibly enjoying himself on the stage in the concentrated sunlight I have provided, it makes me rip to hear these fellows talking about unconscious mechanism. Look at your baby rolling about on the lawn out there. He’s in the sunlight too and behaving exactly as this *Protococcus*. Is *he* an unconscious mechanism? Was Schäfer at the same age?

“They’ve found that a particle of oil-foam behaves a bit like a *Protococcus*, even divides into two and puts out an arm like an *Amoeba*. So the argument goes this way: We *know* that the oil-mush is a speck of automatic mechanism; we *don’t* know that the *Amoeba* *isn’t*; *therefore* — mark that! — we have every reason for supposing that man *is*!

“That’s reasoning, they think. But very regretfully they have to admit that the activities of the mass of oil-mush called man are accompanied by consciousness. But the tide’s coming in, thank heaven! And it’s going to leave these fellows stranded.”

“*Do* attend to that metaphor,” I said.

“I’m as much entitled to a shaky metaphor as they to shaky reasoning,” he replied. “It’s like this:

“At the top, where we *know*, in ourselves, there is directive consciousness, will *using* mechanism. Going downward from what we *know*, seeing like phenomena to the very bottom, but of less and less complexity, we are entitled to assume that there is directive consciousness to the very bottom, but of dimmer and dimmer quality.

“The other fellows, beginning at the bottom, seeing only mechanism, not noticing the faint marks of directive choice even there, carry their *non-vision* upward, see nothing but mechanism in the *Amoeba* and finally in man. *We* carry our vision, our knowledge, downward. *They* carry their non-vision, their ignorance upward.”

“Not so bad,” I said, “for a man who mixes his metaphors in the middle of the morning as you do. But where do you see any chance for choice at the bottom?”

"In every single chemical reaction," he replied. "Put some nitrate of silver solution in the sun. In a few hours *some* of it has precipitated black. Why did those particular molecules respond like that to the sun and give up their nitric acid, and the others not? Tell a lot of children that they can do what they like. Most of them will run out; a few will rather stay in the schoolroom and read. Will, which is character, essence, is at the center of every unit of life. Conditions don't determine it. It is continually evolving freely in its own essence and consequently reacts to conditions on Tuesday differently from what it did on Monday. That is visibly true of us. It is almost visibly true at the very bottom. Close your eyes to the *just* visibility at the bottom, and you'll presently be blind to the obvious at the top. That's where the separation between the blind and the seeing, in Biology, comes in; between the Schäfers and the Driesches. There's no harm in comparing the Amoeba to the speck of oil-foam so long as you add a *plus*. Why shouldn't the Amoeba, in the course of its foragings and fun, make use of laws of motion that govern oil-foam? It would be a fool not to. The oil-foam motions will suffice, in great measure. Why shouldn't a man's circulatory system use the principles of the common pump so far as they serve it in what it has to do? Is a man nothing but a lever because he uses the principle of the lever in moving his arm?

"I tell you, man, if the public are taken in by Schäferisms, it is because they *want* to be taken in. There's some element in them that *wants* them to think the universe a soulless mechanism. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we shall be bacteria and, the day after, molecules.

"There's something funny about evolution. A conscious universe, after ages of effort, has evolved a consciously thinking being who immediately uses his conscious thought to declare that he and his mother are unconscious mechanisms. She made an Amoeba by way of practice so as to make *his* blood-cells and nerve-cells for him. And he shows his gratitude by shouting out in the market-place that the Amoeba unconsciously made itself! A man ought to sit down to his microscope in a rapt and reverential state of mind. He is about to look into his mother's work-room. He should try to hear the song of the Protococcus as it spins about, the laugh of the young spores as they gleefully scatter in play through the branches of the Algae, the—"

"Baby's crying," I said. "Excuse me."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EUCKEN'S TEACHING:

by H. Alexander Fussell



IF we asked ourselves what it is that characterizes the thought of the present age, we should note that what is called the moral problem is occupying more and more the attention of all earnest and serious minded people. Our conceptions of the universe, of which we seem to be such an infinitesimal part, have been immeasurably enlarged by the discoveries of science, due to the perfected means of investigation which inventive genius has placed at our disposal. Old theories have proved inadequate, while the new ones are to a large extent contradictory and unsatisfactory. After the most earnest endeavors to get our bearings in this ever expanding world of thought and discovery, we find ourselves in a state of intellectual and spiritual bewilderment. We have lost the childlike faith, which could say, with the little silk-girl in *Pippa Passes*, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world"; and we have not yet attained to the tried faith and trust of manhood which is the result of the knowledge of good — and evil.

The theological dogmas have not the authority they once had, while many of the leaders of scientific thought, after becoming eminent in their several departments, have entered, much to the confusion of theologians, the realm of religion and morals, and have still further unsettled the world by their criticisms. Haeckel in Germany, Le Dantec and Bergson in France, Huxley and Spencer in England, have all done their part in weakening the former authoritative utterances of theology. All seek, however, to justify themselves before the moral tribunal of human thought and destiny. Even in a purely mechanical theory of the universe some place has to be found for man's thought and activity. But this attempted bottling up of the powerful energy that is expressed in human thought has always been disastrous to the system that has tried it. Some factor, vital to the question, has always been overlooked, or has proved intractable; as, when Huxley, criticising the materialistic philosophy of his day, which strove to reduce everything to matter and force, said, that there was a third thing in the universe which was neither matter nor force, namely, consciousness, and therefore he could not call himself a materialist.

It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that man has entered upon a phase of his evolution in which he is beginning to react against

the purely material and intellectualistic theories of the last few generations. He has been through a hard school, and an unsatisfying one, and he feels that if life were really such as it has been represented to be, it were scarcely worth living; though many an agnostic and utilitarian of the old school tried hard to graft a noble if despairing Stoicism upon his soulless theories.

Towards the close of the last century, however, a marked reaction set in, accelerated by and, to a large extent, due to the teachings of Theosophy, which were given out anew to the world to combat the increasing materialism and the selfish individualism of the age. It may be stated here that the causes of new stages in human evolution are at first usually ignored or misunderstood, so it is no cause for wonder that Theosophy has not yet met with universal recognition. Science has always been notoriously unwilling to accept new truths unless stamped with the official imprimatur. The impulse has been given, however, and the movement is gaining in intensity. The spiritual truths for which Theosophy battled are already current — under other names — in the thought-world, and many thinkers are unconsciously assimilating them.

Pre-eminent as an exponent of the spiritual renaissance which we are witnessing, is Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy at Jena, whose works have been translated into the principal European languages and even into Japanese. More clearly, perhaps, than most, he sees the antagonistic and disruptive forces that are active under the brilliant exterior of a civilization which we fondly believe to be the highest to which man has yet attained. We will give his views of the moral problem confronting us, as far as possible, in his own words, availing ourselves of the excellent translations by Mr. Pogson and Lucy Judge Gibson and Mr. Boyce Gibson.* Eucken says:

It is not only at particular points that civilization does not correspond to the demands of the spiritual life, but that civilization as a whole is in many ways in conflict with these demands. We feel with increasing distress the wide interval between the varied and important work to be done at the circumference of life and the complete emptiness at the center. When we take an inside view of life, we find that a life of mere bustling routine predominates, that men struggle and boast and strive to outdo one another, that unlimited ambition and vanity are characteristic of individuals, that they are always running to and fro and pressing

* *The Life of the Spirit*, translated by F. L. Pogson, M. A. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Christianity and the New Idealism, translated by Lucy Judge Gibson and W. R. Boyce Gibson, M. A. (Harper & Brothers.)

forward, or feverishly exerting all their powers. But throughout it all we come upon nothing that gives any real value to life, and nothing spiritually elevating. Hence we do not find any meaning in life, but in the end a single huge show in which culture is reduced to a burlesque. Any one who thinks it all over and reflects upon the difference between the enormous labor that has been expended and the accompanying gain to the essentials of life, must either be driven to complete negation and despair, or must seek new ways of guaranteeing a value to life and liberating man from the sway of the pettily human. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

But it is just this bootless striving and spiritual emptiness that Christianity is supposed to correct, you will say. Does not the true Christian find in his belief that "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," for which those sigh in vain who are caught in the onrush of modern progress? Doubtless the *true* Christian does; but the world is not Christian except in name; intellectually, if not morally, it is drifting further and further away from the generally accepted Christian idea of the universe. It is no secret; the question of how to make the Christian view of life prevail has occupied the attention of more than one Church Congress, and on this score Eucken has no illusions. He points out, too, that often where there is genuine religious feeling, it is not grounded in Christianity, but has its source elsewhere in the great *extra-Christian* world.

The main tendency of our age, with its steadily growing spirit of independence, has come into ever sharper conflict with Christianity. . . .

Christianity finds herself at a crisis which is deeper-reaching and more dangerous than any she has faced before in the whole course of her history. For it is not this or that element of her composition that is called in question, but the whole structure of her life and being. . . .

There is indisputably a movement in the direction of religion . . . nor can we fail to detect a certain revival of interest in Christianity. . . . But this revival is in no sense a simple return to Christianity in its traditional form; on the contrary, every approach that is made toward the Christian belief remains widely sundered from the old orthodoxy. . . . Thus there are many today, whose strong craving for religion is unmistakably tempered by a deep aversion or else a wearied indifference to its traditional form. . . .

In truth the religious problem has now passed far beyond the control of any ecclesiastical or sectarian body; over and outside the existing churches, and through them and beyond, it has become a concern of the whole human race. And as such it demands to be treated, but this is not possible unless it takes on new shapes and follows new lines of its own. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

Nor is this upheaval of thought confined to the educated classes.

The masses are being called on to judge for themselves concerning the ultimate questions of life and the world . . . and they are inclined to think that religion represents the interest not of mankind, but of certain privileged classes . . . and the spirit of denial is here victorious. (*Ibid.*)

Could the world's needs be more graphically described, or the great hiatus existing between the material and the spiritual in modern civilization more clearly stated? Does it not seem as if the world were ready for the teachings of Theosophy, that the great crisis foreseen by the Helpers of Humanity were approaching, and that mankind were rapidly being gathered into two hostile camps, the one standing for material progress at any cost — with anarchy as the result, the other fighting for spiritual unity and morality? That such a crisis is approaching, Eucken fully believes.

In the fundamental relation of man to the world, in the fundamental emotions of life, there are quasi-molecular changes at work which are undermining the present position and preparing the way for drastic alterations in our whole existing order. Outwardly imperceptible as such movements are, they are yet the strongest force in our existence. It is they that are determining the ends that shall control life's effort, the standards from which all experience will take its value. . . . It was on the reef of such inward changes that the splendid civilizations of olden time were wrecked; and should our modern civilization defy them, there cannot be the slightest doubt as to who will conquer. (*Ibid.*)

It is this belief that "the moment of choice" is approaching, for the race as well as for the individual, and that it will be decisive, that is urging thinkers like Professor Eucken to attempt anew a solution of the antinomies that are revealed in human life. Our thoughts, our acts, our very selves, have validity, only in so far as they can be related to a higher unity than is comprised in the personal self. One would think that, faced by such pressing problems, man would put forth some united effort. But instead of systemization we find isolation — "a complete separation into different parties and groups, a treatment of problems from the standpoint of mere party."

There is then an imperative need for some supreme and unifying truth, which shall be the goal of our striving, great enough to synthesize the varied activities and many-sidedness of modern life, and yet of such compelling power that it shall call forth our loyal co-operation, fire us with enthusiasm and satisfy our whole nature. It is this supreme truth that is offered to us in Theosophy, the "Wisdom-Religion," which, teaching mankind their *common origin*, unites them in

a *universal brotherhood*, and offers *knowledge* to all who will fulfil the necessary conditions for its attainment — a knowledge that will satisfy alike the deepest spiritual instincts and the demands of the understanding for clearness and exactitude; it teaches also that man by virtue of his origin is a *creator*, either retarding or helping on the cosmic process of which he is a necessary part.

The main points of Eucken's teachings are (1) that man belongs to a higher order than the natural; (2) that this order already exists; (3) that man is called upon to give it expression; and that he is creative; but we will quote his own words which show how near he approaches to the teachings of Theosophy.

An overpowering conviction persuades us that we need not wait for some other sphere than this in order to prove the reality of a higher Order, and put ourselves in relation to it. The one possible point of departure is the life-process itself, and only in so far as we can bring its content and procedure into clearer light can we realize that a new Order already exists. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

Man cannot be resolved into mere states of feeling; there is something objective in his constitution, and with this he must reckon. A spiritual being, a microcosm such as he is, is forced by a necessity of his inmost nature to concern himself with the universe. (*Ibid.*)

This concern of man with the universe, this endeavor at adjustment, is one of the most helpful signs of the age, for in so doing he will come to a realization of the essential unity of all that exists. His knowledge of his real self will increase and he will perceive that he stands in a *vital* and not at all in a mechanical relationship to the whole of which he forms a part.

Man can seek truth nowhere else than in himself; his own life must possess a depth which even for himself at first lies in a dim and distant background; with the full appropriation of this depth, however, he may hope to discover a world in himself, or rather he may himself grow into a world. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

Here Eucken realizes the true import of the old precept, "Man, know thyself"; and of that other, "Man is the measure of the universe." In the Wisdom-Religion we are taught that the knowledge of the universe, the Macrocosm, will follow, not precede, that of man, the Microcosm. In other words the universe can only be interpreted in terms of the self, and we shall never get at the heart of things until we are conscious of and identify ourselves in some degree with "the

Higher Self which is omniscient and has every knowledge innate in it.” “Happy the man,” says Madame Blavatsky, “who succeeds in saturating his inner Ego with it.”

Religion, more than anything else, makes a whole out of life, relates it to the universe as a whole, and directs it to ultimate ends. It is in religion especially that the fundamental relation to reality becomes clearly defined. Here, if anywhere, the Spiritual Life must stamp itself as unique, and the whole continuous movement of time must subserve one single task that is independent of time. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

But there is no proof of the reality of the Spiritual Life to the merely natural man, for it is something entirely distinct from naturalism, and also from subjectivism.

In spiritual life we have to do, not with a mere addition to a life already existent, but with an essentially new life. . . . It is something so new and so peculiar that it can be understood only as a new stage of reality, as the emergence of a depth of the world which was formerly hidden. . . . That with the upgrowth of spiritual life man is raised into a new world and participates in the totality of its life, is something of which we can gain no assurance by any flight of speculation; conviction can come only from the fact that a life is developed which accomplishes the deliverance of man from the merely human. . . . But such a development does not appear in point of fact; indeed, it exhibits itself as the height of spiritual work both in the macrocosm and in the microcosm. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

Eucken refers also to the well-known proof of the reality of the spiritual life, based on the fact that man is capable of rising above himself and of judging himself. But if Eucken sets before us a great truth, there is a lack of definiteness in his presentation of it. He points out the path we must follow, but he does not take us very far along it. In fact, it is difficult to see how any thinker who is not a Theosophist can do so. In the Wisdom-Religion alone will be found described the stages of the great pilgrimage through which, individually and collectively, humanity must travel on the return journey to spirituality.

And whereas Eucken declares that

Only if man is able . . . to share in a universal life and thereby outgrow the limits of his particular nature, can his thinking advance from a mere cognition of things to a true knowledge, (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

it is only in Theosophy that man is *taught how* this may be done.

With all the interest that is now being taken in psychology, it is strange that the nature and function of *Intuition*, a faculty which is

latent in every one, should be entirely unknown to, or at least, ignored by, almost all the thinkers of the day. The exceedingly elementary nature of modern European psychology was evident to Huxley, and drew from him the remark that we should have to go to the East for our psychology, the classification of the powers of the mind and soul being much more complete in the ancient philosophies of India than anywhere else. Any treatment of them that is made in ignorance of "The Seven Principles of Man," and especially without reference to "Manas" (the thinking principle), in its double aspect of human knowledge and divine wisdom — Manas being the connecting link between the natural and the spiritual in man — must be perforce fragmentary and even false. Eucken is quite right in saying "that within our life a new depth of reality is disclosed which could not possibly belong to man as a purely natural being," but it does not appear that he has any knowledge that there is in man a faculty whose special function it is to be the intermediary between the divine and the human. The perception, however, of this "new depth of reality" may be taken as evidence that many minds are ripe for the study and practice of Theosophy, and we would earnestly recommend to such *The Theosophical Manuals*, especially the one on "The Seven Principles of Man." These manuals are written for inquirers, and they give many points of view entirely unknown to non-Theosophical thinkers.

There are many illuminating thoughts scattered throughout Professor Eucken's works, which show how near he unconsciously is to Theosophy.

Participation in the universal thought lends dignity and value to human existence. Another result is that all men enter into an invisible connexion, a solidarity embracing all that is human.

Have we not here a recognition of the principle underlying Universal Brotherhood, the main object in the foundation of the Theosophical Society?

We are not mere products of history; in virtue of our spiritual nature we are able to transcend our past, and this power we are able to make use of and cultivate. . . . We possess a spontaneity which we can oppose to everything that is merely given.

According to Theosophy "the whole universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards*" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 274). It, as well as man, possesses spontaneity, hence its and our recuperative power; the ability to make good former failures. As the present Theosophical

Leader, Katherine Tingley, says, speaking of man's power to offset his past:

Every renewed effort raises all failures into experiences, . . . the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye up to that of tuition . . . you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor though you have failed a hundred times.

If Professor Eucken would but study the Law of Karma as set forth in the works of the Leaders of Theosophy, he would find much that would be helpful to him in his attempted solution of the world-problem. Madame Blavatsky describes Karma "as that Law of re-adjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical, and broken harmony in the moral world" (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 200). He would see too, the true relation of man to the physical universe, and in what consists his empire over nature. Eucken calls upon man to be creative; this creative power, however, is not confined to the moral world, with which the physical is more intimately connected than scientists and philosophers dream of. Says Madame Blavatsky:

Not only humanity, even though it be composed of thousands of races, but all that lives and is, is made of the same essence and substance, and animated by the same spirit; consequently throughout Nature there is solidarity—in the physical and moral worlds alike. ("The New Cycle," in *La Revue Théosophique*, 1889.)

Eucken speaks, too, of the possible perversion of truth, and warns against the attempt to make it subservient to merely personal and selfish ends. This is the great danger, and the work of Theosophy at present is not so much to promulgate new truth, though that is there for him who can receive it, as to prepare mankind for its reception, by endeavoring to bring about a better moral condition, one in which scientific discoveries and a more intimate knowledge of the laws of being will not be used for destructive purposes, but for human welfare.

The relation of man to the spiritual life may give rise to most perplexing difficulties. That which, on the high level of spiritual life, has an incontestable right, and is capable of producing the most fruitful results, may be dragged down by man in his natural state to the level of his general mental outlook and interests, and thus be most mischievously distorted. Such a man may claim for himself, just as he is, what belongs to him only as a member of a spiritual order, he may believe that he can accomplish from his own resources what is possible for him only in connexion with a visible or invisible system, and this is bound to give rise to a great deal of error and obstruction. For the tragedy of the human situation

is just this, its greatest danger is the perversion of its best (*corruptio optimi pessima*). (*The Life of the Spirit*.)

We conclude this study of one of the most spiritual of modern thinkers with a remarkable passage on the function of true religion, a function which we venture to think will be found to be fulfilled only by Theosophy, of which it has been said that it is so profound that to fathom its depths demands the trained faculties of the scientist and the seer, and is yet so simple that the man in the street and the convict can comprehend its fundamental teachings of the Higher Self, of Universal Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation.

It is of the utmost importance for the effective working and the victorious advance of religion, that its truth admit of being realized in every man's experience, and that the appropriation of this truth serve to unfold that which is deepest and most central in the nature of each of us. It is the fundamental conviction of religion that the ultimate secrets of the cosmos declare themselves to the inmost soul and become man's personal possession; apart from such a conviction religion could not claim to be central for life. That which is essential and necessary must at the same time be something that can be the subject of immediate experience. (*Christianity and Personal Idealism*.)

A BLOT UPON THE RECORD: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE expectant, upturned face of the desert night is flooded with light from many stars. The glimmering, outspread sands of Time reach to the confining belt of distant blue horizon. Resting deep in the yellow drifts the great Sphinx waits — a couchant animal form, with a divinely poised human head and eyes of infinite calm. It is as old as time itself — the eternal riddle overshadowing the drifting sands of centuries, that fain would cover its questioning face. Silent, unmoved, listening with that intent, far-seeing look of inner vision, this dual creature royally challenges each traveler through the desert to arm himself with the secret power of its yet unanswered riddle.

Here the Spirit of the Age is summoned to render his account to the Recording Angel, who hears each era tell the story of the pictures which it paints upon the screen of time.

"What is your name?" the angel asks, ready to write the imperishable record for the Future's unveiled eye.

"The Twentieth Century," the Spirit replies.

"Men call you the Age of Progress?"

"Aye: the Era of Enlightenment."

"You illumine the darkness of men and things?"

"We aim to reveal the secret of all things."

"What are all those countless moving things of metal and wood, that seem like a rival race upon man's earth, copying and crowding him?"

"Those are our machines, inventions, discoveries. They are not quite human yet: but we grow more alike."

"What do they do?"

"They do man's work and give him leisure; earn money and amuse him; fight his battles; and make him famous, powerful and to be feared. They lift and carry him about, around the earth, deep into its rugged heart, beneath its unknown waters, and far above floating clouds. They catch the light of distant stars, and unravel its colors to tell the secret of their make-up: and they chart the trackless space that man may locate invisible suns. They search the unseen world with eye of magic lens, and show the tiny, living cell-forms everywhere, even in his body. They measure the chemistry of his emotions and lead him to the dim borderland between the worlds of matter and mind. They breathe and pant and shriek and whistle and sing men's songs and even repeat his prayers. They gather up messages from open air and send forth living thoughts on the wings of the wind."

"Do they make man happier, more contented, more unselfish?"

"Nay, they have naught to do with either love or pity which are mere fancies of the mind. Science, not sentiment reigns as sovereign lord."

"What moves the machines?"

"All the forces of nature have been harnessed: heat, light, sound, electricity, chemistry, gravitation — all are used."

"Neutral forces having no sentiment! Why do they not operate to destroy man?"

"He is their master and has them in control."

"One machine in your pictures has remained the same for many ages. For long it has stood an instrument of the law in civilized lands, with arm outstretched to call down curses on the race. Surely it is some error in your record that should be erased — some blot on the fair face of nature."

"It is the gallows; though sometimes now instead is used the

electric chair, an apparatus recently invented for the same purpose."

"Does it remain among you that men may be brought to it to learn better how to act?"

"Nay, its purpose is to stop their further action; to remove from our midst those who stand in our way and block the path of progress."

"But the force evoked by a strenuous age impels all men actively to express their natures."

"The embodied force in that human body now hanging from the gallows there was working evil. We could not control it; it threatened our civilization, and therefore we removed it from our midst."

"Why was its current not directed on to higher levels, as heat is changed to light?"

"There is no mechanism to do this; and we are too busy perfecting machines to stop and study men. See how quickly the murderous energy is separated from the body!"

"Your science proves force to be indestructible; hence by your own reasoning the murderous energy is not destroyed, but merely liberated from the body in which it was hitherto focused. This power set free by execution is now beyond the reach of your control. Gravitating to its natural level, it adds enough to some evil weakling to impel him on to murder. How does that protect society?"

"He also is hanged."

"Then, by your mathematics, is the total force thus liberated for further action, increased or diminished?"

"We are a practical age, not given to imagination. The power of human impulse, intangible to the five senses, the majority agree to discount or to ignore. This gives us a sliding scale of progressive truth, while we are busy seeking further knowledge of practical, material things by refined analysis."

"You rest upon your legal machine-made rights to destroy these images of the Creator?"

"We hold no idol or image sacred. The trained senses of the best-equipped chemist and microscopist and vivisector have found no Creator; and we are now beyond these old legends and superstitions."

"You label your mother's love a superstition?"

"It is not in the list of realities that may be analysed or measured. We are no longer children; and the glow we used to feel in her arms was an animal instinct, inherited from Simian ancestors."

"Science then believes it has discovered everything."

"It believes everything it has discovered. We rely upon you to credit us justly with all our achievements."

"Every word and deed and thought are indelibly painted upon the screen of time at the moment that men make the living pictures, with tongue and hand and mind. I am but the Recorder of the story of the Spirit of each Age. Until time shall be no more, men may turn back to this page and read your own record of enlightenment. No power can change it. It will show that your age claimed its dominion over earth and sea and air: and that, in your hands, nature's forces were but playthings and skilled helpers and slaves to do your bidding. Your own words will prove how much better you knew all of these things than you did your brother. While the world lasts, it may read your evidence of failure to understand or control the opposing forces that sweep through a human handful of dust. Word for word, and without comment, I will copy your own confession of cruel sin and shameful ignorance, which you have written in letters of blood and sought to hide in the awful shadow of the scaffold."



CHUANG Tzu was fishing in the P'u when the Prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u state.

Chuang Tzu went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said: "I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead some 3000 years, and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Begone!" cried Chuang Tzu. "I too will wag my tail in the mud."

Chuang-Tzu (Giles' translation)



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PRE-INCA RUINS. SACSAHUAMAN FROM RODADERO, CUZCO, PERU
(By courtesy of Harvard Observatory.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROADADERO, CARVED ROCKS, CUZCO
(By courtesy of Harvard Observatory.)



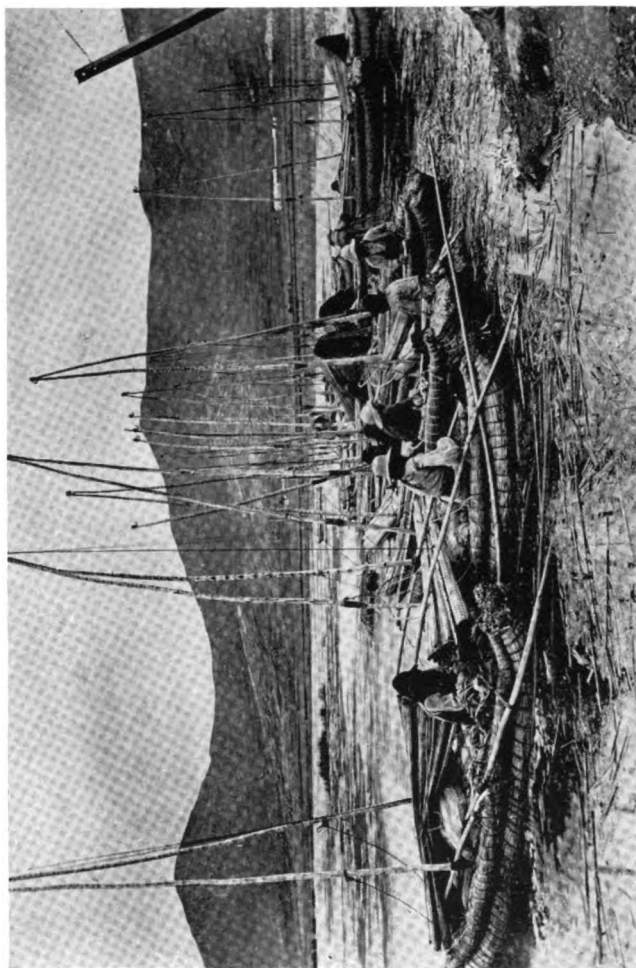
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GREAT ARCH, TIAHUANACU, BOLIVIA
One of the most ancient ruins in the world.
(By courtesy of Harvard Observatory.)



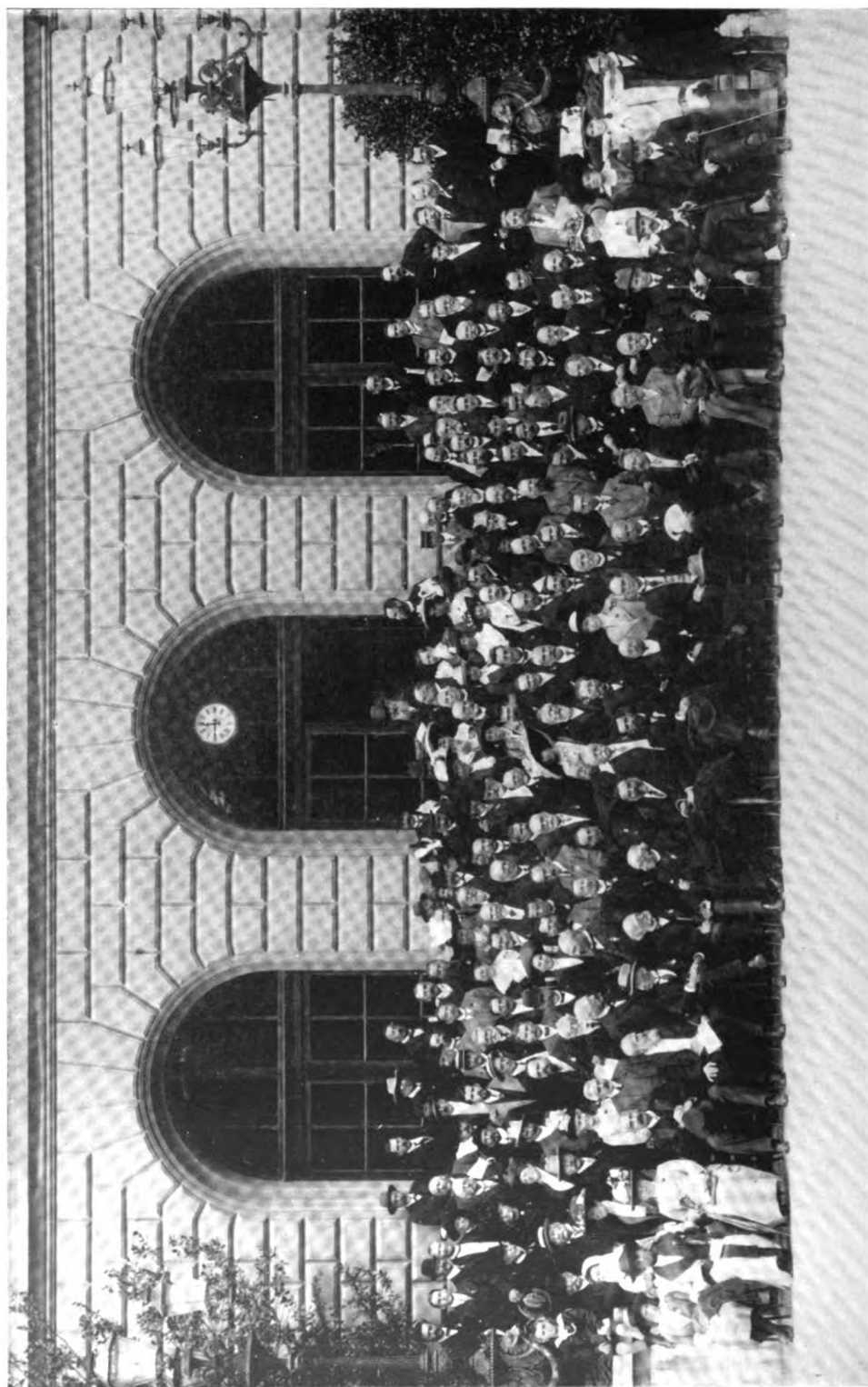
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THE BURDEN-BEARERS OF THE ANDES
LLAMAS NEAR AREQUIPA, PERU



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"LAS BALSAS" (NATIVE FISHING BOATS), LAKE TITICACA, BOLIVIA
THE HIGHEST LAKE IN THE WORLD



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MEMBERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS OF PREHISTORIC ANTHROPOLOGY AND
ARCHAEOLOGY AT GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 1912

LINGUISTIC CONCEPTS IN PREHISTORIC AMERICA: *

by Professor W. E. Gates



BACK of all the physical objects which man has produced, stand the men who made them, and whose ideas they embody and display. In prehistoric archaeology, as in every other terrestrial science, it is man himself we seek to know — his concepts, his purposes, his attitude towards the world he lived in, his views as to himself and his position in that world. We lack, it is true, the philosophical treatises coming down to us from the earlier and still unrestored realms of man's activity; yet we have other monuments of his mental processes even more reliable than such as those would be, and withal as concrete as any physical tool or molded work of art or skull we may dig from buried strata. Each race of men leaves its own hallmark on all it does or forms, and in exactly the same manner as one people builds ugly and ephemeral commercial skyscrapers, another temples of beauty and grandeur, and another great continental highways like the Peruvian, so also do their concepts find equally concrete expression in the linguistic structures they develop for their use and service. Architecture, tools, and syntax (the framework of language), all alike are monuments of the Self, and in each is to be read what sort of man was he who worked.

Prehistoric research is revealing to us over all America great, forgotten and silent past civilizations, which seem only to grow greater the farther back we go. Their physical monuments demonstrate their abilities, and a proper study of their special linguistic structure, with its great difference from ours, will go a long way to revealing the man himself. To just one point of this study, and its value as a guide in our labyrinthine task of restoring the understanding of prehistoric periods, I call your attention in this paper, limiting myself for the sake of definiteness to a single phenomenon in the syntax of the Mayan Central American languages.

Mayan words suffer changes in form only when an internal change or differentiation is thereby noted; the mere segregation of an object or an action, or a mere change in external relationship without any implication of some change, either of character or status, in the object or action itself, involves no consequent change of form.

The most fundamental difference in Mayan languages, affecting

* Translation of a paper read before the Fourteenth International Congress of Pre-historic Anthropology and Archaeology, Geneva, September 1912.

all nouns and verbs at every point, both in their forms and their syntax, is that between the General and the Special or Particular. This distinction is so universal that even the distinction between transitive and intransitive verbs is but a subordinate phase — an instance of particularization of the verbal concept. It is evident that so broad a distinction as this, reaching into and affecting the development of nearly every kind of word-formation, must connote the existence of a certain universal mental attitude or viewpoint, and the constant activity of a certain conceptual habit. Non-existent as a division-line in our speech, it is the primary controlling element in Mayan grammar and language-building; and in that light it must be regarded as an innate Mayan concept of things as they are in the world, and man's relation to them.

This Mayan viewpoint lies in the constant recognition of what is to us no longer much more than a mere philosophical speculation, void of vitality or daily reality. This concept is that of Plato's self-existing Ideas, the controlling causes of all manifestation; and it will aid us at some points of our study to give them their Aristotelean designation as the Privations of external things. To the Mayan mind, as shown in its language formation, the starting-point was not the things we see, but the cause of those things, not the phenomenon but the noumenon, not the vehicle but the quality, not the objective expression but the Thing in Itself. To the Mayan, back of manifested Entity in forms, or manifested Force in actions, always lay consciously the quality or the activity abiding in itself, in its Privation. Language does not cease to exist in a man at a time when he is merely not speaking; its power is there, and consequently It is there. Language is not the *result* of talking, but the cause of talking. There is also an ultimate point here where Entity and Activity, the Noun and the Verb, merge into one — so essential is Action to Being; although when once the manifestation begins, the two are seen as it were as the two sides of the shield, facing in different directions, pursuing different courses. These two courses are of Differentiation for the Entity and of Manifestation for the Activity, but at the starting-point we see each abiding-in-itself — prior to the coming forth into objectivity of the world of form and all the universe of beings with all their manifold and infinite variety of kind and doings.

The fundamental Mayan linguistic phenomenon of Particularization, Specialization, Definition, rests upon the ever-present conscious-

ness of the Thing, or the Action, abiding in itself back of (or as the Privation of) its own objectivation.

Buried as our modern consciousness is in the concern of Forms, to the mere classification of which our science is almost wholly devoted, our ordinary views of the Abstract are strictly upside down. We always think of activity as a mere function of the person, something proceeding from him, or non-existent save as a production from him. Even such universal and impersonal things as soul, life, consciousness, thought, we generally think of and fruitlessly try to define as but mere functions, incidents, results of the organism in and through which they manifest — but which organism was to the Mayan only their Vehicle. And then further, starting from the material, external or manifested standpoint, we conceive of the Abstract as a mere essence *abstracted from* a thing. That is, we regard divinity, or lordship, or childhood, in the sense of denoting the quality of a being who is divine, or a lord or a child; the quality being merely thought of separately from its possessor, mentally *abstracted from him*.

These modes are utterly foreign to the spirit of Mayan thought, as reflected in the language. As we see in the study of the Mayan verb, activity in itself is not a *function* of the individual, but only manifests through him, and becomes *his* action for the first time only when it is specialized or particularized in or upon some directly present object. Mayan verbs, speaking generally, are conjugated either by the loose addition of a personal or demonstrative pronoun, or the close prefixing of a possessive. The intransitive verb, whose action is not being immediately directed upon some object thereby affected, remains only loosely associated with the person through whom the action is manifested; but as soon as the action is ultimated in some particular object and the Activity in general thus practically specialized, the action becomes the action *of* the actor, and the possessive pronoun replaces the personal or demonstrative. To illustrate: "I teach," is neuter or intransitive, and is rendered, "teaching, I"; the statement being, "there is teaching, I am the vehicle." A mere description or qualification of this teaching does not act as a Particularization, but as a Differentiation of it, and the action remains intransitive, the limiting word being incorporated into the verb itself: "I teach school," "I teach history," still remain, "school-teach, I"; history-teach, I." The statement is still only general. But when we say, "I teach John," it is then *my* teaching John gets, and the rendering is, "my-teaching

John." This constitutes the fundamental and controlling conjugational division in all Mayan verbs. And at its base lies the concept of the Action-in-itself, manifesting through some fitting vehicle, and reduced to personal possession when some definite and particular result is produced.

In the case of nouns we have the same controlling viewpoint. All Mayan nouns and adjectives are divided into two classes, the general and the particular. By Particular here, however, we do not mean mere segregation or external separation of the object from others of the kind. Differentiation or definition of an object did not lie for the Mayan, for instance, in his mere personal ownership of it, but in its particular application to some purpose. Being actual differentiation of the thing itself, this was followed by a change of form; and since the definitive suffix (*l* preceded by a vowel, usually *il*) is overwhelmingly the most common in all the Mayan languages, applied in numberless instances where our languages make no distinctions whatever, it must connote a corresponding importance of the underlying distinction in Mayan thought. So varied is its use and so many the terms applied for it in the grammars that only by careful research is the singleness of character made evident. It is a pure definitive in every case, used with nouns, adjectives and even verbs, to particularize a special manifestation of the characteristic quality or entity, a concrete specialization of a general function. Its dominance in Mayan grammar shows that the race of whose concepts that grammar is the expression, thought not of things from the standpoint of their personal ownership so much as from that of their actual purpose in being, and their status as embodying some inner thing which gave them life, their Idea. A few illustrations will make this clear. *Nu-vuh* is any book whatever, which I happen to own; but *nu-vuhil* is the book about me. The suffix here is clearly definitive. In Maya and Cholti an adjective qualifying a noun (hence a definite instance of the manifestation in some vehicle of the quality in question), must take this ending: *noh* is great, *nohil vinak*, a great man. But we then also have the identical form, *nohil*, as what we call an abstract, "greatness." Now to the Mayan the abstract was the true universal Idea or Privation in itself, and not its mere derivation or mental separation from some object, an incident of whose nature it but is. Hence the simple forms of the adjective are always defined in the early treatises as, "great thing," "grande cosa" — "that which is great," rather than the pure quali-

fying word the adjective is with us. The Mayan abstract is therefore *noh*, "lo grande," and *nohil* is a Definition of the Idea in some specific manifestation or instance. *Ahau* means king, lord, and *ahauil* lordship; which latter then is used in all the so-called abstract and the honorific shades of meaning we give to the words, lordship, your majesty, etc., as well as being specialized in the use Our Lord. But again the concept is that the universal quality is particularized either in the concrete manifestation of the dignity, or the person bearing that. Majesty is not a mere derivative of the king's person, but the king is the vehicle of something independent of and greater than himself.

And finally, a most interesting case occurs in the Cholti, It is my duty to educate my offspring, *tenel tinpat xin-cantez in-choquil*, as distinguished from, I teach my son, *yual in-cantez in-choc*. Again we seem to have in *choquil*, from our viewpoint, an abstract; whereas it is on the contrary once more a specification of the character of sonship, thus subtly introduced as supplying the foundation of the duty to educate. *Choquil* is not here a generalization or pluralizing of *choc*, son, but is a definition of the quality of childhood in them, and the thought runs: "Parentage involves responsibility, and it is my duty to educate those given to me as children." *Choquil* and *ahauil* are alike the expressions of something within and above, an Idea behind manifested in a vehicle.

Within the limits of a short paper one can but indicate by a few illustrations, which are not sporadic but typical, this constant habit of Mayan thought, to draw a division-line in its syntactic structure that is highly metaphysical, and which has at its base the very opposite of the modern materialistic concept that the qualities are mere functions of an organism, like the noise of an engine while it runs. It makes all the difference in the world whether the evolution of forms in nature is the result of the workings of a Consciousness, a Self of Energy within, or whether consciousness itself only comes into existence and grows as the product of material organisms, ceasing when they dissolve.

But the interest of these studies is that, confirming the steady growth of physical archaeological discoveries of such things as are only made by great peoples for great, high-minded uses, they show us the workings of a linguistic consciousness of the highest order. It is a fundamental doctrine of Theosophy, emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky all through her work, *The Secret Doctrine*, that civilized man has lived

for untold ages on the earth, pursuing some great cosmic course through ever changing cycles of rise and fall, bloom and oblivion; gaining through constant reincarnations experiences of every kind, for the sake of the Man within. Why should it not be so? For the subject of man's search, as is that of ours, in all our diggings through the crusts of the past, whether for implements or for mental concepts enshrined in language forms, is Man himself.

THE ALCHEMY OF HUMAN NATURE: by T. Henry



LOOKING back over the period that separates the present day from the times when H. P. Blavatsky first promulgated Theosophy, we have to chronicle a marvelous broadening of intelligence in many different directions. A marked sign of the times is the way in which high-class scientific magazines are opening their columns to views which a few years ago they would have ignored or derided. In *Knowledge* (London, July) there is a paper on "The Transmutation of the Elements," which, though dealing principally with recent discoveries and theories, opens with some remarks on the alchemists. One would have expected to find this subject treated with the usual ignorant incompetence and facetiousness; but the times are changed, and the editor has provided his readers with matter that does more justice to intelligence and seriousness.

The writer points out that alchemy had a double meaning, due to its application of the principle, "What is below is as that which is above, what is above is as that which is below." Mercury, sulphur, and salt were names for a threefold analysis of man's nature into intelligence, soul, and body; the four elements signified a fourfold division of material nature. Gold was wisdom, to be obtained by purifying the base elements of our character. By applying the principle of analogy — by deductive reasoning — the alchemists also endeavored to transmute actual metals into actual gold; and though they used the term "elixir of life" to signify the *summum bonum* of attainment in spiritual development, they likewise sought to distil or discover its physical counterpart in the form of an actual medicine for all diseases. There were, of course, among the alchemists, as everywhere else, people who deluded others or deluded themselves;

but the existence of impostors and fanatics confirms rather than disproves the existence of the genuine article which they counterfeit. The article is lighted up with an excellent portrait of Paracelsus, whose noble features must surely refute for any physiognomist the calumnies against his name.

There is not space to treat the subject of alchemy as a whole, so one or two special points must be selected. One of these is the following. The writer says that the alchemists held that

Whilst there is only one mercury, there are two sulphurs, one inward and pure, the other outward and gross; and that gold, the most perfect metal, is produced when pure mercury is matured by the action of pure inward sulphur.

This will be seen by the student of Theosophy to express the well-known Theosophical teaching as to the duality of *Manas* (the "thinker") in man. This teaching may be described as distinctive of Theosophy; for though it may be recognized theoretically by other schools of thought, religious, scientific, or philosophic, yet the idea is conceived in a form so vague as to be practically ineffective. In fact it is the very definiteness with which Theosophy has formulated this ancient truth that has aroused so much both of enthusiasm and antagonism; for, as stated, the doctrine is a crucial one, fraught with consequences of the utmost importance to human welfare. For lack of this knowledge we find many theorists and would-be reformers wandering in uncertainty, unable to put the capstone to their edifice; or, by neglecting to discriminate between the individuality and the personality in man, advocating doctrines at once specious and dangerous.

The duality of the mind — one half being associated with the animal nature, the other tending towards the spiritual nature — is made very clear by Theosophy, as will be seen by a study of the explanation about the Seven Principles of Man. This is clearly what the alchemists meant by their two sulphurs, the one pure, the other gross. It is the *Nous* and *Psuche* of Greek philosophy, and the "natural body" and "spiritual body" spoken of by Paul.* We are reminded also of the two births spoken of by Jesus in his instructions to Nicodemus. It seems evident, both from the words of Paul and those of Jesus, that the Christ or Lord was this Spiritual Man within the natural man.

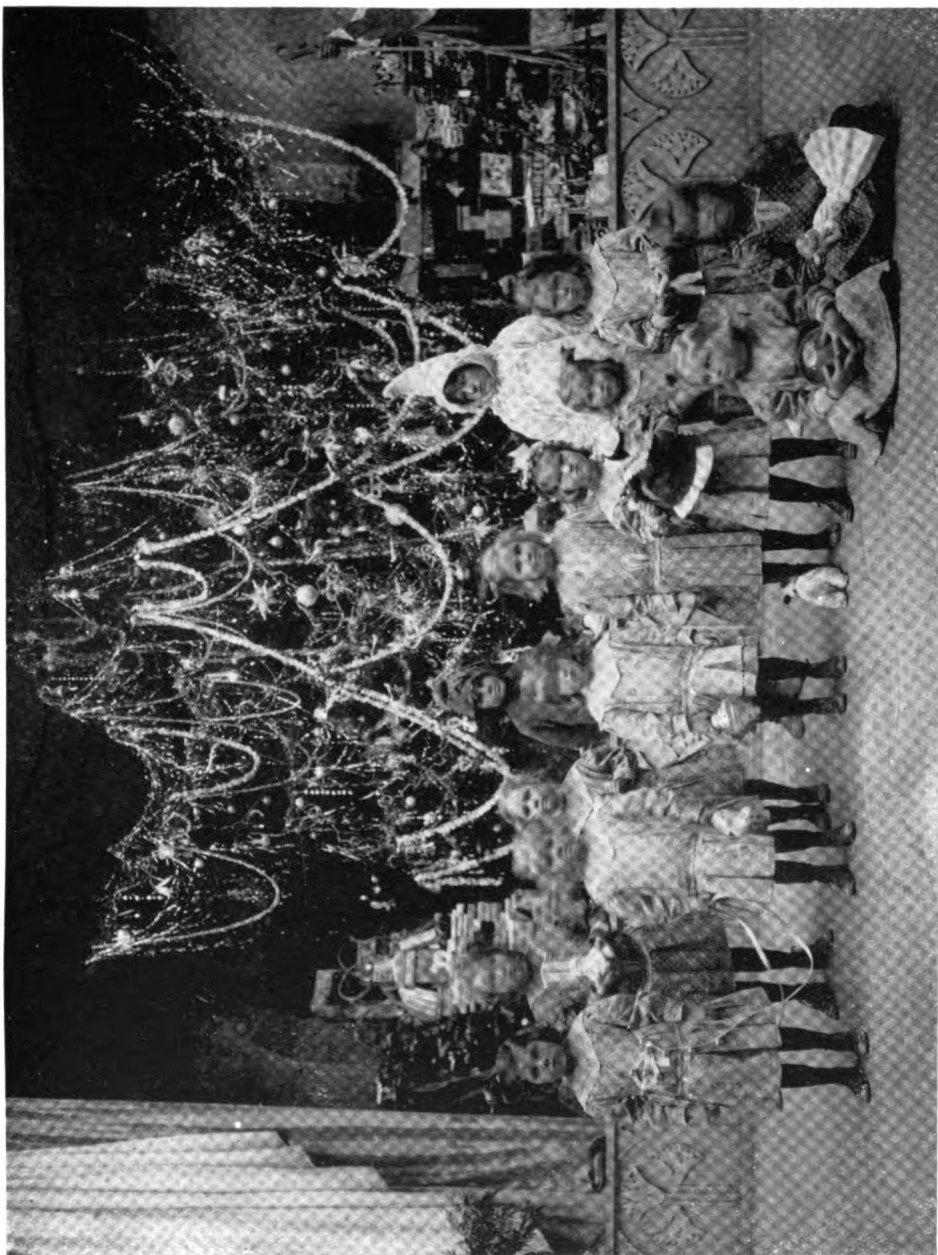
* There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is of the earth: the second man is the Lord from heaven. — *I Corinthians*, xv, 44, 45, 47

It helps considerably to view the problem of life from various standpoints, and the alchemical symbology will serve to make the subject more real for many. The alchemy of human nature is most interesting. But we cannot achieve the great work unless we fulfil the conditions, and no man can distil the pure gold unless he removes the dross. If personal desire in any form lurks among the ingredients of our crucible, it must be eliminated or it will ruin the result. As soon as a man begins the process of purification, a separating of the ingredients takes place, scums are thrown up and base elements precipitated.

Ignorance of the distinction between higher and lower mind creates confusion in the minds of would-be philosophers. Gospels of freedom to follow one's own initiative are preached. But it is still as evident as ever that the desires of one man, however apparently (to him) sublime, may chance to conflict with the rights of others, and that society cannot stand on such a basis. The personal desires must be curbed and kept in place; not by arbitrary authority but by the higher mind. When we are speciously told that some strong desire in us is the voice of nature and should not be denied, let us remember that there is a higher voice, also claiming satisfaction — the voice of duty and conscience; and that a deeper satisfaction may be found in fulfilling the behests of this than in attempting to satisfy the personal desire.

People seek for the gold of life in love, music, art, poetry, etc.; but all too frequently they are unprepared to meet disappointment when they fail to find it among the base metals. But retaining our hope, we should master our disappointment, due only to our ignorance, and seek further. If personal attachments should fail to satisfy our highest ideals of love, let us seek those ideals in less personal things; and though the means of artistic expression fall short of our expectations, we can still cherish beauty and try to express it in our lives.

No one is bound to strive after these high attainments, unless he wants to; but there is that in us which impels us ever onward. We must all learn by experience, but the untaught man wastes a deal of time in acquiring his experience — waste which may be saved by a little foreknowledge.



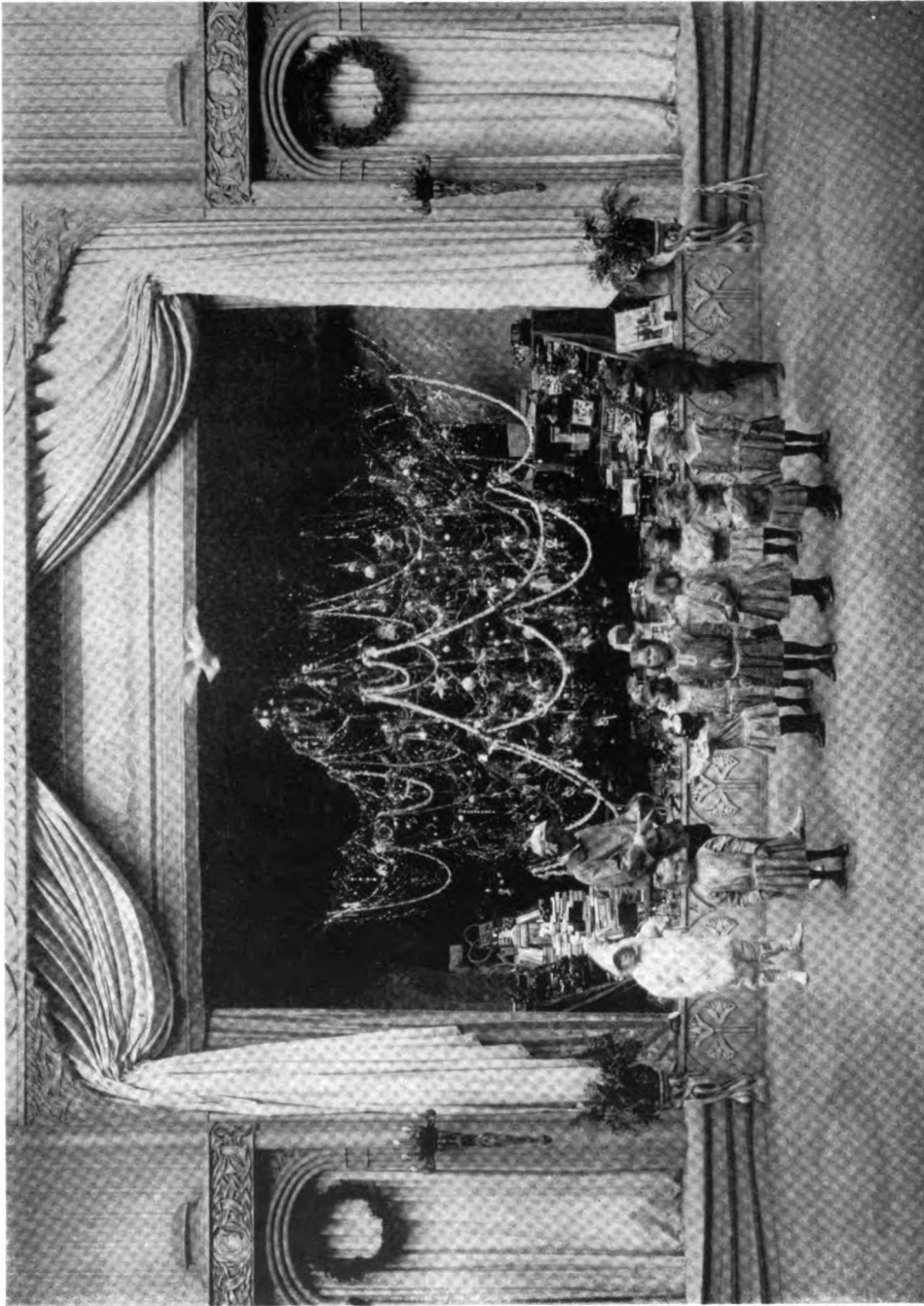
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"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY"



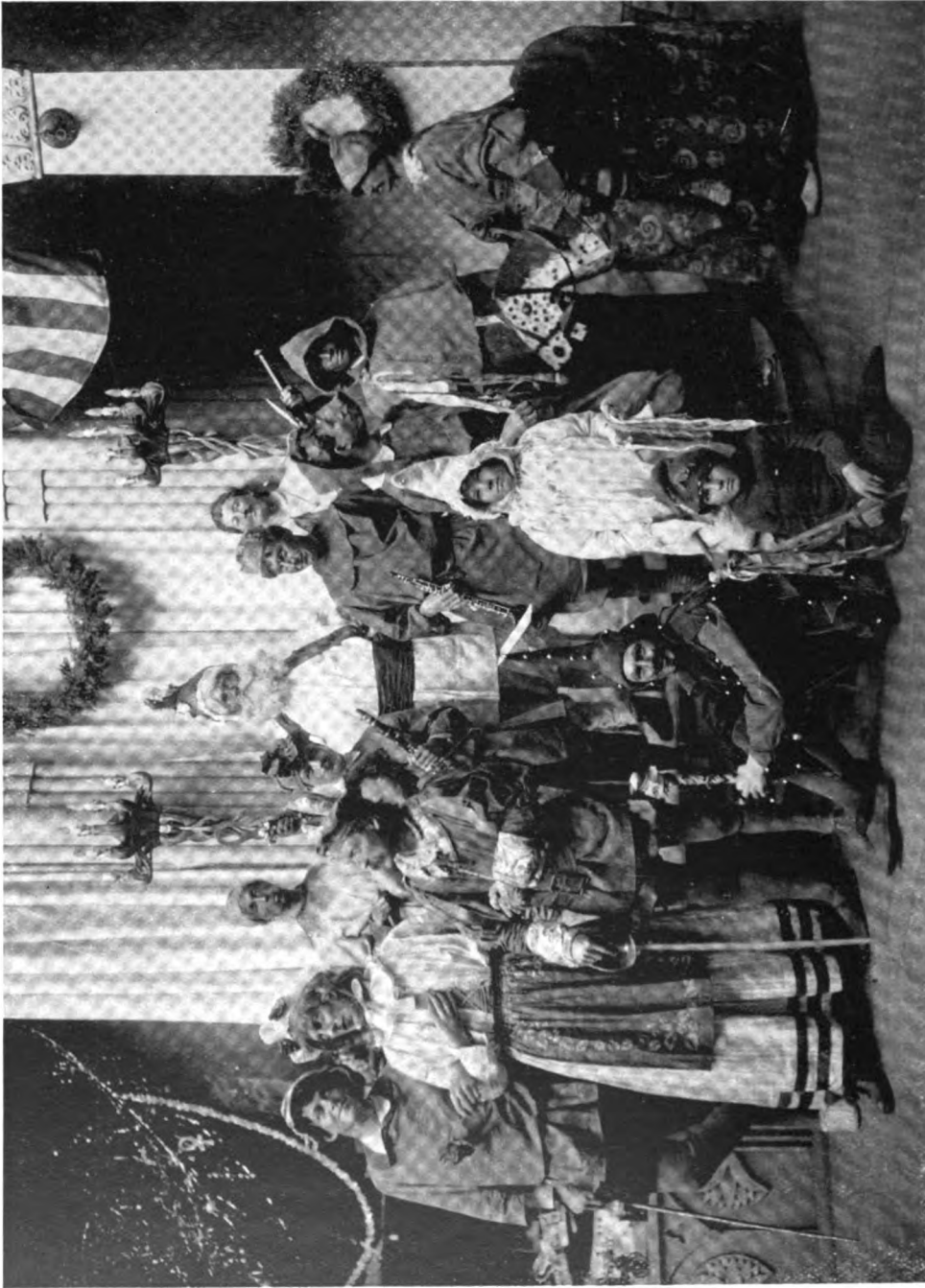
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HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES TO LOMALAND



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THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT LOMALOND



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CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT LOMALAND
FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE MORRIS DANCERS; MAID MARIAN, ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN



THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS OF PREHISTORIC ANTHROPOLOGY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

NINETEEN TWELVE has been a record year for international scientific congresses, and it is encouraging to see how quickly the differences of nationality disappear when people of diverse races come together with a common aim of a broad, impersonal character. The Congress of Moral Education at the Hague separated with the most kindly feelings, though the individual members came to no agreement upon fundamental principles, and the Prehistoric Anthropology and Archaeology Congress which was held at Geneva in September has also been most harmonious. The effect of such meetings as these, which are attended by leading representatives of nations as far apart as Brazil and Persia, must help greatly to spread the feeling of common human brotherhood.

The study of the origins of our civilization from prehistoric conditions has attracted greatly increased attention of late. Nearly every intelligent person feels a thrill upon hearing of some new discovery proving the enormous antiquity of man. The amount of information is growing rapidly, and it is taking such unexpected turns that the difficulties of analysing it and reducing it to order are also growing. A certain amount of definite knowledge of the bodily structure of our far-off ancestors has been attained, and a flitting glimpse of some of their mental characteristics, but there is much that is yet quite unsuspected, but which, according to the records of Theosophy, will come to light in due time.

The *Journal de Genève*, in an article welcoming the opening of the Congress, says, with a considerable measure of truth:

When we were at school, and our teachers brought to our attention discoveries relating to prehistoric man, they pointed out that though we had recovered an abundance of human works of utility in the quaternary deposits, the remains of the workers themselves were extremely rare. There were a few skulls supposed to belong to quaternary man, the famous Neanderthal one among them, and that was all. And not all of these were genuine. But now the times have changed. The list of quaternary skeletons is a long one. We can speak with authority about the anatomical characteristics of the fossil European races. We can reconstruct the types of these distant periods, we can even make out the details of their structure. And the recent researches, which are infinitely better conducted than the older ones, have permitted us to establish that at those early epochs, which are so formidably antique in comparison with our history, the existence of a religious sentiment was a fact, manifested by the designed burial-places and by a clearly indicated funerary ceremonial or rite.

"Funerary rites" are very far removed from the Darwinian ape-like ancestor! The researches into prehistoric conditions have led the scientific world to a partial

understanding of the simple kind of life led by our ancestors in the Europe of many hundreds of thousands of years ago, when mankind had to war against vast numbers of ferocious animals as well as the pitiless forces of nature; but, strangely enough from the materialistic standpoint, the bodily structure of man shows no definite approach to that of the animal kingdom. While there are many specimens of inferior types of skull, there are also many — and of the oldest — which are not less capacious than those of the most civilized races of today. It seemed at first as if human development could be traced back, in Europe, to an apex of animality, so to speak, whence it gradually descended in ever-increasing degrees of civilization, but the newest discoveries are beginning to show that beyond the simplest known states lies something unknown. The artistic remains of the cave-dwellers in France and Spain have been an astonishing revelation of high intelligence at a very remote period. They are not only remarkable and instructive from their revelations of some of the habits of the people, but many of the colored drawings of animals, dancing figures, etc., are actually beautiful and deserving of the greatest admiration from their skilful treatment. The Verner cave in the south of Spain shows several distinct styles, *the final stage being the rudest and most conventional*. Still later periods show a great decline in artistic power.

In the reports which have reached us there is no mention of the recent discoveries of extremely ancient remains of man in England, the "Ipswich" and the "Galley Hill" bones, which display no characteristic of any importance that would be amiss in the normal Englishman of today. This is singular, because these relics, and the early and well-formed ones found in Italy some years ago, force upon science the puzzling problem of the meaning of such high development at that remote period. How long did it take for man's physical brain to arrive at practically its present condition, if it has not appreciably changed from then till now? Nothing but the Theosophical explanation that "prehistoric man" of the Stone Age as a degraded representative of the lost civilization of Atlantis, struggling to rise again after ages of savagery, can meet the case.

The papers read and addresses delivered to the Congress covered an immense area, and proved that the enthusiasm of the members is very great. At first sight it would seem as if there could not be much left to discover, but the fact is that vast districts in different parts of the world are hardly or not at all scratched; in Europe even there is plenty of room for startling discoveries in the Balkans and the Mediterranean islands.

It is impossible to mention all the interesting subjects which were discussed at the Congress, but one or two can be indicated. Professor Montelius of Stockholm aroused great enthusiasm by a specially clear explanation of the prehistoric connexion between Italy and Central Europe in the Bronze Age. The Marquis of Cerralbo announced the discovery of whole towns of the Early Iron Age in Spain, and of a far older station of elephant hunters at Torralba, where the tusks found were not those of the mammoth, but of the much earlier *Elephas antiquus* and *Elephas meridionalis*. He suggested that this was the oldest human station known to science.

The Swiss Federal Council and the local State Council gave the Congress a hearty welcome, and every possible hospitality was rendered by public bodies and

private persons in and around Geneva. Among the distinguished foreign representatives were Baron de Loe, of Belgium, MM. Reinach, of Paris, Ambrosetti, of Buenos Aires, Wright and Sollas, of England, Sarasin, of Basle, Anton and Vidal, of Spain, Chamberlain, of Tokio, Schwalbe, of Strasburg, Peabody, Hrdlicka and McCurdy, of the United States, Garcia of Mexico, Montane, of Cuba, Cartailhac, of France, and many others of equal eminence. The Spanish language was added to those already officially recognized, i. e., French, English, German, and Italian, and the next Congress will be held in Madrid in 1915. C. J. RYAN

CURRENT TOPICS: by The Observer

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Tibetan manuscripts collected during the Young-husband (British) Expedition to Tibet and now in the British Museum, has been published in London. The MSS, which are of priceless value, and hitherto unknown, required 300 mule-carts to convey them. Various scientific subjects, history, logic, grammar, rhetoric, and Buddhism in general are treated of in the writings.

ANOTHER gigantic human skeleton has just been discovered in the northwest, at Ellensburg. It is said to be at least eight feet high, and the brain-space very large. The skull is not Indian in type, and the forehead slopes at a greater angle than that of our race. It was found at a depth of twenty feet, under stratified gravel, conglomerate, and shale. If these deposits were laid down after the body was put in the place where it was found this would probably mean that it has been there a million years. We hope to hear more particulars about this relic.

A MOST interesting expedition is being conducted in Greenland by a small party of Danish and Icelandic explorers. Their chief purpose is to study a remarkable region discovered in 1908 and called Queen Luise Land. It lies about 120 miles inland and covers a hundred or more square miles of "Greenland's icy mountains," but in this case they are icy for only part of the year. A great mountain range rising from 5000 to 7000 feet above the sea protects this spot from the ice-cap covering the rest of Greenland. It is a verdant oasis in which the genial sunshine of the long Arctic summer provides favorable conditions for and an abundance of animal and vegetable life. During the winter it is, of course, visited by snowstorms, but the snow is quickly melted in spring. The explorers, who are experienced men, and among whom are several trained scientists, will remain there till next spring. Their discoveries will be awaited with great interest.

THE RECENT legal electrocution of seven unhappy murderers at Sing Sing prison in one day has given the movement against capital punishment a considerable impetus, through the horror that such a wholesale killing has aroused. Many prominent people immediately declared that such atrocities ought to be impossible in civilized countries. Mrs. Champ Clark, the wife of the Speaker of the House

of Representatives, in protesting against capital punishment as an outrage against the highest ideals of society, said that

The executions of seven human beings by New York State are a striking example of the social inefficiency of the death penalty. I believe, as Bulwer Lytton said, that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. If these victims of the electric chair could have been put at some public work, how much better it would have been for society. There is work for public betterment that big, strong men can do instead of putting them out of business by execution.

Mrs. La Follette strongly protested, saying that

Capital punishment tends to increase, rather than to obviate crime. I do not think the State ought to take human life, in the interests of society, for such executions have a most evil effect upon the public.

TO THE MAKING of crazy theories by learned professors there seems to be no end. Here is the latest explanation of the building of the pyramids — *eye-strain!* A German Egyptologist, whom it is unkind to pillory by naming, has been measuring the eyeballs of numerous mummies. Though these poor vestiges of humanity are shriveled almost beyond recognition, he has measured them to his own satisfaction and has decided that seventy-five per cent of the Egyptians suffered from near-sightedness, and as they had no spectacles (so far as we know), a constant irritation must have been caused by the eye-strain. To gratify the cruel disposition evoked by this, the despotic Pharaohs set their people to work upon the prodigious and supposedly useless tasks of building enormous pyramids! Again, owing to the alleged near-sightedness the Egyptians could not clearly see small-sized monuments, so they made their structures as large as possible in order to be able to admire them from a distance!

Surely this atrocious theory requires no refutation; it is sufficient to recollect that the masses of the Egyptian people were not addicted to poring over small print in badly-lighted rooms, which is one of the chief causes of weak sight nowadays; but the mental attitude of the author of this extraordinary notion is worth study, for it reflects perfectly the prevailing tendency in influential scientific circles to look upon the origin of the noblest products of the human spirit from the lowest material aspect. Such startling revelations of crude materialism in high places force earnest students of Theosophy to realize more fully the need for the spread of the true information regarding the complex nature of man which Theosophy gives. To think that the glories of the great Egyptian monuments, their perfection of workmanship and majesty of design, could have arisen from a miserable defect in eyesight is as ridiculous as to believe that "natural selection" alone, without the impelling force of an evolutionary soul-life, could have produced, by mechanical means, the complexities and adaptations of the highest organic forms.

THE London *Times* (South American Supplement) for August 27 publishes a remarkable communication from Colombia. It seems that Dr. R. Z. Bayon, one of the very few scientific men who have penetrated into the fastnesses of the Caquetá region (which adjoins the Putumayo district of ill-fame), has just returned from that almost inaccessible forest jungle with samples of a remarkable

drug, extracted from a climbing plant cultivated by the native tribes. He found that the active principle of this plant, which is called *yagé* by the native tribes, is anti-anaemic and produced markedly beneficial effects in ameliorating and even curing the dread disease "beri beri." But the reason that he gave special attention to its action was principally, he says, because of its alleged action upon the mental faculties. The natives of different tribes who do not understand each other's dialects agreed in telling him that the beverage produced from *yagé* threw them — especially the medicine men — into a singular state in which he says:

They see hidden things, hear mysterious music, and, savages as they are, who have never left their native wilds and consequently know nothing of what surrounds them, describe in their peculiar fashion cities, houses, white men in thousands, the pleasantness of the music they hear and everything that exists in the civilized world.

One of his companions, Col. Morales, Commandant of the District, persuaded Dr. Bayon to give him a few drops one night, and in the morning he described his experiences which had conveyed to him the knowledge of his father's death and his sister's severe illness. The nearest outpost of civilization was fifteen days' journey from them. A month later the news was found to be true. Careful scientific observations are to be made of the samples brought back by Dr. Bayon, who calls the active principle "telepatina."

THE NEW discoveries in Pompeii have added a good deal to our information respecting the luxurious life of the wicked city which perished in 79 A. D. The unearthing of the Street of Abundance has brought some well-preserved wine and other shops to light. The wine-shop is in splendid condition, the hot water apparatus is fit to use today and the money just taken is lying on the counter. The inscriptions on the walls indicate that an election for municipal office was taking place, and that the women were actively participating — perhaps they were voting! The house of Obellius Firmus has been partially excavated and stands as a magnificent example of a Roman magnate's home. The interior court, a peristylum or columned garden, is particularly beautiful. The columns are coated with white stucco and their bases are painted Pompeian red; the Tuscan capitals are encircled by blue and scarlet fillets. Blue is the dominant color of the decorations. One of the fountains has two upright lamps in the form of masks which could be filled with oil so as to be illuminated at night with a quaint effect. Near one of the gates casts of six bodies were found, which are most probably Obellius Firmus and his family and slaves.

The inscriptions found, which are very numerous, and the manuscripts on tablets, etc., indicate the low state of morality prevailing in the doomed city. In proportion to the size of the city Pompeii seems to have been as luxurious, spendthrift and ostentatious as any city existing today, and to have been more openly sensual and brutal. Religion had become a mere form, and the lip-service worship of the gods was kept up simply as a part of the established order of things. The gladiatorial contests were the real centers of interest. It is believed that those brutal entertainments were held daily in Pompeii and that hundreds of gladiators were employed. Some of the names of the gladiators have been preserved, and

even the messages sent to them by their admirers of the fair sex. Pompeii has little to teach us that is elevating, though some of the art work is very fine, but by means of the wonderful preservation of things which have utterly perished everywhere else, we are able to picture the life of the people very vividly and to imagine, with ease, how splendid the life of the nobler peoples in cleaner and purer cities must have been. Even Athens at that time, fallen from her high estate though she was, had not descended to anything like such degradation as the Roman cities, but was a well-conducted, studious, and exceedingly beautiful place, filled with the great works of architecture, painting, and sculpture of the golden age of Greece. As late as 117 A. D. Hadrian was building the great Temple of Jupiter Olympius in Athens.

New discoveries have lately been made in Rome itself. Several new rooms have been uncovered by Signor G. Boni on the Palatine Hill, which were portions of the palaces of the Caesars. An atrium, and what is probably a throne room, have been found, admirable in their construction and decorations. The materials used, polychrome marbles, green porphyry, Numidian yellow and Phrygian red marbles, Egyptian granites, etc., are of the extremest rarity, and unheard-of difficulties had to be surmounted by the artists who worked them. Pavements of incomparable beauty have been found, and a most complicated system of sewers with conduits of lead.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

(For subscriptions to the following magazines, pricelist, etc., see *infra* under "Book List")

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL CHRONICLE. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke, London, England

IN the October number is an article by a Swedish comrade, entitled "The Longing for Spiritual Life," which is a powerful answer to much recently published by European and American thinkers. An excellent essay on "Theosophy and Commerce," is perhaps not so far ahead of the times as one might think. There are two branches of commerce — production and exchange. Among those engaged in the former are many who realize that their work "goes beyond themselves." While in the domain of exchange, to which for example Cecil Rhodes belonged, are many "merchant adventurers" whose activities are distinctly beneficial in trend — wealth often arriving as an incident, rather than forming the goal of effort. Yet "a commercial leader who was a true Theosophist would never sell *opium* simply because a good thing was to be made out of it."

"Thoughts on the Law of Cycles" is a helpful article, showing that we can create and mold cyclic opportunity in a way tending to eliminate wrong habits of mind and body.

A series of extracts from the teachings of Buddha touches phases of thought and aspiration which ought to be a revelation to western peoples. In a brief but valuable contribution, "The Divine Fire," some ancient meanings of the word "fire" are seen to differ from that which associates it with "brimstone."

A charming fairy-story "The Rain and the Sunbeam" will please the young folk. "The Late Emperor of Japan," with illustrations, and other contributions, make up a very good number.

DEN TEOSOFISKA VÄGEN. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D., Stockholm, Sweden

THE October number opens with a fine essay on "Theosophy as Religion," which points out clearly the fundamental principles underlying the Theosophical Movement. "Theosophy says to no one: 'Give up thy religion and embrace ours.' Its message is rather: 'Seek the truth in thine own.' For while the higher light—or however one may name the central power in religion—must be one in essence, it shines through media of many facets, in which the varied play of color is too often dimmed by selfishness, dogmatism, and the other limitations of our imperfect nature. If there be truth in the Christian claim of a divine origin for their religion, why should not the same apply to the religions of the east, or to those of far pre-Christian times?"

In "Some Thoughts on Karma," the natural difficulties which occur to any one upon first studying the subject are effectively handled by the editor. Such, for instance, is the one about our not knowing in another life those with whom we are linked by various ties. But Karma, which cannot be understood until some idea of the sevenfold nature of man is gained, watches over that matter. If the tie be even one of antipathy, fresh opportunities occur for the victory of transmuting such feelings into true friendship.

The series, "Studies in Orphism," is continued. Orphic Cosmogony is reviewed, with kindred topics, in a manner which cannot fail to be regarded as of great value by students of Comparative Religion.

Other articles, including one on the late Emperor of Japan, accompanied by interesting pictures of Japanese life, complete the number.

DER THEOSOPHISCHE PFAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany

HEINRICH WAHRMUND writes on "Criticism," showing that there are two kinds of critics, the one seeking to heal, the other to destroy. A physician has to make himself immune against the diseases he seeks to cure; and how shall a man afflicted with that greatest of all the microbes—the microbe of selfishness—heal the diseases of another? To criticise usefully, it is essential to know *all* the circumstances in the case. A. Wicander writes on self-mastery, showing that government implies a governor and a governed; the former in this case being the real "I," the latter the false "I." It may be hard to define this distinction philosophically, but practically we all know the difference between selfish and unselfish motives. Unselfishness can rule selfishness. An appreciation of the late Emperor of Japan, by Kenneth Morris, illustrated with a fine portrait, is followed by an appropriate article by Bernard Westermann on the Japanese temple toris, also illustrated. The number also contains a long and well-illustrated article on the Incas by C. J. Ryan.

HET THEOSOPHISCH PAD. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: A. Goud: Groningen, Holland

Het Theosophisch Pad for September opens with an article on "Peru under the Rule of the Incas," by C. J. Ryan, a very interesting account of that ancient civilized people, written as a review of Sir Clements Markham's latest work.

The second article is entitled "Some Practical Aspects of the Secret Doctrine," by W. L. B. A. G. contributes remarks about the recent Congress for the Comparative History of Religion, held at Leyden. Other articles are: "The Musical Life of our Children," and "The Cause of the Increase of Neurasthenic Suffering," both by Students. In the Theosophical Forum W. G. R. treats of "Agnosticism and Theosophy." E. L. W. has "Thoughts along the Way." An article, "The Newspaper," is reproduced from *The New Way*, a paper published at Point Loma, California, for free distribution in prisons. The Children's Page has a beautiful tale by de H., "The Hill of the Hobgoblins," and another entitled "Hypatia." Finally in the Reviews a tribute is paid to the beautiful magazines printed and published at the Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma.

EL SENDERO TEOSÓFICO. Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California

A SYNTHETIC view of "The World-Problem" begins the November issue. The trend of inquiry among the more advanced thinkers of the day, as exemplified in a recent book, *The Great Analysis: a plea for a rational World-Order*, is fittingly discussed, and the part played and to be played by the Theosophical Movement in the solution of great questions pressing strongly on all thoughtful minds, is plainly indicated. "The key to the world-problem . . . is to be found in the teaching and practice of Brotherhood, in the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation."

The thrilling series of articles on Peru, written by H. P. Blavatsky, reaches the third instalment. One wonders how people can imagine themselves archaeologists or ethnologists, who remain unfamiliar with her writings. For archaeology and ethnology, etc., grope sadly when unilluminated by the teachings given out since 1875 by the founder of the Theosophical Movement in our day. The pictures reveal the skill employed in the massive structures of Tiahuanacu and Sacsahuaman, which suggest highly civilized giants, rather than catarrhine apes, as the rulers of Peru in distant prehistoric ages.

An article by William Q. Judge, on "Friends or Enemies in the Future," contains some remarkable statements regarding the great law of Reincarnation. "An Old Tale Retold" is completed — a jewel among fairy-tales, and truer than "fact" in its real meaning.

There is not space to more than mention other articles, mostly illustrated: "Ferdinand Boberg as Architect," "Visit of the Mountain Ash Welsh Choir to Lomaland," "Be Bold!" "Hypnotism Discredited as a Curative Agent," "The Seven Ages of Man," etc. There are beautiful views from Ireland, and of a remarkable "rocking-stone" and a balanced rock, in New South Wales.

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Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

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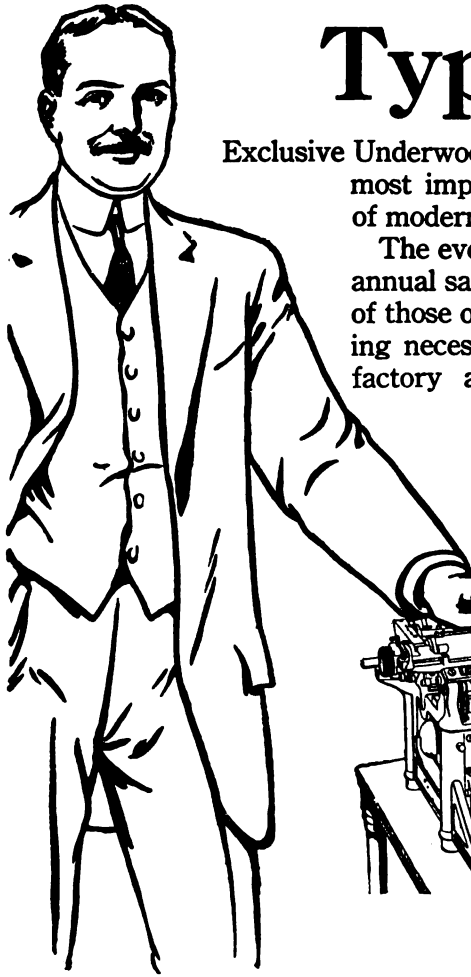
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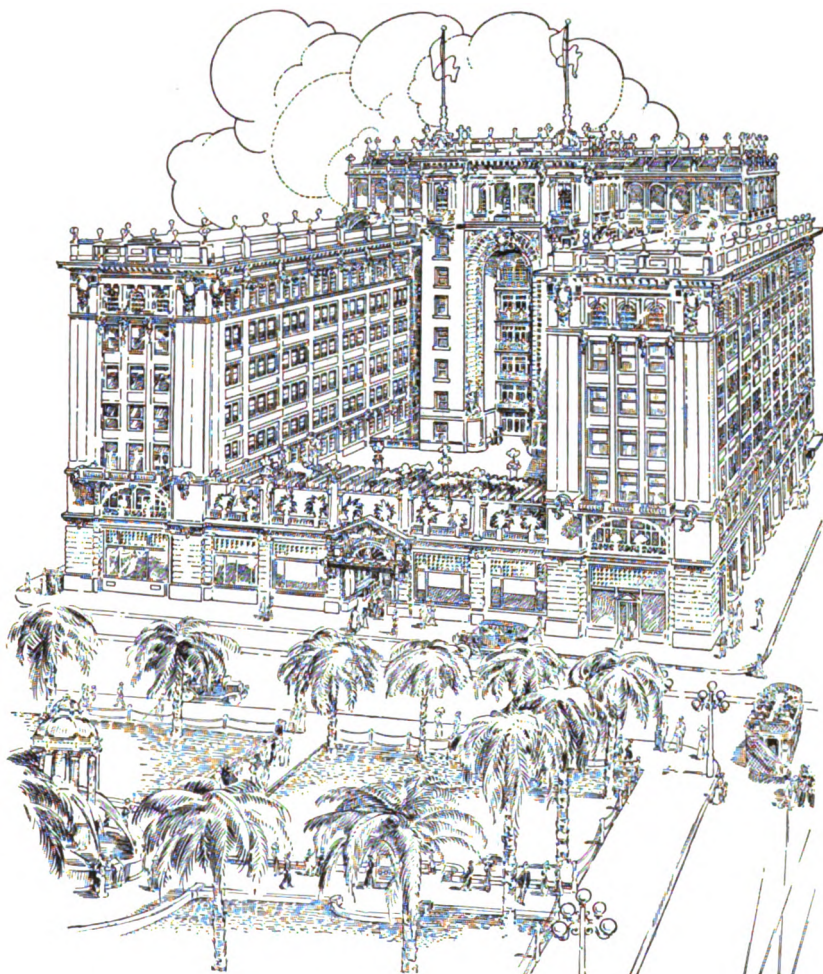
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